

PETER SOTOS

MINE

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A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'P. Sotos', written in a cursive, stylized script.

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My daughter took one breath and couldn't take another one. Her fingers were sticking to the plastic bag when they dug her out. I had to identify her. I looked at her fingers. Someone had to clean them up and I asked the cops. One cop. He just shook his head and told me to identify her body as my daughter. Get it over with, we could do DNA testing but this has to be done and then he told me he wanted to get me out of there. I wanted to stay. I couldn't leave her alone. He knew that before, didn't he? Not again, I said. So he said he would explain everything when we left the room. Try not to faint, he said. Concentrate on what he's saying and don't see it as anything that isn't a response to the question he's asking me. Remain or get calm and clear and his job was to get me out of here. There's nothing I could do and everything he could do for me was in the next room. I think he told me there was help too. I trust these people. The guy wasn't doing well either. He cared and he knew what to do. I couldn't focus on what he was going through. I was fighting to see straight. I'm not ashamed. It was the hardest thing either of us ever had to do. He couldn't take it either. I'm sure he has problems now. But he didn't know her, couldn't see beyond the body that was there. The tiny sad sight of any body that was like that. There was no life, nothing wonderful, just nothing, just absent, missed. I don't care what people do for a living. It was unbelievable. Unbearable. And he had no reason to be there under god's great cruel vision. It was a mistake and it's still a disaster. There's something all wrong about the whole fucking thing.

Did he give you advice?

You have to fight. He told me the services they have and the names of people that might be able to help me see this as something else. I've taken it to heart. You find a strength. But it's impossible to understand that until you look back. Time doesn't help. It never will. But there is a strength of some sort that comes from somewhere eventually.

Comes from helping people?

No, I think it's impossible. I wouldn't be doing what I do if I didn't think there was a possibility to change something. I don't want this. I don't want it to happen to anyone else. Parents and kids. Her schoolfriends, strangers, I know it makes no sense but I don't want it to happen to her ever again. You kind of see it that way.

How do you keep happy?

I don't. How can you?

It comes and goes?

Never leaves really.

That guy genuinely cared about what happened. He stepped up. No one wants to do that. Like no one allows for what happens later. I'd say that fucker accepted that it was the hardest job and wanted to save the other fucks from doing it. He got over what was the worst moment in his life by being better than the others in the back office. He wanted to save the others and thought he could handle it. Rather than someone who might not have been able.

It's important to see that.

You must see yourself the same way now.

There's nothing like it. You have no preparation. He did, didn't he?

And he learned. Certain things reoccur. Themes show themselves, connections are drawn and exploited. But that changes each time, I suppose. You learn more each time. I'm sure he wasn't resting on his inner strength. His god to get him through it every time his god puts him through it. It doesn't become a quest as much as a job. He was moving forward, learning, not teaching. Did you feel manipulated? Uncared for?

I wasn't thinking straight then. I couldn't even see.

What about now?

I try. You have walls around you.

Have you tried to mimic him? Try to locate what's more important than your own pain, situation?

What should I say? What I should think doesn't seem normal.

What are you looking for that's so different?

I don't see any truth in what is being said and done. No real connection in the two. If they're lying and don't know it. I'm more interested in pretending than assuming they are struggling behind that which is insurmountable. Good for them. Go on, darling, have another drink and a line and I'll try my inadequate best to help. They want help. I intend to have it different.

It's an extremely simple way to live a very important life.

I have to say what I think has the strongest effect. What I say has to sound excruciating. I want you to understand how deep what I have to imagine is. What it was like to have known her and now have to consider what she suffered. I want to know what that suffering was. How it actually felt. And how it feels for me to know that it had to be even worse.

You can't imagine it.

I only know that it's unfair. And I know that I can't think about it. I shouldn't have to.

You can't get so far as imagining it real?

I can't let myself. I don't know who I'm protecting. I know she's dead and can't feel any pain. The pain she did physically feel bothers me mentally. There's no connection between the violence to her body, the sensation of getting hurt, to the concept of being hurt. Forced, split open, grabbed, essentially wordless. Becoming pain, suffering, aching, through time only. I wish that I would have stopped it. I didn't. And I don't want to think about it but I can't stop. It's as if it's become insanity, like screaming at someone who simply won't listen. The frustration alone creates mental arguments that threaten to create actual damage. I try living with both sides of the threat. Your own mind takes you to torture.

Talking about her fingers as an emotional maneuver. I'm often drawn to fingers, the small scale of them. The empathetic draw of desperation, help; the sexual and motherly requirements of those that only want to grasp something unrecognizable and unavailable. It's the last part of your sentence. It's a pornographic response. The easiest way to twist what you remember into what you think will work. It's how you act in a porn store, looking for something to masturbate with. It's not a metaphor, it's a cheap long life that you should find personally insulting. If that's possible. You do have your alone moments, yes? What value changes?

It's easy to say it. It comes quick. Too quick, I'd imagine, for you to feel comfortable with it? You can be an embarrassment. Far too romantic and open and cancelled by what isn't really there.

Is it intuition?

I'd prefer that it was answerable as something closed to interpretation. You're obligated to look at the sweating stupidity afterwards. Only after the real damage was done. You can't grab it all back. It's always "How nice it would have been..."

It's not a choice, cunt.

He just snatched her off the road, and then we found her two days later in the Georgia landfill. My life starts at knowing that others will see she finished her time as trash. That's not a metaphor either. Her life ended up in a heap. But any grave is just dirt. I can only say that I wanted more from her. The promise, the pride, the worry. All that is just trash when you don't paint it all over.

She asked for help, that's what you were supposed to do, right?

You get used to that. It becomes drama when it's missing. Like you shouldn't have wanted to do something so essentially demeaning and taken something away for yourself from the favor after all is done. You want to know what it's like when it's happening, while you're being asked, you want to know all of it at once. The history is going to be vanity, crude to safe. The delivery is twisted.

What have you been studying, darling?

I want to understand everything about what happened. I need to know. She deserves that. I don't deserve better, I know that too. It's not hard to understand. It's not difficult to mimic. Even less work to give you the words. You're easier than most. You're transparent. Not a speck of life inside what you say. And, surely, there must be. More to it than that.

What have you given her?

I'm able to answer that. But I'm not believed. I'm not sure that the complaints against me have any validity so I'm trying to make sure that, for once, it's kept out of the discussion. She didn't know what she wanted so I tried to let her know I'd listen to her while we waited for her to learn. I sift through the trash now. I always have done though.

And what should we do with the pretty pictures? After you've diligently sifted and mined and cleaned and hunted out those who'll be able to help you shove more shit passing as confusion in the faces of struck dumb mealtickets?

Talk to mutes. Watch suffering. Real pain, ineffable, isolated without me staring. I think I'm misunderstood by the people like myself. I don't, however, want to make anything necessarily better for the people I want to talk with.

You don't want to make it worse, certainly.

I think I can. I think that's possible. I do think I can stop there if I thought I'd achieved that. I'm coping.

You've been told.

What I think is always worse than what I do. Everything done, finished, is ulterior. The answer is viewed from the wrong side. So much of what I do comes from this pain that I see. But I don't feel it. I can define pain. But not from a personal, confessional or psychologically healthy background. I'm perfectly aware that I'm the most important voice inside all the taciturn noise that I try to pick apart into salient, sensible tiniest sections. I'm not tired of what I do. I think that the creeps who view it, however, are. And should be. And should leave it be by itself. Simple loud impediments. All of what I grab and slam down and pin to the personality that I want to have, has got—or retains—the massive importance that makes me see it as permanent and exciting. I see it as worthwhile, personally worthwhile, on as many levels as I can throw backwards on it. I have to try and destroy your prejudices just so that I can enjoy it. Not to have it withstand the ridiculously schizoid attack, not intellectually or publicly argumentative; not because I need proof that I'm in the right fucking place. But, I suppose, I think, fuck, because I really want it to be better than what I suspect shouldn't be. I suspect that because I'm consistently told it can be.

By fucking who?

I'll masturbate and forget it all for a few minutes.

Does that help?

Yes.

You don't make the memories worse just after you're done forgetting it just for a few moments?

You see it more clearly, actually. Remember want more than had.

Do you feel guilty for letting go?

You resent that you have to. You make yourself sick of it. That moves on, pushes forward; doesn't erase the past, not at all.

Is it the wrong response?

Seems likely. But you've been pushed and ultimately you give in, give up.

And you feel better. But it comes back.

It doesn't come back the way it was. I know I want to do this, that is absolutely true. And it's hard to dissuade yourself when you know you're only wanting a little pleasure. No, I don't think it's guilt, it's a stop. The depression comes from outside, finally. The intensity of the moment is completely inside. Guilt is foreign to this, apart from me. It doesn't enter into my intensive knowledge of the situations.

Hard not to prevaricate?

Hardest not to sound that way.

You think of her?

I experience it, finally.

Then supervise it?

Management.

Doesn't work.

Not really, no, not definitely.

You only think of her? The only image in your mind is her?

I won't let him in because I don't know him. I can see her, I have her become everything that happened. I know it as close as anyone else can.

You don't know what he's going through? That's not what you imagine?

No, reality gets in the way. I'm not involving myself there because it's a lapse, a failure. That's not how anyone else deals with this. The drop is too far. It's not a sensible, thoughtful act, it's an obvious problem in the brain that I do not suffer.

She stays one picture?

You're pushing down so intensely, it's difficult not to end up destroying the image. Piercing through it.

To him. To his hands, his dick, his old grey stubbled jowly wrinkled mouth.

Pursed lips, then tongue extended out. Becoming the living filth he really is. Just this now.

Her fingers are gone. You see her reactions but through his need. His needing to do this. Put her small body inside his mouth and penetrate her mouth and vagina with his old age mauling and pulling.

It's not far off from what I'm doing. But clearly not the same. My mouth, my hand on my cock. My fist moving quicker and squeezing hardest. Both of us trying to get

it done before the picture dissipates or gives way into what little concrete reality there's supposed to be to keep me from this.

Erasing it?

This is what I'm given, not what I am. What I've become. Not what I try to get rid of.

Indulging yourself.

I know more. Her fingers tore through two bags. She'd been wrapped up twice. The guy who dug her out of the sand saw her fingers sticking out of the garbage bags. She only had about three minutes before she suffocated. Also her wrists were tied together with speaker wire. Finally, she was clutching her stuffed dolphin. He let her bring that along.

She followed him.

She climbed up the ladder to his apartment. He told her to go first. She didn't make a sound. He won't answer the right questions.

He lied about how many times he raped her.

He said he fed her pizza but there was none found in her stomach.

She hated pizza.

Her fingerprint was found inside a pizza box in his bedroom.

She didn't call out when the search was going on outside the window, just next door.

How many times did you rape her?

She had a tiny body. She was only nine years old. I kissed her nipples and then licked her nipples. She wore her nightie in her bed and back to my room. She asked if she could take her doll with her. She just got the purple dolphin, I won it for her. It made her feel safe. I wanted her to feel safe all the time. You tell her that she is safe. That you don't want to hurt her. She has no experience, she has no reason to think you want to hurt her and I don't know where it comes from, at that age, but she's still very frightened. It's more than confusion. You've seen the photographs, she was smiling, she had been carefree in that picture, she had been taken care of just like she wanted.

She was raped and murdered by a crackhead. A drifter, a drunk, bum.

White florida trash that ended up living with his fallbacks because he was a useless human waste. Drinking, hiding, he had molested children before.

He wasn't a pedophile.

The police discovered that he wasn't in compliance with the sex registration laws. That he had only recently shown up back in town. He'd been arrested for fondling a five-year-old girl.

He entered her backyard where she was playing with her bike. He asked the five-year-old if she wanted to play hide and seek. She said yes and he took her behind her house near the air conditioning unit. He asked her to sit on his lap and she did. She didn't know what he wanted.

He told police that he didn't molest her. That she sat on his lap voluntarily. This sounds familiar, doesn't it?

He exposed himself to her. He asked her to touch his dick. She told her mother that she did.

He said he was in love with a fourteen-year-old waitress at the restaurant he worked at, washing dishes. He was fired when the owner found a love letter he wrote to her.

His problems were drugs, not little girls. He was a burglar. He was retarded, a seventy-eight IQ. He spent his life wandering, falling, not hunting. Whatever he did, only ever happened to him. He didn't know what he wanted, had a good idea that he couldn't get anything like whatever it would be though. He'd been arrested for indecent exposure, found naked and hiding in the bushes of a trailer park.

He'd been married and had children. He confessed to having previously molested a relative. His former wife moved away from him and got arrested for cocaine possession and prostitution.

The police did everything they could to find who took her and where she was taken. You put her in a house where you went to live. With your mother and father, worked long hours, her mother living in Ohio. She needed to be watched.

He lived in a trailer with his half-sister and whoever she lived with. They didn't pick up his body when he died in prison. He died of cancer in jail just two years after the crime. An aunt was eventually forced to claim his body and his personal effects. He only had christian prayer books, a radio and a photo album of pictures of his family.

He had colored pencils, he liked to color more than draw.

You lived in the trailer with your kin and your daughter in sight of the trailer that she was kept alive for another three days without you. The searchers for your daughter walked over where she was buried for weeks. Her fingers had skeletonized by the time her shallow grave was found and cleared. She was wearing her clothes again.

She slept in his bed the first night. He told investigators that both of them slept nude. And that she seemed to like it. He said she mentioned her period. He raped her again in the morning before he went to work.

Both could hear the searchers outside. He tied her up and put her in his closet for the day while he went to work at a truck lot. She urinated in the closet. Investigators found the perpetrator and victim's DNA on his bedsheets.

How old were you when you began going through puberty (voice change, facial hair, growth spurt, etc.)?

I think that the picture I have drawn in my mind of what I think happened can't be any worse than what actually happened cause your mind will play tricks on you. I don't have the details to answer truthfully. It's a bad question. You can't have it both ways. Insinuates an offer and a requirement at the same time. Looking to set up a list of the wrong or wronged somewhere in nature's timeline of otherwise guaranteed wonder and promise. You'll try to insult me into acquiescence and I'll stay at impossible to convince. The pheromones reproduced by extra strength floor cleaning liquid instead of the mother and dog urine tests compete just as mysteriously in me today. None are sedentary or conclusive.

The most dominant discourse to emerge in the analysis was that of child pornography as a means of achieving sexual arousal. Some of the pictures that were accessed (but not all) were used for masturbatory purposes, and respondents were selective in the pictures that they used. Such selectivity might relate to specific age groups, physical types, gender of the child, or to a particular sexual activity.

You only do what's easy.

Fucker brings in photographs. Crime scene dig shots. You can see where she tried to claw. Tiny thing. She wasn't in long. Hadn't been in long enough to lose her clothes.

Such pictures were used as fantasy.

I don't want this to be seen as a process. I want what I do, what I have at the end, to be something other than what you see as difficulty. Never mind what I've gone through to get to this.

And were often selected to fit with pre-existing fantasies, some of which related to earlier contact offenses, or related to new offending fantasies. Such offending fantasies often were of children known to the participants.

Talk about what happened.

Are you worried about interpretation?

Details. Stick to the details. Enjoy the details.

As if you're masturbating? As if you're not going to clean up afterwards, try and forget about it, worry about what such a little event in such a bigger life might mean? It's impossible for you.

You don't get to lose yourself in the details. No matter what idiots say the point is. That's not interpretation, it's simply the wrong kind of appropriate disgust. You spend your entire life crawling for little. Pretending and acting for nothing. And you get this.

This invariably, but not exclusively, involved masturbation to the fantasies.

I understand that I've placed myself in a very small world. And I've given it far too much time. I don't, sadly I would imagine, regret that.

Do something that is entirely about what it's like to masturbate while looking at a picture of a child being raped. Be a child pornographer.

How dare you cling to the idea that there's something to be understood.

And levels of masturbation seemed to increase after the respondent went online.

I don't think I've ever said it's miserable. I'm pretty sure I've never said that I'd rather it be anywhere else. I can't see that I'm sick or particularly pleased with myself accepting what is offered. I'd only like it, that's only what I'd prefer.

The internet has allowed you to see photographs and make fucking that photograph possible. The fleshy anecdote has to be presented as if you were lied to. Disappointed at how empty and stupid the process of thinking it would be what you really wanted was. Nonetheless, the opportunity, the reality of evidence, is there.

Existed before the internet. That was possible from the magazines that you'd pick up for free at adult bookstores and bars. You had to do something that required some tiny social construct. You knew where to go though. How acceptably bad it had to be there in the first place. There's no anguish, no better place to be. It took an obvious amount of practice but it was essentially no different. The experience was never different essentially from what you had to do to get there. You wanted something else because of the choices that looked socially demanding. Your options became interaction. The safety of choice over decision. You pick the clothes you wore, the make-up you put on, the drink and drugs and level of bar was explained to you as the night progressed. You have to see it this way. There were rooms in the back and down the stairs. Nude deformed women dancing, uglier men thinking that they'd pass. You're always there to give blowjobs.

More photos than people like you?

I wouldn't want to be there for anything other than photographs after awhile. I think what's happened since I was a young man makes perfect sense when I think about what it was that I was looking for. I've never made that mistake. I've never

confused the physical with the evidentiary. And I know that choices aren't made knowing the outcome. It doesn't make dilemmas precious. The excuses are only ever going to be as seriously, personally, reflective as the identification in retrospect. I don't expect you to be a man about it. I expect you to underestimate your own cowardice but hardly find anything compelling there after first blush. The chief experience is salving that cowardice. Denying it. Turning it into an abstract that doesn't sound like an answer in court or an admission in church, a fucking apology to your victim's parents or a grateful hug after the first tearful nod to my overworked, underpaid, mildly bored script doctor. Ugly before sorry. I know it's legitimate. It does work for all the right reasons, for the time being and you don't have to question it. There's a greater service it's following in line with everything that tells you to make it better, not acceptable to the cunts that ask you for something for them all the fucking time. You're not a sucker, you know, for once in your short time on the planet. It finally isn't release. Just a boring plan that every cunt on earth that ever put any work into making one of the places you go to shop will want you to think. You give it HIV. And you remember how you got it. And you don't want them to know. You tell them not to worry. But you know that cumming as deep as you can push inside them. You know that they'll walk away stupid to slightly grow back into it being the fault of someone who only pretended to be like them. After all, you got it the same way. No heart and soul, no real love, no anal pleasure and shiver shares. I've never had sex with anyone that I didn't feel contempt for. I had no intention of hurting them. You're not trading on any hatred of the prick that gave it to you but, rather, the whole history of everyone who's ever lied to just go and end up keeping it. It's not a problem. It doesn't feel any better. But I'll be fucked before I figure that what I did was wrong somehow as far as what they think is concerned.

It's hard to keep myself in the seat and not want to say something to him and just—he's so much of a coward, he can't even turn around and look at the mother of the child that he murdered.

You would have preferred that he wasn't a coward? Or are you just telling me that what he did was yet more evidence of his repulsive cowardice?

Because I know he's a coward. And I want you to know that. And that's indisputable. It's always clear. You don't have to ask.

He doesn't want to be anything else.

He can't. Be anything else... I don't want anything in this world from him. I want him not to exist and have everything the way it was back when he wasn't in my life. I want him gone. Like he should've been. I shouldn't know his fucking name, his ugly fucking face, I shouldn't have to even think about cowards like him.

He could make all this... he could never make it go away...but, he could certainly stop being a coward now and just not argue his case and let you not have to go through all the details and pain of having to relive what happened?

I want the details. I have so much time for this animal. I have no—you have no idea what the pain of reliving those details really means. It doesn't go away. He doesn't bring them back, the court doesn't bring them back. Not the community that does so much worthless work on her social behalf or the news that I read, the judges and the creeps and the women and men, mothers and fathers who've written letters. Every second is spent with her, missing her. It hurts . . . and it comes from somewhere that, I don't have to apologize but, it's not anything you'll ever be able to wholly grasp. You can only offer sympathy and I don't have to explain what that means either.

You'd rather it was something else to hear?

Other parents who've gone through this. We're not perfect. It's not fair. But, no, I don't think they understand either. No one but me. That's going to have to be it. You shouldn't look to do anything for me, you take care of yourself. I don't care what you say, what you think, as far as this goes, I've decided to turn down those offers.

No one can tell you anything that will help, you don't think? No one has said—someone that's been through this, or studied it or a doctor or whatever—that such and such might help you?

No. I don't have to keep waiting. I was correct. I don't have to be nice now. Not as far as this is concerned.

Have you been keeping track?

I've been desperate. I've chosen not to take certain doctors' advice and certain doctors' care. Drugs to numb experience are the opposite of the real answer. I'm going to keep all this for me. I don't want a way out of thinking about it.

Social reaction theory, commonly known as labeling theory, asserts that some behaviors and, therefore, the individuals who engage in such behaviors are labeled negatively by society in general and often by the criminal justice system. Labeling results in an individual being stigmatized by conventional society, resulting in a negative social response, which frequently fuels the individual's return to the behavior in question. Social reaction theory has its roots in the writings of George Herbert Mead and Herbert Blumer, who suggested that the meanings we assign to events are shaped by our social and cultural experiences.

With regard to sexual offending, labeling theory would explore the ramifications of an individual being labeled publicly as a sexual offender. What happens if a person's sexual offenses are made public?

They were offenses not philosophies. The social structure is that others are in fear of the offender. The argument frequently gets turned around where the sympathy that is a small part of the question becomes the sole answer. The offender had no right in the sense that rights are given, not taken or owned individually. This body, the sovereignty of my own failures and offenses and rhetoric and functions, seems to be contentious. I like that the question explodes the idea of sympathy. The need

for such would be the problem. The understanding of society as anything else but a bother, frankly. It's something you lie to. The secrets you keep make years. And a contempt forms from having done all that work for so long and still not being able to tell it that you've been doing it all for them, worthless, as you only know they truly are.

What if family and friends now know?

It's not a case of having a wank. You act as if you've never been in an adult bookstore, never bought pornography. Never spent the entirety of your life trying to get laid with what little you have, faggot.

What if coworkers or neighbors know?

The ones that smell it on you would have been the ones to know, the ones that would make your life efficient, systemic. I don't think I deny that. It's not easy to overlook. I hope that's understood from what I do. The ones that recognized it first, unlike the ones that'll be interviewed expressing their shock and disgust, counting up the signs that were hidden expertly under their constant intellectual success and wherewithal, they'll be the ones that matter. Others are merely coworkers and neighbors. But there's not one day in my life. I swear. Not one minute, I'm pretty damned sure, that I don't have her with me. I know that's true, no matter how thin it sounds. She wouldn't believe me. But those pictures fucking kill me. They bring no pleasure, nothing that these hogs say they should. I see her when she was four years old and happy and learning. And she should be that way now. And there's nothing I can do about it. Except hate the emotions that come from not being there. I love her, I know that's as true in the way that everyone wants it to be. That it exists. I miss her and that's what hurts. I want it be okay just so that stops. I wish I could convey that to whoever could fucking change what happened. Her, especially. What those photographs create is pain. Self-generated, blameless pain. I beg myself for scorched earth. It doesn't happen. It never can. And that's what seems unfair. I resent it. How could you not. You don't find it in momentary, deeply insulting, relief. I hate every single photograph of her and I've tried to get rid of them and, since it's perfectly, utterly impossible. I have to do anything but.

What if our picture is posted on a sexual offender website for others to find?

These pigs. Who I've been looking for my entire life. I talk with the mothers and fathers of murdered, raped children because I'm looking for people who, like me, are obsessed with trading pigs. I understand that fathers are fucking, not raping, their not otherwise worthless children. Their less than pretty enough children. I vaguely understand obscenity laws. I try to operate within faddish, counterfactual boundaries. These pigs are collected in more places than on the websites put there by people like me.

What if our picture is on a poster in local supermarkets and other venues?

I try very hard to locate the cheap habit to make something like sex obtuse. That sex is the primary need, the great focus, that it is often described and misunderstood

as. I know it has to be more than that. Experience doesn't mean anything after the promise is dissected properly. It has to be in the supermarkets. There are men with their backs to walls, waiting for you to slump down in front of them. Take your dick out. Can I take your dick out. Would you like some head. And turn you into their children. Or their coworkers. They're as sick of their situations as you are, except right then, which makes a good amount of sense.

How do these actions (labeling) affect the ability of an individual to reintegrate successfully into a community?

It's like being underwater. For me I felt literally like I was underwater. It was totally surreal. I stopped this man who was driving right in front of her school, and I tried to get him to open his trunk. Yes. The police probably would have been upset if they had known that I was doing that.

Look, you are so helpless. The sense of helplessness is unbelievable. And I had to do something. He was not a registered sex offender, because he was acquitted on multiple counts of continuous sexual abuse of three little girls a year before he took my daughter.

According to social reaction theorists, once an offense has been widely revealed and is labeled by others as deviant or criminal, the individual may continue the behavior because one has internalized the personality characteristics that other people expect.

What're these pigs looking for from you?

I'm guessing, forward, at what will become my ulterior etiology. I fuck up routines. Perfectly aware that the voices that firm stupidity to respect pile on dumber, protectionist excuses that ably add nothing to a bottom up exercise. I get tired. And it's my fault. If I had to answer, the way I figure it would go is this: I am not a pedophile. And that answer would sound like a lie.

Yet it isn't.

Instead of saying what I find attractive in children. Never mind whatever the fuck attraction has to do with fucking anything. What I find embarrassingly appealing about select creatures. And nothing to do with the nostalgia they start. For purity, innocence, vulnerability, all the prizes you miss when you set your lucky gaze on one unfucked but still naked.

I find older women much more attractive obviously. I don't want to fuck her or her daughter, or her father or son and, for the guidance of the lowlevel circles, we'll have to accept that sex's biggest weight on earth is as a mother. Protect her or leave her behind; come off worn and then ask me what I can do to show you I believe you. I don't want to suck your dick. Go on, ask her to. Watch her suck your dick instead. I know why you'd like it. Why you could.

Better that way.

I'm thinking if I have to look at her naked, try and find something that will please her enough to make herself cave in for a few all focused time shuts. Then I'll imagine her as something else again. Come to find these bitter missing women more worthwhile than what they're actually only saying.

What is the hardest part in all of this emotionally for you to deal with?

Knowing that I'm never gonna... while I'm on this earth, ever gonna be able to hold her, touch her, have—smell her, you know, your children, they just have this smell about them. Each one unique to itself, and, just knowing that I'm never gonna get to see, you know, her look up at me and... smile. She—you know, she had problems like actually with her speech like, you know, "yittle" instead of "little."

She's perfect now.

Unreal. She wouldn't be otherwise. I've made her something better. Put her picture in a tighter context. Not just a memory.

You need to make that real?

I have done. I don't want to talk to her. I don't want to make her learn. I only work on myself. And that's not work, is it?

How old were you when you began going through puberty (voice change, facial hair, growth spurt, etc.)?

I don't know. I don't remember. I don't know why it matters. Anything like biology is going to happen, anything like brain function or reptilian thankfulness or balls dropping aren't going to count to an adult. Normal. There's nothing there to dig out of me and no shamed evasiveness.

How old were you when you first started having sexual thoughts or feelings?

As far back as I care to dream. Any other conclusions that may seem to be non-sexual are rendered unimportant by insisting that sex is central. Or compulsive, if you like. Or are simply uninteresting and, easily, necessarily, forgotten. My life has been one long sexual slog and peck. Purposively or ideally.

What did you think about?

Knew looking for imperfection and slights was infantile. I've always wanted to see it clear up and busy to confusion. Just a little less completely infantile maybe. Never lusted after health or its begging fucking favor. Always liked a lucky boy.

What did you go there for?

Not to find children. Older men. Men older than myself. If there were children there, I'd have acted that I was there for them. I would have chosen them instead. There are younger boys, certainly. Younger men than myself. They don't interest

me all that much. I'm not attracted to coming out stories or idiots without some greater understanding of how disgusting they are, basically.

So you had some concern?

Yes, that I wouldn't be able to control myself. Personal concern. And after that, now that is, that due process wouldn't be adequately defined. That I'd have to prove my consistency in line with others less thoughtful than myself. I knew what I was looking for and it wasn't what they're saying it was. I don't know that I was going to find what I wanted from looking there but it's silly to think, or act, as if I didn't imagine it. You know, when I found out what goes on there ... fuck, after all these years, I forgot about the first time I went there or how I even discovered it in the first place. But you would, wouldn't you? It doesn't make sense that since someone built the thing and people went there, that I wouldn't have found out about it somehow.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

It sometimes never comes into my mind. I don't know why. To be perfectly honest, I don't understand how I'm ever not thinking about it. I stayed away for years though. I stopped all of it. But it's always there—even now, when they've closed so many. I find what happens, what would happen if it wasn't made so much easier every now and again, happens all over and it's in my head if I'm not going somewhere specific. The ugliest consequences come from others forcing guesses and ideas into facts. Years, days, whatever.

Did you return to the restroom area?

It wouldn't have made sense not to. Not after what I learned.

What did you think, your state of mind?

There's a difference between what's available and what could be accessed easily or of primary importance.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

I wouldn't know what I was denying myself without provable intentions. Making intention obsolete. That I'd always worry. Same as before. I have quiet moments but my thoughts are busiest then.

What did you go there for?

A new offer. Not new but the same again.

So you had some concern?

Depending on others has to be all there is.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

Too long, obviously. The fucking idiot stopped thinking after awhile.

Did you return to the restroom area?

There are other ways to find this material that has nothing to do with the actual material. The restroom in this question is specific.

What did you think, your state of mind?

I'm never not aware that sex is repugnant. That it never seems worthwhile. Filming it makes sense in that way, doesn't it?

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

My suspicions double-overed into obsession.

What did you go there for?

Sex with men. Men I don't know.

So you had some concern?

I could get the sex part over with quickly.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

I go at least once a week. Where I pick depends on the kind of sickness I'm looking for. Not the kind I want to spread around. There are three different places, all the same, no matter what.

Did you return to the restroom area?

Literally, the entire building is a toilet.

What did you think, your state of mind?

Not biology.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

Everything there is designed to take you as far away from what sex is supposed to be and yet the assumption is that what is happening is natural or that they have some honest right to it.

What did you go there for?

Don't admit that you're ugly.

So you had some concern?

Someone will always want you.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

I see it differently all the time, I tell her.

Did you return to the restroom area?

To tell her she's actually very pretty. Apart from what I know and using the usual disturbing attributes.

What did you think, your state of mind?

Honestly, please don't worry.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

Don't take pictures, then.

What did you go there for?

I don't fuck older women because they have children. But I fuck men because they've fucked children. I don't think art that talks about the purity of children or innocence as central and impermeable is worth thinking twice about either.

So you had some concern?

I've never wanted to be a father.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

I can't shake a peculiar fantasy about watching a young girl having her little screaming face directly spray-painted black.

Did you return to the restroom area?

Put the fucking doll down. Too many tools think it's a trigger. You can talk to it. I'd like to see what you say.

What did you think, your state of mind?

You feed them questions. Slightly removed from the professionals and abettors with different intentions, loosely defined.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

I've paid a great deal of money looking for this footage.

What did you go there for?

I spend considerable amounts of time with photographs that sell specific tragedies. Mostly done by fine artists as series rather than quick journalists done as event. The title comes first and the sale is that there's most often more in the face than in the stunt.

So you had some concern?

You see them told to stand against the wall, the lights are different, the setting is sympathetic and very professional.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

I compare but not to contrast. I'm doing parsed lines of cocaine by myself. I bought it to have enough to do by myself when I'm still home the next day. I masturbate between lines. Perfectly mature and delightfully alone, self-generated, convinced. I drug the narcissism out of me.

Did you return to the restroom area?

Have to decide what I'm looking for.

What did you think, your state of mind?

I always have to make some fucking decision. I want to see this mother faint and I want her to stop fucking talking about money and personal rights with that sick garbled accent. You have a drink and it gets worse. Winnie Johnson would only comment about the need to find her boy's grave and, again, the fucking money she needs from others to get that done for her.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

You could make it all male.

Do you talk to your daughter?

Yes. I know that it's talking to myself. But I'll be at every one of his trials. He will have nothing but my beautiful face to look at for the rest of the time that he's in the Clay County court system. Because it's my daughter, and she'll never be left alone again.

I don't believe you can get through this without some prayers.

Don't worry about me getting through this.

I've gone through exactly what you're going through now. You're not that hard to understand, first of all. You're not any more special than anyone else.

You're wrong about that. I don't have anything to give you. Some sort of repulsive connection, fuck you, is the last thing I want. The last thing you should be looking for.

Did you leave her alone?

Yes.

Start there?

Or stop. Thematic shifts from satiation theory. I do it all by myself. Started before I even knew the theory was scientifically, or academically, proposed and fantastically examined. I did it so that I could enjoy it. Not to change for what I'd have to imagine was some cunt watching me. Not just, possibly.

I don't want to offer you anything. I want to take something from you. I don't want to share. I want to place your experience over my own.

I swear to fuck, you'll learn quicker than I'll have to explain it. All of that garbage won't work for very long. I'd rather not drag you down. I'd tell you and you'd still not fucking get it. And that, stupid, is your level. Desperate to believe that there really is something better. And you'll use predominates to convince yourself by simple noise.

You stop me from worrying about you, will you, sweetheart? I don't think you'd understand that I'm being selfless. You're incapable.

So, help me out. What are you looking for? How do I impress you that I'm genuine?

How do I help you. I'm guessing again that you know you've got more to reject than all the others out there who reject you, yeah? Teenage cunt turns into an old hag and I'm not supposed to notice? Not supposed to see it constantly. You don't?

I've been very careful. And I've been listening less defensively than you, I can prove it. This act I'm doing is all you. But that doesn't mean I haven't thought very carefully over what you've been saying and how you contradict it by staying. If nothing else. I wish you were better too. I wish like fuck that you could convince me that you're right. Not that you were better than just what you fucking asshole dream about.

Tell me you know what your daughter looked like to others.

She's fucking changed. That. Changed.

Somer wasn't a child that was easy to wake up. And she had Monday-itis a lot. And it was so funny that day, because I got out of the shower, and she scared me because she wasn't supposed to be awake yet. And I didn't—wasn't usually afforded the opportunity to know what she was wearing. And I got out of the shower and come around the corner. And there she is, fully dressed. I knew exactly, from head to toe, what she was wearing. And I think that's because of god.

Lonnie Johnson's mother believes her son. She wants to protect him as well. Says the same shit.

I'm not able to do it anymore. I mean, I'm just bad at it. I think I should keep heading there. It is, after all, all I fucking think about. But, honestly, I stopped. I don't even have the photography books around any more. It doesn't make me sick. Quite the opposite, I'm absolutely certain. It sort of happens in real time these days. Just bounces backwards and forwards inside my brain. All these fantastic children being hurt as pathetically small as is provable and dismally bargained for. I sold the books I had and got rid of anything more emotionally legally problematic by doing the usual healthful paranoid campaign. I had these touching polaroids that I never thought I could live without. I'm not lying. It had her mother's writing on the back. That seems to matter, even now. I can't tell you how much I loved this garbage. Thinking that it was the correct way to live. I don't know that I've changed that, actually. I just don't want those particular pictures any more. Doesn't seem to have the same accuracy that they used to. There's a distinct lack of comfort. And there shouldn't have been.

Can you replace them? Look for yet more relief. Sad cum to boastful cry. Don't stay so small.

I no longer own them.

Someone else needs them. It's a tragedy, a terrible thing you've done.

I made it worse. Saw it the wrong way at the very beginning and have been completely unable to correct what I've done, what I've changed.

Her mother and father, sisters and brothers, her family, those who paid and propped. Watched her grow up from cute to beautiful. Whatever happened, it won't be as empty, as simple, as you've continued to impose by mere possession. You will see that you've done nothing at all to the photos.

I haven't done anything to the photos. I haven't changed the photos. I haven't been able to. There's no certainty. There's no fucking proof. Fake fucking details. I've only twisted the personal conversation. Tried to make them what they should have been. What I knew they really are, actually. I don't care if she's safe. I can't. I haven't protected her, haven't done anything about the promises I would've been better if I kept. I don't care if the photos mean any more. There was never anything universal, nothing worth talking about.

What did you keep, cunt?

There are pedophilic and nonpedophilic pathways. One favors photographs of children who essentially look their age or even younger than their age. The next targets children who appear older than they are. The men who test in the latter group are not considered pedophiles as they seem to prefer girls who are showing signs of puberty and maturing. Their issues are with age of consent laws; contextual, generalized. These men will also likely suffer from the various social problems that might keep them from approaching and securing mates or sex partners. The first group are considered pedophiles in that they are attracted to girls without any signs of maturity or sexual availability.

Screengrabs of Kent Frank. Very recently.

You blacked out the girls.

I don't care for the race or age. I kept them because I still enjoy looking at Kent naked, sex happening to him. Fat slob, his gut and grayed sagging tits hung all over the small five dollah sluts in his hotel room.

You kept the photos he took of the girls from the waterpark as well.

And his shirtless mug shot.

Supporting statistics have been found in peak ages of child victims at around 6 and 7 years and another peak at 10 and up. Girls with the highest rate of victimization were found to be around the ages of 10 to 12.

About 4 p.m. I texted and said, "Just wanted to make sure all the kids made it home OK." I got a text back that said, "Somer didn't come home."

You ought to let it go. Like a relationship. It would be good for you to get out of it. I think she was bad for you.

And I personally knew right then that I was probably never going to see my daughter again. I don't know why. I just knew that I had this overwhelming dread in my stomach, and I was right. She's about 3'5," probably 65 pounds, long brown hair, brown eyes. She's not disgusting, she's not worn out. I was right about who I picked. I don't miss her exactly. I made the right decision. Would want her to be protected. Drugs, medicinal and recreational, are certainly no substitute. I can try and protect her by becoming some fucking thing that's painful to others.

What do you worry about now?

I thought about giving the family photos away. To a dreg who'd miss the specifics but treat the entire situation as it more likely really was. In the way that I was unable to. Not unwilling. I worried that I'd think she was still here, still important, and that I was attacking her, abusing the good in her memory, talking to her as I became angrier about what had happened. Rather than seeing it all for what it was in an inefficient day-to-day gloss. The slob could dull piercing thoughts to

contempt. I worry that I have to find a way to enjoy this and not treat it as a mistake or regret.

You can convince dregs that you're better now.

I'm not going to get any help from others. Help is the last sickness in my brain. Like cumming; that's not an impulse I have to bother with. I could fake it for you.

You've moved to involve others. Alternatively barking and pleading.

I don't see this as dangerous, I try not to lose myself in fantasy. I watch others' fantasies; movies where the directors and writers and handlers absolutely force themselves to film and distribute children.

You've got the wrong idea, you don't worry?

I can't stand it if it has an importance that others want to regulate. I've seen the conceptual and pliable material mishandled—not what I would have done. I adore the market, think men should be encouraged to take out the pictures I give them and film themselves being enraged to a stammer of sexual inarticulation. I have the proof but it's not in people. It's completely locked up in my refusal to get convinced that they look otherwise calm. I'm correct in my contempt for them. I couldn't imagine ignoring them. I don't know how to empathize just enough to break through the supposedly healthful energizing life that pornography halts.

Wrong, mistaken or lying?

I'm a coward, I don't care if that seems antithetical as a drive to you.

Frustration, grubbing lust, rueful embarrassment?

More congealed in the crowd than in me. I try not to make mistakes, I suppose.

What's the mistake?

The last woman I was with. I told her I didn't want to have sex with her or anyone else. I can't fuck around with girls anymore. I only end up screwing with a picture or a memory inside my stupid grunting puffing coke-stuffed face. I understand what gets me there. It's just that involving another person in it is a big messy fumble. I know what I want in sexual situations; men I suppose. But I don't prefer men over women. It's just easier. To get it over with quicker. The violence seems to rush things past skittish. And the drugs and drink seem to push inward out harder. I see these people die. It's a feeling that I get on speed but it's not something I'm cured of when I'm not fucked up. On speed, the edges don't blur and, oddly enough, I'm more in control on it than off. And the obsolete ideas of community and social responsibility are there only when I'm not blasted out of my mind. The right kind of drugs like coke and very cheap brain bleeding meth, aggressors, not narcotics, not girl stuff, not time wasters, are destroyers pressing down all serious thought into one single burn. Not a fucking discussion with some idiot who can't handle

it. You don't want to be one of these plugged down runts who think they snort a few lines and then get off by sucking as many describable cocks that can get yanked their way. I've been on the other side of small mexican shit like that. These girls look desperate and they don't get that it's transparent. They think there's a lot of gangbangs and cock around everywhere and they're reveling and pigging and loud and inside, cunts. Instead, they're just like these old fifties floridian salesmen looking for some cash and belly instead of panties and hose and cellulite. Outside the bar, she'll smoke a cigarette with you and tell you: I've not done that before, jeeses, I don't know who was fucking me. And you want to tell them. But they'll only not hear you because they want to tell you faster that they're trying to snag some other older but firmer guy that hasn't made his way over to the pig party yet. It's not a riot, you faggot. It's not acceptable. For you, darling. You can't handle it, first. And second, you won't know anything but the unfolding lipping story the next day when you make it up. I was there. I like it too. It didn't matter to either of us, I suppose. I'm wrong about it in hardly the opposite direction, in fact. And I don't want to think I could have fucked it. Or that I didn't want to. I didn't think it was as good as watching it, no matter what any queen thinks or says or secretly fucking knows. If I had a fact, fucker. If that fact came from a news feed about it being raped. And razor bladed. And overdosed and some tall blotchy skinny STD ranter kept on fucking it loose and comatosed until it cummed with or without help from anything but crack. And the cocksucker who used to sell me kiddie porn from the end of the bar had some police photos that he had to identify, not just relate. That's exactly what I'd think was worth owning. Not tangibly.

If anybody can help me find her.

I have her. I write her name on the old VHS copies I made. I don't write about her unless I've already been thinking of her constantly. I go back to the videos. The news articles that I used to cut out and save and now print and drop into more piles. I tell the mothers that they're about pedophiles. They're not about their unfortunate lives and liveds. Only half-right. The part that panders to what they can assume is the first excuse I'd toss. Though they'd rail against it as boldfaced lies. Only half, cunt. You filth, like every other aging wretch with her fatty ass in the air. Like you, specifically. Pull your butt apart so that I can see your asshole better. Defines obscenity in court. Gets to decide what's prurient and what's engaging. Cops that have better table manners and ideals than being faced with shrieking hysterical women of all ages. That still fucking act like they want this for a little while.

I hope they get you, and I hope they make you pay.

You follow my rat trail, you start at news clippings, stall at arrest records and court transcripts with my name throughout, back to newspaper clippings and rut technology, old talking face collections and quickly enough stop at these silly, life end, pictures. These are what I was working towards. Not a whole lot different. Or better or personally, publicly, complimentary. Quietly, secretly, I'm not ashamed about the paucity or isolation.

I'm not so old that I've twisted my experience into recalling and cherishing or bragging on the speciality of the little slints that I burned into my life simply due

to their rarefied possession. That they've since spread out across the world into greater numbers, but from the better races still, is certainly not lost on me. The exponential access doesn't contort my finite queens. Fuck them though. I'm elated to know the tightening group of abuse and greater statistic tapes and rules. Are right. As I always figured they had to. I knew it was clan. And the drugged up moppets have done nothing more worthy since. Except now: fucking lost their excuses for shaky sex and deserved human rights. I didn't believe the psychotic episodes when it was far more important to want to believe. None of the little made runts were special, ever. I found no extra information on almost all of them. The technologies that tried to make them humanist pornography have failed throughout all these decades of me searching for every single sentence and shot. You want to know which pictures I like the best? The ones that seem to carry special? The few over and above the mountains of bathroom tiled filth and stingy court reports and blatant queery adolescent innuendo? How about the best pose—the one that I like to see in others, whether or not it's homage or deep fetish or just naturally captured as something that happens when you're positioning your baby girl to get the picture worth seeing, selling, pushing out to the masturbating glee'd public. I know this instead. I've never seen too much, or failed to see it as harmful at root. Rather than harmful as discourse. Lazy as both, however. I do think it's violence that's recorded and kept by those searching for that. Not sex. But sex isn't sex. After a certain age, I guess. Sex isn't real. Sex doesn't matter enough. I can't stand adults acting as if they need it. Worse, just wanting it.

I have to pin the words down, cut them out and place them as far as possible from the dunce economy. I'm not an exegete. But I take the words and ideas and stutters and stick them somewhere far more successful. You'll understand this, finally, when I demean myself enough to tell you what I do with the words that these mouthy pigs just repeat often enough to tell you that they stand behind them. It's not what I take, or who I take them away from. But where I put them. Not rewrite them. Not change or charge the context. I identify them. I don't, idiot, masturbate with them. I can't imagine wanting to do anything without having these words fully included. I wouldn't even consider doing anything without them. The cunts that make cartoons out of their ideas. Little collages and signatures and slack versions. Strippers and songwriters and female'd max factors. I live all over them. I write through them, use them, come away with little more than a dangling possible.

You put my baby in the trash like she's nothing. My baby didn't die in vain.

These men know why they shouldn't stop. They have to work at not being seen as dangerous and that may or may not take care of the problem. And while much of what I'm saying comes from knowing men like this and knowing for certain that they are still very interested in fucking children no matter what they pretend, I can tell you that knowing them doesn't change the generally correct assumption. They know more than anything else that they are not wrong. Idiots defend me by explaining that I'm pointing out the prurience in selections that mean more to me than they'll ever allow. They also have to contend that I'm a moralist. Or that I care more about the safety of the children I light on. Naturally, my interest becomes suspect. I don't want to save others, the next ones, from being like the ones I name and indulge. I create the prurience in these accounts. I exaggerate empathy.

I know them when I see them, of course. But my intention is to wrap it all under me. I haven't seen too much, I haven't seen enough and what I have seen makes me want to see it again and more. I don't connect dots for stupid popeyes or those who would review me. I'm talking directly to pedophiles. I'm talking primarily about myself with very thin reservations about the want to do such. I know that she was gone quickly. He didn't waste any time. But he's a monster, so why should he? And what I don't know is what she was in or how, you know, he got her to where he got her. All I know is that he put her in a dumpster and went to McDonald's and ate.

You can't go back to the photos?

No. I do.

Why stop.

Everything I guess about emotional involvement can be proven false. I can see the pictures as moments without any history or cache if I have to. Admitting to aesthetics would create deep problems for me.

Just as beautiful children?

That child. But essentially, yes. As children I find attractive.

You have a controllable or uncontrollable attraction to children.

Pedophiles are identified by intensity and persistence of thought. Uncontrolled pedophiles don't exist. They are identified in deed by more obvious problems. Anything less is a breakdown.

You can contain yourself. Cute little girl in a magazine store, entertaining herself sweetly while her dad shops and shifts.

This I'm very clear on. I want to see the photos as they are. I want to see the one single photo as containing all the information that there only ever actually is. I am not transported somewhere else. I only ever have cheap pornography. It's a simple truth made complex by colorful thoughts that I, effortlessly, can't discard. Or empty. Whatever is done with someone else in the room is not going to change the one most important image. All the rest are mistakes. But I don't have a child that talks back. I don't have one that exists to frustrate beyond what I'm looking for.

You get an erection, you just stare.

Usually. I want more from them, less from me.

Impossible, yes?

I regularly compile easily located standouts and list them in rotting order. The fantasy is that more facts will come from the attempt to pull the sentences together, creating my time. Like sex, like pornography. I almost always end up with

a dialogue between a director and a child actress. Her learning and him dictating. I get more and more each time, no matter what the imaginatively framed realists place last. I make facts.

You've gotten used to thinking this way.

It's what I've been hoping for.

Blocking reality?

I've gotten used to the things I say, they're easy.

But you don't think it.

Not lately. But there's a problem there. If I follow it backwards, I'm still making perfect sense. I can't, for example, excuse my life. What I do is inescapable.

You deserve an excuse?

In the way it's explained. Yes, I do. In the way I think it, think through it, yes, there as well.

Is it possible you're not thinking it through all the way? Thinking it through isn't what you'd be doing in other words.

What I've gotten used to is talking to stupid people.

Because it is a moral argument. Consistently, your reasons are more flawed than the questions.

I've gotten more from the lice I watch. They don't do the work and then I don't feel like I'm obligated. One of them comes along and I realize how charitable my job has been. How thoughtless I've become.

Did it make it better?

No. What's better?

For her, for you?

Not for anybody else. The answer for me is undoubtedly yes though, wouldn't you think?

It changed what happened.

I was the guy who went in and bought it. I did do that. I didn't do it to talk about it later. I thought this was the only way to correct things.

You can't say it has changed things. You're no longer someone who only has gymnastic videos stored away so that you can masturbate when you're completely alone or not.

The idea being that I was explaining myself to the people who sold them to me. I can't stand nude scenes. I've grown up on them. Don't look for characters either. I'd pick out pretty children. Distressed children; who were missing and made dead, presented raped. Just before I cummed, I'd switch my stupid quick dreams to ugly slow adults. It was a real conversation. Between me and the authentic little girl.

You were being kind?

She appreciated it. It was done solely so that she would.

That's what appeals to you?

I'm not asking for anything. It's not best to forget about it. But buying and keeping a chaste instructional gymnastics video is of great personal significance. Writing about it, telling yourself about it, hiding it privately. It doesn't assuage guilt or explode shame. It doesn't define the motivation to find it, placate yourself, churn it over and over and over.

You should keep your mouth shut.

Hardly. The pedophile is constantly looking for validation of some sort. He's not looking for more. It's a very simple idea and a waste of time that can't be tragic.

Time is better spent how?

Accepting seriously what I'm given. What she gives me.

Why don't they ever just stop it? When they see what they're doing. They must realize at some point that they aren't doing something worthwhile. When the baby begs them.

It's them that I'm concerned about.

Have you ever seen one stop?

I've seen her cry.

Caused by.

They're wrong. And that's exactly what makes me look for more of that. There's nothing I want to see more.

I know what changes you from conversation to animal.

You'll have to misunderstand that I'm studying myself. These early KP magazines had titles. Not just criminal money men who collected the chances and paid to have them printed. They made very profound, very personally attended decisions even if they said it was only to corral a sicker dumber audience. They typed out titles and superimposed the letters carefully on the most descriptive thoughtful image to guide and explain you in. The magazine I got caught with was titled Incest. It wasn't a conversation or a jpeg idly distributed, however ultimately uncontrollable.

What was your reaction to these thoughts or feelings?

The maddeningly inadequate devise of mere thought seems to even out a bit with specificity and identification. I take the subject seriously enough to consider and reconsider what it is exactly that I do. Or what I want to do. What I miss. Can't get, etc. I get stuck with the names of these miserable things and I'll be fucked if I'm going to dilute them so others can appreciate mere tragedy. I can't, or won't, clean it up by pandering to dim emotions or heroic veracities. I don't see the appeal. The lymphatic conclusions and nags are obviously intensely personal and the excitement there seems to be an issue for some. As far as convention goes, at least. I'm aware I'm dealing with something unreal and ideologically unfair; language, contingencies and enough personal cognitive dissonance to keep me mumbling for the remainder. I try my best to make it as real as I can, then, for me.

Do you only find children there?

It's pervasive. It would be creating sellable fiction to pretend this isn't the only answer anyone else has.

Is it difficult?

It is, I suppose. I know what I'm looking for. Only till I start.

You have to control yourself.

No, I can't be seen near there.

What would you be looking for otherwise?

It's not my thing, yet.

How do you feed a child that compact cocaine?

Her squat nothing turned over and pinched back up. I made coffee and let it get cold first. She had a headache. I wanted her to talk about it. But you can't get a birdbrain to conceptualize. You don't feel well, do you, honey. Two fingers as far apart as possible given the naturally formed resistance.

You've made yourself sick. What you very carefully thought has turned you ill. You stumble and try to stay awake, you're hoping to get better. Your body has

been collapsing exponentially to the lies and indulgences that you've collected, counterintuitively.

How do you feed a man that rich and fat and selfish cocaine?

I've read and kept every single one of these breathing books up to a point. Like all the daily reports and finds and misses. And I've yet to find one that describes the reality that you understand as purity. Or support. Forward movement. I've yet to find one that makes what I do illegitimate. Every single sentence is lacking and frustrating and uglier than the details by far. I've seen what I do turned into broadcast psychology and police reports with mock parental outrage. I can't explain myself any longer. Not to fraught fucking lumps. I'm the only cocksucker that takes it seriously.

Have you ever masturbated?

I thought I could change things. I understood the trauma of having a child that was a child molester. I wanted others to know what I'd been through. Mainly I wanted my child to know that I loved him and that I would help him. I had to do this through the public. I didn't want to show him support; I had to give him support. There's a big difference. Talking to the media was the only way that he'd be convinced.

You felt sympathy for the wrong side, as far as the public goes?

I wasn't talking to a public. I was, I knew, talking to the people that wanted to hate him. These filthy animals that make up the audience. I was contemptuous and handled it badly. They had lives that were more suspect than mine. They wouldn't act the way they did otherwise. I couldn't imagine, before this happened, that I'd want to hear their individual stories.

They can't wait to tell you. It's how every single cunt starts off. "As a parent..." These are ugly people first, parents way down on the list.

You were prepared.

Yes. The surprises violently adjust your thinking. But only so much. I'm jaded by the life I lead. I try not to show I'm judging them, I know they're waiting for the first sign of that. They know what to say and it sickens both of us. Nothing is going to get done.

Nothing needs to be done.

You have to be quiet. You don't have anything to add.

I fucking put up with it. I don't care enough to watch you learn quicker, doll.

I'm interested in watching you do better, yeah, if you have that somewhere. I'm pretty sure I know the drags and catches first and I'm in no way repulsed by what

happens. I don't mistake the subject for the object. I don't get surprised. Not once.

Not here, at least.

Simple. Hitch yourself up towards the foot of the bed. I hate it naked anyway. Put the pressure on the crick in your back and shove your cock and asshole up towards the ceiling. Place your ass flat. One finger on each hand. Place them to your asshole side by side. Smaller than an adult cunt.

Yeah, you're beautiful. I've seen this in pictures. Not strangers doing exactly this. But maybe you do it best. You make the imperfections perfect. All the domestic violence, all the homesharer phonecalls when you two break up and you get to cry. All that trash, it doesn't matter. Now you'll get to call me sometime drunk and just as stupid as always. I really truly hope it won't get bad for you again. I really hope the rest of your life will go directly to what you want. Success, what kind of success do you envision wrapping its arms around you for the rest of your life. Is there anything I can do to help with that. I don't know better than you. I couldn't tell you what's worked for me, for example. Fuck, I understand. But that's all. You're so much smarter than me. Let me tell you; this is what I've become.

You're not this bothered, yeah?

You don't feel like a picture. You don't feel like you've negotiated a narcissistic slump into pornography. I'm not being aggressive, there's no emoticon, I'm not thinking at all sarcastically. If I ask you if you understand that, please know first that I'm being honest and I hope you don't think I'm manipulating you. If you're going to think that, every time I fucking open my mouth, you won't be any different than the other cunts. There's no cliches here. Don't get worried. Everyfuckingtime some cunt I'm having sex on reassures me to just shut off my mind for a little while. To relax and let this fucking thing just happen. I refuse. Or I can't. I want my head open. Wider than the act, I figure. Let that be my problem. Don't worry. You always give in, you're always supposed to do that, fuck, I know.

All these bangs and crashes. All ineffectual. All designed to do absolutely nothing more than just take you away from what's really staying hidden.

I can't stop after all.

I know.

What if I told you that I've tried.

Would that sound like I was trying to convince you?

What, fuck's sake, am I asking you for, from you? This? Just this?

You have to be joking, you'd have to be insane to think I'm getting that much from just this.

It's a lot of work for nothing, we'd have to understand that.

All this, for all these years, and this is what it does. Give me a bit more credit.

Think that, in fact, I'm only looking for a little palsy, stupid, nigger credit.

Pure filth then. Leans back and sticks his asshole over the corner of the bed and flower pins his asshole like every other woman in pornography. Pushes that tiny hole open just a little. Asks me if I'm doing it because I think it's more like a child's vagina instead of an adult man's asshole.

No. I see you, for example. Stick it in. Filth slithers that. It, I suppose, I very quickly pretend that I've let it slide just to avoid the social difficulty and immaturity, might work in sensation. Get the wrong idea if you want.

But I know this is an adult. A man only slightly younger than me only because I'm far too old now. It knows it's an adult act, right?

Mimicking pornography and musing pornography and rights, obscenity and care, you cunt, you're a second a way from discussing what you do as somehow—because it is always somehow, lazy old balding cunt—somehow else.

What about those bedsheets. What lead you there. And what keeps you second after second, still assuming that I don't read you for a stupid ape. Of course, since this is all I need, I'm in the same group as you. That's all anyone's looking for. But, frankly, I don't really think watching it spread its asshole open with two hands is me just wanting to see it become child pornography.

Are you a pedophile?

Hate them. Children. Means that I'm closer to what you mean when you ask but further from the answer you need. Pick another word.

I don't want what adults have to offer each other. That's what pedophiles want from or for children. Toddlers, best. You get a nice bouquet of flowers and they represent. Grace. Concern. Undying something stupid. A momentary lapse in reality towards a quick worthwhile smile. Like your doggy. I watched you suffer but just a small moment or two. That's what I think it's like. I'll stick with you, darling. You're not alone. Have I treated you badly, unfairly, when, fuck, I was only trying to help?

Helpless.

I do want to. I worry that I don't understand what's going on when I watch them sigh and stagger. The words that the others say, the ones that do help, say that they do, are never forthcoming enough. How exactly did they help? What did they change?

There's countless stories where lives have been changed.

Off the streets? Fuck me, that's not changed anything. I'm told by the same sources that what's happened stays in their head. I do know what that's like. I deal with my memories.

Insist.

They're kept. They're frozen. There's very few that I've seen age. Not enough. It's up to them to show me the proof. Without falling back on statistics and the age ranges that scroll instead of specify. There's none that tell their colorful stories, full of life, that don't adhere to performance community standards and fairy tale frames.

They don't stand out?

They do but I have to do the work.

You've talked to them?

I have. Like them, I talk to myself. I hear their mothers and know getting them to turn out that way is a bigger mistake than what they had. Gone through. Frankly.

You've made mistakes that you can't forget?

I've made mistakes that I want to talk about too.

You don't only look for the ones that have this past.

I learned a long time ago. I watch the adults grow into their childhood stories, not the opposite. I know, for example, that if I'm moved to a response that I'll do it from the wrong side of their clothes. I've done this with every single prostitute I've been with since I learned. I ask them to keep their clothes on. Sometimes I'll pay extra so that they'll finally put my dick into their mouths. I'm just fine, better even, masturbating while I stare at them and, more importantly, take in as much as they want to project at any given boredom cash amount of bother. I prefer that all these women leave their clothes on, don't expose themselves, don't touch me. I was getting them to pull my cock for awhile, like a kid's handjob. But I stopped that soon enough too. I'd look for white women. Whatever that means these days. Just not the subsistence slime that I used to pick up in my late teens and early twenties. I don't like lingerie the same way I don't like ghetto skin. Which, in most cases back then, were bulky but braless sweaters and loose stained stinking blue jeans. The ones with the make-up, the ones with hair that had been nodded out on, the rats that crawl out when they need to, I have a natural revulsion.

The last pig wasn't that much of a hooker, she was a friend.

I was in New York in a hotel room and she came back from visiting with me. I told her to sit on the bed and put her tight drinking t-shirt back on. I told her to tuck it in her pants. Make it tighter. I don't want to touch you, I don't even want to think of fucking it. I told her to just sit there and watch me try to sober up. Her eyes were

heading back inside her head and told her we could finish what lot I had left of the eight ball when I was finished tugging on myself. Primarily, I told her, because I didn't think she'd want to be fully awake for this. She didn't need to see or hear me act like a priest. Giving in, thinking worse, doing only hideous and hated. I grabbed her not small enough tits through her t-shirt and asked her if she didn't have a bra she could put on. She had started to take her clothes off when we got into the room and I had to ask her to stop fairly quickly. She's like everyone else I've gone back with, starts kissing immediately. I want to get laid. She said and I didn't care enough to tell her that I didn't want it. This is the way I start, she could've assumed. I only need a few minutes, I'd rather finish off the coke as well. Cocaine gets you horny she slurred or something suggesting we. Sagged my pants and belt down around my hips, so that my cock was pushed out on top of my underwear. She started to wet it, lick friendly, and pulled my pants down to the carpet.

I don't like women.

I don't want you to act like this.

I don't like women who turn into men.

Kept her face close to my hand on dick so that I could pull off in a head. Not in her mouth. Just shut your mouth right now. Just close your eyes. It's entirely about finishing as quickly as possible. I just want to be done with this. I yanked my underwear up between her very pretty, very numb eyes and lips and my work and caught the cum inside the clothing. I didn't need her to think I just wanted to watch her with cum all over her face. I do this just often enough.

You don't have to do anything.

The scrapings were going to keep her up and I knew we'd have to do more than talk because she'd end up uniform otherwise. How bad have you been treated. Wants to tell me how sad it is and have me think she doesn't care and yet pretend that I find the details she makes up sexually exciting. You want me to talk. Not now, sweetheart. Tell me what you'd like. And she'll act like a pig instead of a princess, both being mistakes.

Adults don't do any of this.

I know that, she should fucking learn.

She's been with enough men.

Fuck's sake, woman, what is it you're looking for.

I don't think it doesn't matter.

A little discouragement helps.

What did she tell you?

We didn't sleep, of course. We went out for coffee when the sun was finally way up. We had talked for a long time but, I swear, nothing of consequence. I told her she could do anything as well. I asked her what she wanted to do, while we were kissing endlessly. And she told me whatever I wanted. Nothing. Get some sleep. Which would be difficult. I asked her if she wanted to cum and she said yes. She wanted me to cum in her mouth again. She laid down on her stomach and I chewed at her asshole and finger fucked her cunt from behind. Told her to piss in my mouth. She sucked my dick again and again, every time I figured I'd change something. I fucked her the same way I finger fucked her, from behind with my knees on the stains and clots and she made a fair amount of noise so I shoved in cued response. Acted like an animal. I wanted to wash the filth off of her and the sensible way to do that is to let her do whatever she likes. What she thinks she likes, I don't mind. I haven't ever wanted to do a fucking thing with women sexually. I'm not a jew. I don't think she's dirty or used or stupid. This shit doesn't especially impress me either.

What did she tell you?

She wasn't a whore. She knew how I acted. I told her I learned to be this way.

She wanted to help.

She was being nice. Fucked as she was.

You don't think there's a difference.

I don't act the way I am. Clearly, there's more there than what I only wanted to do.

That's not what you want. You believe, deceitfully, that sex is intimacy. That you shouldn't have anything in the way of your, or a, purity. Your life belongs in front of you, not dragging behind you, holding down your pathetic dreams and tiny quiet hopes.

I tried to be this kind of sap. I had listened carefully and thought that I'd assume that they were right and I was wrong. The way one does. I wasn't testing them. I wasn't thinking that I'd turn myself into what I thought I probably wasn't but, instead, prove to myself that I was thinking incorrectly and I'd let this happen, let me become what I really was and didn't understand enough to argue against conscientiously. Hasn't worked yet. Now I've got that in my past and I have to think that, still, their stupid arguments—along with the proof that I actually did what they were accusing me of, what was spurring thoughtless epithets—did actually happen. To me and, perversely, to them. I also, back then, stopped worrying about it. Just became this slug that only found a moment or two special enough in chimera to jagoff looking at pictures of children being raped. I wanted to find the children pretty enough to fall in love with. I focused on the children, not the act, not the context and found it extremely quick to do just that. The way they posed was secondary to their comeliness. Their nudity, the exposure that they didn't mind,

was more important, came first. Rather than the nudity that had been instructed, manipulated, forced by keying inside their own ignorance. I wanted to see one side as less ignorant than the other. Appreciate one form of ignorance over another.

Did she tell you anything about herself?

I tried to control my thoughts, basically. Tried to enjoy the moment, less. Tried though, still. I wasn't experimenting, it was very easy to do, too easy to come away with any proof or bereft addled epiphany. I listened. I knew the problems were all coming second after I stuck my dick in. It's never different.

Does she seem different now?

Just a pretty face with a mouth without thinking something like fingers or an ugly erection had to stretch it further than simply inviting as a personality. Wanted to see it cared for. Rather than cared for because it was going to cry and ask to be cared for. I had no interest in genitalia, male or female, they all looked impossibly similar and haggard. I always knew, always said, that everything I did was about sex with adults and not about sex with children. I wanted to indulge that, this time, to some certainty. I've never believed that something could be appreciated. That an aesthetic response could lead to wanting something like a physical trawl with it. Something above the insult. I looked at asses, littler and littler, as young and small and better formed, without thinking that I would have preferred to see it split or spread. Open. Like a nigger needs a hole, like a father who doesn't understand what love is without sticking himself inside what he does, in fact, own and is responsible for caring for because he fucking brought the whole stupid fucking mess into existence. He keeps it. No more than the ugly sow that shit it out to keep protected from him and foster natural laws that don't work inside any reasonable expression.

Would you have acted differently if she asked you to?

I kept fucking doing it, fucking myself and just forgetting about it. It only took a few bright bone fried minutes in total boredom relief. I couldn't, either, think of a better use of my time. This is what I wanted all the time and, if I wanted that petty humiliating physical emotionalism to exist then I wasn't going to confuse the difference between photographs and flesh. One had problems the other didn't. Which wasn't the clean up. But wasn't availability instead. I had to imagine, did I really think that it would be better to have stopped it from crying and was the asking all that important to have to experience rather than associate. I'd say out loud that this is all I ever wanted, right then at least, right now for once, ok, and then be asshole pleased with it. Fuck a pity that I didn't quite adequately fuck through pornography.

Did you get what you wanted?

The job was to make her happy. I was hoping I could enjoy the job.

Did she?

I wanted to miss it. One thing had foresight. I had to find the mothers and fathers, certainly not the cops and lawyers, convincing just enough to recreate them. I knew how they lived, scumbags. These cunts couldn't call it illusory and still have me expecting something real, accountable, reliable. Pornography was going to be my own, I wouldn't get a fucking thing from the ones who created it ostensibly for faggots like me. With learned intentions towards prurience. I don't understand them. Or pretend I'm balancing their emotions and travails. They get nothing because they give everything, right? Still makes a romantic sense to me but I'll be fucked if they can sell it up to the very small level any real audience would expect. The best, since I keep fucking talking about better, is to become pornography. When I want it. Only. Merely. Shouldn't necessarily be extended. Instead of forgetting about it enough to settle for what's sold. And I got older. And I get to remember more and more of those moments while I try to do something less painful. A literal interpretation for a rhetorical embarrassment. The mistake seems to be in assuming I can get something. I should've found the whole fucking thing tedious and insignificant. Just not worry about it. If it wasn't public, I'd doubt that I'd think of what I do at all. I don't have to put them together. It's not, after all these years, after the last few seconds, "what is pornography." It's only ever "this was pornography." The smarmy record of that is inessential, indolent.

I'm willing to believe you're happy enough already.

You've called me up, not as drunk as you'd hope, remember? You get any help? I just have to get you to shut up so that you could get to sleep and stop what you were doing to me.

Thanks again.

Made me think of you differently, sweetheart. But don't worry, it's not ever all that much different. You're going to be like that.

I think I can safely speak for everybody who knows anything about this story—our deepest condolences, and we thank you for coming.

Thank you. It's important for me to be here. I know a little more about what happened and I'd like to make sense of it. I don't think I can help anyone else. I don't think I can safely say that I care as much as people need me to. I'm confused about what's going on. But I do need to make sense of it. You might be able to help, right?

I'm not being snide.

My baby had cigarette burns all over her body. I didn't see the photos. The police have them. Lawyers. They didn't ask if I wanted to see them. But I was told the details so that I'd understand that I should never see the pictures of what happened. I was thinking that I should have seen them. I don't know how to put any of this into words that will work for me or anyone else.

Do you think you owe it to her? That you need to know what happened so...

I owe nothing. I have nothing. Does that make sense? I don't imagine her going through what she went through... it's very difficult. I can say, you know, thank you for having me. I can't say anything that's going to make sense in, I think, the way you might want me to sound. I'm not accusing anybody of anything. I'm wrong. I'm missing something essential. Some greater concept that might work for others, other than me. I think it's sick. What I'm going through is sick. I'm an invalid. Not because of what happened to me, you understand, but because I lack conviction. I'm tired. You don't have to help me, I swear. You could ask another question. You should just be polite. You should be more fucking polite to me than anyone else. Don't you think? Is that what I'm asking for?

What was it like for you yesterday?

Overwhelming. Overwhelming. The outpour from everyone, the love that people are showing us has just been incredible. Can you imagine such a thing? Let me ask you, have you ever been the beneficiary of such phenomenal sympathy? I don't know these people who are clamoring to listen to me say thank you. That sounds wretched. I'm excused for that. But I'm not—I mean, I hope I don't sound—I'm not bitter. I appreciate the effort and I can say thank you. I don't want to accept that what has happened is so blinding an experience. That my life is now rendered extra-special. Tragic, more tragic than all the others listening. Who are these people? Do you know? Can you tell me, seriously, fuck's sake, I'm here, can you just give me a small sense of who you know your audience to be? Who do you sell most of what you have to sell to? Does that sound horrible?

No. No, definitely not. You'll have to work this out, I don't think what you're doing is in any way fair. Or rather, no matter what you do and what you look forward to or backwards from is ever going to seem fair. The point I'm getting at, sadly, is that no matter where you go from here. And I mean right now. With me. Is that you'll be a record of pain. I don't know that you have to try so hard. I wish I could tell you to stop. I have no idea of what you're going through. I can listen, offer you respect from that position, a need to understand what you're saying and how you're clearly suffering.

But, really, you don't have to try so hard.

Do you want me to ask you questions? Would that help?

Don't. Don't ask if it would help, I guess. Is there something you could do? You know, that's not really helpful. But whatever help is, I know, it ain't going to work. Do you think this is pathetic?

It is, isn't it? That's a question. Will it be alright with you... if we start there? Is it pathetic for you? To you? What's pathetic, what's pathetic about all of this?

It's not where I'd like to be.

No, of course not. What can you say about the man who took the photos?

I haven't seen them. Have you seen the pictures?

No.

Have you been offered them? I know you said—

No.

...Would you have taken the chance?

I would not have. I'm assuming you're questioning the degrees of professional research more than personal ethics. Would you like to know if I think I could handle emotionally what the pictures would represent?

Yes. Yes. Perfect.

Well, why is that perfect? Answer that first, and then I promise I'll give you as honest an answer as I can to the question which, actually, I gave you first...

Something different. Just something that doesn't sound like all the rest of the Irish sickness out there. Perfect means I'd like to hear something that isn't stupid and does not fucking require me for the first fucking time in forever it seems to have to ignore the dim rathole comments from seriously stupid cretins.

I'd like to hear more about that. Ask you about shame. Ask you about comfort. But to go back a bit.

I could look at the photos. I shouldn't have been so emphatic about my answer when you asked if I'd see them. Emotions like pity or fear or deep sadness and loss, the worthlessness and hideous selfishness... I think I could separate the fixed assumptions of what they mean and the original record... that is, the relationship between the photographer and the subject. Would you like to ask me another question or can we discuss excess and shame and whatnot?

Would it be an erotic response?

I don't know. I know what kind of answer is expected and that, in fact, might dilute such a response anyway. It wouldn't be an attraction to the subject matter, certainly, it would have to be understood that this is the sole reason for the photographs to exist though, right?

They weren't model shots, were they?

No? I think of it that way. Models made to look worse than they deserve, maybe. She was a model. That's undeniable.

She deserved what? You use the plural...you don't think you're talking about more than one, but I'm not so sure.

What did she deserve?

I've been thinking about this. Because I've found myself obsessed with pornography ever since. I want it to be my choice. Now. I want to see what's there, as clearly and specifically as possible, and I don't want it to be a search for understanding the ghetto. There's so much stuff that shouldn't be included. Sickness on all sides. And I'll be fucked if I'm going to entertain all these idiot arguments. I think she deserved better than what she got. That's no great sentence. I don't know what she was asking me for. Unless it was implicit, and it absolutely was, that she didn't deserve to be treated this way and I was asked to protect her. I can't talk for what she was here for. You can't tell me that she wasn't intended for this. You can't say that she was better than anything other than the information you have in front of you that specifically shouts out the cigarettes pressed into such a tiny body that you won't even be able to imagine. I can. But it's not enough. So I'm looking to see her in what others spread open and lean down into. It is not adequate. You have no idea how much shit I've had to hear. Everyone who actually gets a chance to get close enough to spit in front of me must have a badge of abuse and rape. Otherwise, they just sound lifeless. Instead of colorful. Then both groups melt to one dull tone. You can't imagine her the way I do.

This is why you've chosen to make more of her pictures public?

They're not mine anymore. I didn't choose a thing. I have to give them away because they mean nothing more to me any longer. She's a brandname. She's been taken away and placed into a market that I can't argue against.

Just a quick look again.

You have to work out what you responded to.

An eighteen-year-old dressed up like a tart in her bedroom. Takes pictures while she hides.

Because she sees men staring at her tits.

Not the kids at school. The older men around her.

Her father looks at her the same way. She's become sensitive to it. Sees that he tries to fool her.

Doesn't know that there's more to her that a larger audience won't forgive as readily. Doesn't grasp the sympathetic for the lustful. She's been taught wrong. She shouldn't have posted the photos or shown them to the older men.

How else can she learn.

How else can she know what to do.

Remember when you were that age. You got over it. When you didn't know yet. When you were just in love. You didn't call that safe back then, did you?

He made me feel loved.

Absolutely he did, of course.

You can't say I wasn't loved. I'm still loved.

Why'd you pick that bra?

Panties are much smaller these days. Some men must like it.

These blubbery old cows must not know what they look like.

You can dress it up, let it take a snap in a club, read its free blog about the drink. Take down its ideas. You had fantasies when you were that age, didn't you. She'll be just fine. Nothing's too difficult.

They can't know you from the photos. So why fucking worry? They're only pictures, fucking great pictures. Leave all the rest for your real friends. Who cares what they say or what you did then.

He didn't let her change.

She never had a chance to prove herself. Grow into a person. Never allowed to become what you could have helped her with. Growing up where she did. She didn't get the chance to make the right choices, expand herself beyond the obstacles.

She deserved better.

You can't help what those old men think. They're only looking, they're harmless. Those aren't the ones you can worry about. Who cares what they do, as many times a day as they can.

What do you care if you don't know. It doesn't matter. It doesn't even matter to them.

Have you ever masturbated?

Yes. I'd rather not anymore.

The pornography that you watch. Do you become excited?

Yes.

And do you want to do what you see?

It's not a question for me. The laws demand that I do. I don't argue.

I like that there's an argument that you have to deal with. No matter how dumb or implausible it might be. There's an argument that being exposed to this material contorts and corrupts the ideal. Defining the ideal ruins it. Discussing a corruption of something that is meant to be exploded or just very simply ignored. It really makes you sound stupid after awhile. There's nothing there but the clinging.

What pornography do you choose? Where do you draw taste? You're not investigating every facet and application, every act and performer, or are you?

I like seeing adults putting genitals into and over their mouths. Women acting more and more like gay men. Like old gay men. Younger girls with older men. It all is representative, all the different things just listed, all the lapsed and secondary versions and arguments, are all rooted in old men sticking their cocks into the mouths of younger women. Girls, women, don't deserve it. And if they think they do, they're found to be completely wrong. When you view the proof. Not when you deconstruct the language. The records are clear. They are ugly people acting as if they're not smart enough to look elsewhere.

Sex therapy, trend treatment, starts with a doctor's admission that sex is necessary.

You have a rational capacity to weigh extra-legal factors. Such as moral inhibition, maturity, self-control and sampled empathy.

And the higher possibilities of physical and psychological pleasure.

Also stress the situational factors and important differences between social control theories: general and specific deterrents.

The deep separation between being told by law exactly, specifically, what you can't do anymore. And then the examples set out before you of people who have created the same trouble you find appealing. The generalized case histories of dynamic justice; individual criminal proceedings and communal judgements.

Can you talk about a replacement?

This. Cigarettes. Turn her around.

Don't show her face. Black out the child completely.

The size of his hands. I've seen them. It had to be like kneading bread.

The blissful look on his mottled face that only he'd brag about.

Not know how he came off.

What was that like for you yesterday?

I mean, everything happened so fast that for everybody to be sending all these letters, and the vigil outside our home was just beautiful. And that, really, I just felt like I had to give them something back because they gave us so much. Do you think I owe them something? I gave them enough. They want more.

Why the Crystal Cathedral?

Because it's beautiful. Because it means so much to the community. It's very much part of our community. And...

Is it your church?

No, no. I'm not affiliated with any church. But the Reverend Schuller was kind enough to open it to us, and respect my wishes of it being a multi-denominational event, because we were getting letters in arabic, in hebrew and every possible language under the sun. And I'm still trying to find people to read them to me. And people think I speak spanish, and I barely do. But I am trying very hard to read them all.

And you had everyone come to you, right? Mormon missionaries came...

Oh, absolutely.

They all came.

Absolutely. Everybody from every denomination, from every ethnic background.

And do you think that was the uniqueness of this little girl?

I think so.

Just the way she looked, and the way it was presented.

Her spirit, because she was the kind of kid everybody says...that even people who didn't like children loved her. But I'm not settled with that. I know what I hear. How can you not look at what happened and hear what happened and see, you know, his hands. Not want to see more. See what he did. Learn his excuses. Get him to be as smart as me and just fucking speak clearly, what did it feel like. I would never say what he's tired of hearing, I'm sure. Because I am as well. This: Did you not think of what you were doing. I could teach the filthy cocksucker. This is what you didn't know. This is where you were. What's wrong with you is not what has happened to you. And all this noise since; don't you dare regret a thing. Don't insult yourself. You don't owe me a fucking thing. You can talk to me like you could talk to yourself like no one else in the world would understand. I'm not making demands. I couldn't. You, actually, have no sense to make. And I'm wrong for insisting, I can't barter with you. I'd like to enjoy the material. How does that work? You don't have to help me, you don't have to make yourself feel better

over what happened, especially not in the rules and therapies that these greater in number fools are going to expect you to grasp from so low. There's nothing there. If I have a reason to bother you, it's that you can enjoy it. I saw this film. I know what you thought was exciting.

Has that changed?

It has for me.

How old were you the first time you masturbated?

I remember, badly reconstructed, sitting in grade school and thinking about what I had done the day or night before. Finally. I don't remember, at least correctly, what grade or class I was in. I only seem to recall worrying about what damage I might have caused myself. I think I must have been concerned that I did something wrong in that I might have broken a blood vessel or something similarly unknown to me about my body. I hope it wasn't guilt. I couldn't imagine that currently. My friends had talked about it, argued about how it actually worked but it wasn't presented as something as bad as maybe you'd been told it was by movies and teachers or sexless catholics. It was a very different culture than it is now. However, my group of friends were hardly typical of the screaming sixties you read about now. My older brother by just a couple years had Playboy and Penthouse magazines hidden without much worry. Problem here is that I don't think an issue should be constructed from anything so vague before it ever became a lifelong slump. I've been doing it all my life and I don't want any mist to romanticize what happened till I became adult enough to switch the inconsequential to conversation. My first time matters as a fumbling anecdote only in how funny it will sound in pleasant company. Not a dramatic or epistemological event. I've made decisions to keep masturbating and those decisions have never been an attempt to redress a bodily insistence or requirement. I can think of terrible decisions I've made while masturbating. An invidious recursion that has little to do with relearning great or simple pleasures. I would guess I was a normal age for the first time, I got in line.

She was extraordinarily beautiful.

She was. She is.

Isn't she, still?

You can still see her.

You must wonder. It must be excruciating.

I want to see the photos for just this reason. One of the reasons. I think she's gorgeous. And, yes, I try to imagine her as an adult.

You only think of her?

Yes, I hope to. I try to at first.

You can't determine that your focus will stay. I hope it will stay exclusive. The impulse is exclusive.

I don't believe that.

The only image in my mind is her. That image is held, frozen as best as I can. I won't have it tainted. You'd think I'd at least be able to accomplish that.

You don't use the pictures.

I've had more conducive moments. I've tried to stay away from anything like a reminder, not just evidence.

Can others support you?

They try. They must be missing the right gene. They don't seem like they want the same kind of help that I have to find within myself.

How would she have impressed you?

How can I say? I want her to be happy. I want her to experience life. It sounds cruel now. Ugly. I feel like I'm supposed to dirty her up in some way. I wish pornography didn't exist. It sounds like such a stupid thing to say. He took pictures. There's nothing I can do about that. I need to understand why that featured so prominently.

What were you thinking about at the time?

My sister maybe. My brother, not as likely. I'd bet I didn't have an image forefront. I couldn't pick, I think I had an irritation to deal with just as much as I would love to tell you it was an internal conversation with some resistant possibilities for actualization. This has happened enough. I was masturbating to images of performers in jockstraps but I'd rather not have you think it was more formative than suscipient. I wasn't questioning myself or even so worried about what others would think. I still don't feel it was homosexually sparked to have me settling on body types, gender or other sexual pronouncements. I can make a quaint argument for seeing the rape trajectories and messing them up as I'd been trained. Just as much as I can shout off about confusion and projection and other missed opportunities to recognize the act for the context. These questions are wrong, stupid. They are mistaken as expectations for proof when are simply introductory, friendly. I wouldn't ask a mother of a raped and video'd child when she first decided to have a child and if she regretted that only now as it has become something else entirely different. Pick that example so I don't have to pretend that, since masturbating is completely natural, privately benign and socially acceptable, that's simply not what I'm doing any longer. Let it be a rite of passage, of self-discovery, of winsome application and complementary ultimately unifying desire. Hope. Let it simply be sex. And know that it doesn't work for me any longer. And I can't stand that I have to be tied to what you'll say is natural and therefore allowed or incorrect.

You know you could say that you didn't need to see the pictures. You can talk yourself into it. How could you not?

I've tried to see myself in her at that age. I think that's an answer. It may be inadequate as a lesson but it's an answer that, no matter what, does allow me to do what I do. Which is not to only carry on. Not to only grieve or suffer through life on medication and sympathy. I don't think I've made a hard decision. I think I'm supposed to give in to harm. Which is the best way to enjoy anything. It doesn't come naturally. It doesn't come with approval. I refuse to work this back into my life. I don't want the life I had before. I don't have it. I could say I was wrong. You could say whatever and it doesn't make any difference. It isn't therapy. And I've worked hard on where the work is shown. I don't open it up to just anyone. I can't play those games. You're lucky I do this. You can't question my motives. You sound ridiculous when you do. Just slightly worse than when you tell me I've done this shit to offer a voice to the other helpless filth. It isn't cathartic for me, how dare you find it less than strangling. You have to be sick. Don't, just don't, okay?

You have footage of young men getting sucked. You just show their faces. Were you looking for transference, agency? Desire, the careful dream work; all that is outwardly visible when inwardly mining a small trail for what some call ecstasy?

Is that what you think?

I'm guessing you have more of a reason...

I'm interested in what you like too.

I doubt that, frankly. There's too much of you in the work to be bothered or even tolerant of all possible interpretations. Here's your chance. What do you get out of that. You had to edit a lot of footage to just have those dumb faces.

Dumb faces pressed up against wood. Filming what happens in booths never captures what's happening. I didn't want to capture anything like that. I wanted stills of what it would be like to just get sucked on while pushing your face up against dirty plywood. It's past mechanical. It can't be reduced or siphoned to pornography. It makes perfect sense to have these people in church.

Now, what gives you this strength? This strength to be even a little ebullient, to come here?

Yes. People have basically told me that I need to talk to them. By reaching out to me, I feel like I have a duty to reach out to them. By being put in this position, I feel like this is my opportunity to make something out of my baby's death; that this gives it some purpose, that we will hopefully save some babies' lives... I think they need to see my face. Simple as that. There's the unbreakable truth that it will be photos of me, crying or arguing and shouting, thinking painfully and tortured, pensive, stupid. And below my picture will be text detailing what happened to my baby. And not indirectly to me. It is pornography. My face, their words, and my baby

with all her hair, smiling as the seductive backdrop. Noise doesn't get quiet. Ever. It screams and yet you have my face. I think they want to see that. At this age, not only in this position, I do want to become that pornography. Pornography might have caused this. Might have let this happen. Might have allowed these thoughts to be followed through. But I don't campaign against it. I think there should be more. I'm not throwing my hands up and giving in, I don't see this as a struggle. I have to create it because you can't leave it to the shitheads who it is always left to.

I believe in a creator, absolutely. Whatever you name him.

I felt her when she went. I felt her when she went.

Oh, I was instantly just freezing.

I chilled, and chattering teeth and blinding light. I just knew.

I couldn't accept it, of course. It was before anybody knew.

But I had a sense. And I think that that gave me strength, because I'm very spiritual, but I don't define it, and I don't like to articulate it because I think the faiths are here for everyone for a reason. I believe that everyone has their own way of grieving, their own faith.

I want you to know that I'm listening very carefully. What you have to say is very important to me. Please don't think I'm listening as if I always have worse intentions.

Had she lived, Cassandra "Casey" Williamson would be celebrating her 16th birthday on Nov. 23. Casey was a happy little camper, very much a daddy's girl, who loved the outdoors, loved to fish, and brought a lot of joy into our lives for the six years we had her.

She was murdered by a family friend.

A family acquaintance. Since Casey's father and mother were splitting up, daddy was staying at a neighbor's house, just next door to his estranged wife and children. Casey stayed over with her father because, her mother said, she wanted to be with daddy. Also staying at the neighbor's house that night was Johnny Johnson, who had a drug problem and was, also like Couey, basically homeless.

Mr. Johnson had planned the murder. Knew where to take her and what he wanted to take her there for. He was charged with attempted forcible rape.

He carried her piggyback out of the house, with the six-year-old still wearing her white nightie, because she told Johnson she was hungry. He told her he'd get her breakfast. Casey's dad was only in the bathroom at the time Johnson took Casey out of the house. The father, Ernest, ran out of the house as soon as he learned Johnson had taken his baby outside, only missed them by a minute or two.

Johnson said he smashed Casey's head in with a brick after the little girl refused to have sex with him. Told how he had exposed himself to the little girl. He also said that, while he was smashing her to death, all Casey could say was "I'm sorry."

Casey's mother had babysat for Johnson when he was a kid. Mom said she wanted to stay in the courtroom during the entirety of Johnson's trial so that she could represent Casey. Her family said that Casey did everything right except for the trust she had for Johnson. The poor little girl had been raised as part of a large extended family and had no reason not to trust someone new. He didn't seem like a stranger to her. She wasn't frightened of strangers. Wasn't shy or made unwelcome around adults and the playmates her parents introduced her to.

Do you see the same very, very disturbing parallels with your case?

I do. It was a Monday. No reason, no cause, you know, and to rape and murder her and then throw her in a dumpster, that's Somer's story all over again. And Jarred Harrell was 24 when he committed his crime, and my daughter should be 9 right now. So there's a lot of striking similarities.

It's like a nightmare. What did she do to him? It's my only child. Nobody can bring her back. Brilliant little girl that would help anybody. She was loved by everybody.

I want to believe that. Still, you know how this will sound, don't you? Do you think your detractors might be right? That you're desperate? From the ones that don't like the way you're handling things to the others who think art needs to be seen sympathetically first? That, say, you talking about magical incidents are evidence of you being broken and searching and ... just very, very sad.

Do what you like. I like hearing these bits. I like using the names and part of being a mother of a murdered, raped and pornographied child has to have this element to it. The faggots I surround myself with certainly don't understand what it's like to be a mother. To have a child. I can't say it was ever a good decision. I can't speak for health, heaven or whatever else is positioned as inelegant. But I can tell you this. You have the film. And you can do what you like with it. You're bound to get it all wrong. That's nauseating if I choose to think about it enough. I've read such stupid reports.

What do you typically think about when masturbating?

Child pornography. Not sex with children. I think about what child pornography is. It's a loose term with a convenient assimilation process, I tend to get lost in the possibilities. I become unfocused and slightly frustrated. I narrow down the options and usually settle on the photo of a specific name that gets repeated. I drift imaginatively.

Erin, who did tell you?

Who did tell me?

Was it the sheriff?

Gosh, I don't even remember the face that told me.

It was a face, not a phone call?

No, it was not a phone call. Absolutely not. No, actually, we were at the sheriff's office.

Oh, you were there?

Yes, yes. And they came in and told us.

Did you know it before—you said you knew it before you knew it?

Yes.

Did you know it when they walked in?

No. No.

You had to hear it, though?

Yes, yes. Yes. You had to hear it. Nothing prepares you for it. Nothing.

How are her two brothers doing?

Her older brother has some trouble with it. He knows what's happened. And he's had some breakdowns, but he's doing OK. The younger brother, his play has started to involve not-good things, but he seems to be dealing OK with it.

And how, Brenda, do you explain it to them?

Derrick knows that Danielle's missing, and he knows that—I really believe that he knows what's going on. Darren does not know what's going on. I just said both their names! And...

We know what you're going through, so don't worry about any little...

He just asks when she's going to come home. He said, Mommy, I thought we lived in a safe neighborhood; and I said, so did I. And I explained to them that there are more good people in the world than bad people, and I just hope they believe that.

Getting through that service, what—how did you—how were you—self-examine yourself. How were you able, do you think, to do that?

Puberty started when I learned that sex is internal. I had previously mistaken external offers and insidious assurances by limping through the unspoiled forms of primitive growth. Reworked the cognitive troll only when the body couldn't

demand anything else, not even push a map for reliable, gratifying health. I watched, with some real disgust, a naked man inside a booth next to the one I had paid for, do exactly what I had gone to see. Peered through a gloryhole to see what he was offering me, mouth or dick, at a time when I thought mouth was all that was ever there. It certainly encouraged me to do more and more. But never without understanding that I was locked into what he was going to display just for me. Watched a seriously ugly man bend into a ball on the floor and squeeze his shit all over himself. Peered through a hole. Before that. Just much older men who begged for me to stick teenage ignorance through to them. So we could perform need. The holes during those times looked as if they'd been cut into thin walls to join individually rented booths. Men, desperate for what I figured was anything tasting and responding flesh, forced themselves to core and re-core. That also turned out wrong.

You picked children when?

Samantha. She was...

She used to write notes to everybody, be brave, be brave. That was her motto; that was her personal motto. And I have a duty to respect that and do the best I can to stay up.

How frequently do you masturbate?

I try not to. I try my best in that what I've done in the past is put far too much work into something I'm told doesn't require it. It's a rotten debilitating obsession with very little to show in compensation. I spend all my time thinking about the subjects I masturbate to. I don't look for little people to help me cum. I don't have to cum all the time, Mom.

We're here to learn. You were not married to her father, right?

No, no.

And he was not close to his daughter?

No, no. He sent her presents every holiday, birthdays, that sort of thing, he sent her a package. But he hadn't spoken to her or anything. I went to Massachusetts just before her second birthday and found him and let her see him for a day.

So she knew she had a daddy?

Yes, absolutely. And I read the letters that he wrote to her. I read them to her. And I just explained to her that he was not ready to be in her life right now; that if he could, he would.

She wanted to be with her daddy that last night. I ran out screaming: "My baby, my baby, where's my baby." After he came and asked if I knew where she was.

Did you inform him, or did some other people inform him?

I actually did.

You called?

Yes, yes. My hope, of course, because the vast majority of abductions are estranged parents. So of course my instant hope was that...

He took her.

He took her, because I knew that she'd be alive. So the worst call was when he called me back. That was the worst call.

And then you had to tell him she died? How did he deal with that, as a removed father?

He was devastated. He was devastated.

You can stay there. Comes from seeing my mother spat on. Could you at least not say it's finished, incontestable? We don't have to agree on degrees of trauma or dystopian domesticity. I don't believe the way you'll look at it, the way you'll have to forgive me in court or sympathy in private, deconstruct the stung excitement for me. See it as painful recognition. But I didn't start there. I'm not living through it. And you can't say that she clearly deserved better. Look around where I've been, ask yourself where else I would have fucking got it.

Did he tell you what he loved about her?

She was his daughter. No...

Do you think he would have gotten to know her?

In time?

Yes.

I don't know. I don't know.

I've spent more than half my life, all of it as a fairly withered adult, trying to get away from children. I've done what I can. I've kept you, however. I'm not letting you go. And you've sunk past where I couldn't have stayed. I have to wonder what makes her just as special as you say. It's not her hair or her smile, both of which, fuck me, I agree with you, are amazing. Very lucky. For a few years. But it's Mom's impressions that insist I keep coming back here. Not insists, actually. But you, or me, shouldn't feel guilty about that.

He doesn't miss what you do. Do you think that's a problem?

For him or me?

What I'm trying to get at, is there's a physical space. Almost an aggravation. That, I'm wondering, if... or how... How is that tolerable? It doesn't let up. It's different for others—whether it's the absent father or the well-intentioned public. Or ill-intentioned that simply can't give greater weight to a permanent loss than a sexual need or impulse. I want to know what you miss the most about her, if that's not too difficult. I think it's an important question. And I'll tell you where it comes from if you want to hear it.

No, I understand. I miss her voice. She's so tiny. She would look up at me. It's heartbreaking. She had a very precious... which is suddenly a truly terrible word... she had a small squeaky, squeezed voice. A girl's voice that was too big for her little body. And her body seemed to compact the voice. You'd ask her a question and if you got a thought moment before, you'd get a yes or no afterwards. And it was darling. It truly called out for a hug. No matter if she was doing something wrong or great. It was always just overwhelmingly cute. And precious. Definitely. The word works. I just wasn't able to save her, shield her, keep it close and precious. Let me ask you: You think I don't know why he would take pictures of her?

You don't think he singled her out because she was prettier than most girls her age, do you? Is that what you're saying?

The others are clowns, Doll. I understand. I read a lot and still don't think of much other than you. They're fakes. No need. They can't create pornography. You do. And I do. But these others aren't worth your time. Heelbiters, they'll try and flatter you and you shouldn't even acknowledge them, this should be beneath you. You have to ask yourself—what are they getting out of the experience and what are you getting from it. Listening to them talk about their work as if you don't know that you've already done exactly that? As if they assume that it came from them. And that you're tolerant enough, vain, to become friends with them. Do they snidely dish out respect when it smells like you require it every now and again. Here, look at what I made. Or I'm embarrassed to tell you. Have you ever thought of this.

I kept the family photos I had in a shoe box. After she died, I didn't think keeping them in a shoebox was appropriate. There's nothing there that makes sense. They're just photos. But the way I'm going to look at them, the way I keep them, that isn't hard to understand. That is no great surprise.

Is she a standout?

I'm seeing younger and younger girls now. I look to see what's available. I like the prettier girls. The mock gratification that's shoved shy. The girls who aren't making themselves uglier. Not ready to be farce yet. Showing off. Trust, with approval, that they're younger and special. The ones that dance like they know they're better looking than most of their timid friends. At school, they can't act like that.

She would have been even more beautiful?

I don't wonder if she could have become a working housewife or what. Who gives a fuck? You could see it sometimes. She hated men. I won't go further with that, not where you want me to. Look at the difference in the way she and her sister dressed. Her sister would apologize for her being such a tomboy. And then. The truth is she was easier to get to, you know? She was the one that bore the violent frustration of two very different men. Only two if you don't include the audience for the photographs or the audience for the news. One little boy with a baseball bat who had a crush on her sister. Who enjoyed teasing him. And another larger man with nothing but frontal lobe sex blockage. I won't blur it all. I want them together and finely sutured. Not melted and mixed down to shades of black. I'm not settled with a difference between pornography and art as something that ends with a cum or a quiz. If the work breathes, extends itself, then it's pornography. No physical component at all. You don't fuck. Especially someone you like. Or care about. At some point. Someone who really loves you should ask you to just stop. And you'd want to do that for them. It wouldn't be difficult.

Did Samantha ask you to stop having sex? Indiscriminate sex or just stop doing it the way you have been?

I'd like to be able to confidently say that I'm dumping everything back on to her. All that is reduced and thin and grotesque about facile emotions and their bodily applications is wholly in her little face. I don't have the truth of her face and growing sentences, childish grasps at pure sense. Whatever is lessened and degrading has to be poured all over her. Her dead now body. Her pretty face contorted around a fat sweating arrest-minded and brutish erection. It's all because of her. I do want to blame her. And I can. I want to make her real and everything else fake. This does happen, it can get done. So much human imbecility and vulgarity directly due to her and the few years she had. If there's a truer concept of the creator, it is definitely her. She's stood in front of anything who would have made her up to the point where she was stopped.

Was she the little baby sister?

She was Page's little baby sister. Drove her crazy, yes. And she was Conner's best friend, really.

I showed photographs to children, became an exhibitionist.

She gave him courage and cheered him on, straightened him up and fixed his shirt when it was out. Took care of him.

Was more excited by hairy hungry men looking at my cock, looking at me standing there like a hog, working, not primping, than by having any of them make me cum.

Wasn't having them watching you, making you cum?

No, not really. I didn't scour them for information or reaction.

What do you typically think about when masturbating?

The photos a lovely girl sent me. That's all I think about, have thought about for the past few years. Before that it was part of a sexual history with other men and I don't know if it qualifies as masturbating when someone else is in the room with me. I know absolutely that it won't be qualified as a sexual act between mature men and women. Nothing extra happens between us. It all had to do with me pulling on myself so that I could produce a stupid sensation and a tolerant attitude.

Was she a healthy baby?

Very, very.

No problems getting to five, no...

No, no.

She would have been six tomorrow?

Yes. Yes.

Did you have a party planned?

Yes.

Was it for tomorrow?

Yes. Going to her favorite restaurant with Sarah, actually, her best friend...

Tell me about her.

I don't think I can. I'll tell you about something else. Which will be me talking about exactly what's happened. I can longer look at children if they aren't being harmed in some, preferably sexual, way. What I've done. Not what has been done to me. Is that I search for what is sexual in these children. There is nothing. They have to have it foisted onto them. You put them in a drama club. That's ultimately where they're going. So I only see them and listen to their sweet high voices and innocent clumsiness, their wretched beloved attempts at lying and demanding, and I've been able to see it all as sexual. In that as soon as their clothes are taken off and they are penetrated somehow, somewhere. Nothing else makes worthwhile sense to me. What would the point be. I know that her best friend saw what happened to her. She's been very carefully guarded from the facts that a five-year-old would be kept from. But she saw this huge man snatch up my baby in the middle of playtime. Saw my baby shriek and cry and scream for help. Now she's not here. Not available to play with her. So the time where Sarah misses her friend and selfish play wasting time, she's flooded with thoughts that won't make images until she hits teenage. She's been whitewashed. And my interaction with her has to stay minimal. Because I know what's going to happen as well as what really did happen. Let me put these

thoughts in your adult cock waving mind. This is what fits and what doesn't. And it wasn't you. And you can put your fingers down here and spread them apart to open yourself up to make it a little easier. But, really, that's not what finished or started there, is it? She was broken in two. And her spine cracked because of the violence which was sexual. He only knew where to stick it. Where it had to go. And the wrestling must have started with fear, tumbling, quivering uncontainable terror and ended in lonesome mind blacking pain. Nothing is worth that, I tell myself. I could tell her. I can't tell the animal working up his hardon.

She and Samantha together.

Yes, yes.

Is this like a goodbye?

Yes, it will be our good-bye, our personal good-bye.

A lot of people wonder looking at you where the anger is. Is there anger?

I have very little room for anger, very little room. It's all hurt. It's all sadness. And I don't—I just... How do I begin to describe the impact that my daughter's murder has had on me and my life? You might think it would be obvious that I am devastated, shattered, heartbroken and permanently scarred. And yes, you would be right. I am all of those things but there is so much more. Nothing I can say could accurately describe the pain that I feel, or help you comprehend what I feel. You will never know the sensation of having an actual physical part of your soul ripped out, leaving a raw hole that can never be filled again by anything, but Maddie's laughing, living and I'm holding her in my arms. You might see me surrounded by my friends and my family who are completely devoted to me. You might see me laugh with these people, perform daily functions like gardening and cooking dinner or even socializing. But none of these things or people fill the empty, aching hollow in my heart in the very core of my being. No one or nothing can comfort me when all I want to hear is Maddie's little voice, when I try to remember what her hair smelled like, or when I hugged her or kissed her sleeping at night. No one or nothing can help me dry her little legs or toes like I did at bath time. No one can look up at me with those big brown eyes. Pictures and memories, that's all I have of my little girl, Maddie. That's all I have left.

How many children asked their third grade teacher permission to call themselves Giggles on their class work? Maddie did and it fit her so well that even her seasoned teacher would not refuse her sincere request. Maddie was constantly laughing, I mean to tell you she was constantly giggling, laughing, effervescent. She found constant joy in life, even in the smallest and seemingly insignificant things. Like collecting rocks or wearing my glasses. Maddie had laughter in her voice when she'd say 'Hello, Daddy.' You could just see the exclamation points follow the words that she spoke. And her Daddy would respond, 'Hello, Maddie, my laddie,' with a joy in his voice that is no longer there. That joy was taken away when Maddie was killed.

Maddie's joy of love and life showed in all that she did, from catching minnows to riding her go-cart, playing with her friends and playing basketball, dancing in

the studio at a recital or even tap dancing in our kitchen. Practicing her piano or playing in the playground at PE in class, talking to our neighbors and spending time with her grandmothers. Rescuing lost animals, playing pretend with Jessica, her sister. Or dreaming what she would be when she grew up. I'll never see Maddie play again. I will never see Maddie fulfill her dreams. I will never kiss her again, say I love you, or allow her to go out to play ever again. Thank you.

Do you look with hatred on the alleged perpetrator?

I don't. I don't look at him at all. I try not to look at him.

You shouldn't have to. Does it strike you that he's looking to blame you?

He's not worth talking about. He's not the kind of man I'm even talking about. He's looking for attention.

I think you're right. He doesn't understand that he's essentially arguing in your favor.

He wants to align himself with pedophiles, sick men. But then again, he's not in that group.

He's the audience. Wants to imagine himself more the protector than the sadist.

His thoughts about me don't matter. They don't hurt, I don't read them. I don't read them because he has nothing to do with me or what I've gone through.

He can't imagine, he tries to sound like he does. He can't get through the very first part.

Sets himself up as having the same tastes, suffering a similar mania, as the men who create serious havoc by giving up. I don't care about his struggle, ignorant or indulgent. He feels superior by offering or suggesting more sympathy than anyone else. He wants you to know how deeply he cares. He cares about what happened to your daughter more than anyone else.

More than me.

You shouldn't be here. You should suffer in silence. He has a mock sympathy for murderers and child molesters because he's frightened over what has happened to children. Not because he's attracted to children or tortured by his sexual immaturity. He displays anger against those who he sees persecuting him by projection. He takes offense to your search for help and activist desire to change things.

Protect children.

Protect people like you. Adults. If he didn't have you, he'd have no frame for his well controlled fantasies and chickenshit pleas.

I'm a bad mother. I didn't protect my baby. And we're supposed to do everything all the time, we're here entirely to save our children from men.

That's what you're doing. You're here to educate people. You're not sinking back into the woodwork.

Not enough is being done. Not enough is being finished to keep men locked up and away from my child.

This never should have happened.

I don't want it to happen again. I know that's unrealistic but I have to do what I can.

What else can I do?

One of the cops searching for Jessica Lunsford said he was so moved by the photo that her father took of her just days before she was abducted. He said the photo of her smiling at her dad spoke to him. It made you want to save that child.

Parents deal with it every second of every day. When it all goes wrong, for not one good or even understandable reason—there really is no reason, you can't conceive the pain that is. Everything. Not just the routine, not just the history and the promise and the love, is ripped from you. You're a shell. You are never apart from missing an entire half of your life.

Can you make it better. Can you heal that hole.

No. Never.

It's private.

It doesn't help. I have no options.

It's not yours to understand.

You can only do what's right. Not let it kill you too. Step up.

You know what's right and what's wrong. You feel it. You don't have to understand it.

Make yourself whole. As best as you can. Don't be ashamed.

How often do you masturbate?

I don't worry about it. I don't know. I rarely work up to the point where I have to cum. I'm certain this makes sense but I rarely find it believed.

I'm trying to stop. I'll try again.

How often do you have to jerk off and how often do you get to fuck?

You only have to be honest.

I've always understood that the clinicians are wrong. A documentary on pedophiles in California is more a documentary on the time when it was shot than on pedophiles. Everyone outside the incarcerated are liars. Identified by fads and colloquial teaching. Any questions asked of the men in treatment comes off as bad acting, first. They're students politely hectoring teachers under the pretense of learning from them. Therapists and journalists will be mocked in coming years as quaint, hyperbolic tools—as silly as their dress and hairstyles and thin observations and thinner motivations. Their stupidity and cruelty.

This is why you say you're a sucker.

I've talked myself into being a pedophile. I've talked myself into having an attraction to an idea that I absolutely am sure that I am not attracted to.

Did you enjoy yourself.

I enjoyed myself.

You understand the question?

I enjoyed myself in that I was self-generating excitement. I was enjoying myself at the expense of others who are completely imaginary. And I was vainly examining concepts that have since been proven embarrassingly obsolete. Falling for what is there, was there. I'm at once exhausted with insisting that there is an innate truth, a me, and with pretending that there's a sensible working relationship to what is asked of me.

I've stopped masturbating.

Not completely.

The company isn't worth worrying about. There's the section where I watch someone jerk off and I want to put my mouth on it or slide my ass down over it. And there's the point where as soon as I take my cock out of my pants, wherever, I no longer care about pushing it in front or into someone. I started doing this with children and then with adults. Men in bars, children who couldn't see me until it was too late, prostitutes. I've asked tranny hookers to work up hardons just so I could rub my erection over another hard cock. Look at another mother fetishist fuck-up. Their wax faces, misshapen pretense, short cocks. Too many niggers, too much dysmorphia. Derangements that are assuming, accepting, that you find them pretty. They as much as demand it. Not a stretch to masturbate over pictures. I'm of the mind that pictures displaying women are better than women displaying women. Men, I'm always fucking myself. Which doesn't mean projection. We're masturbating, no matter what we're supposed to be doing.

Asked idiots if I could do things on them. As if consent was appropriate. Ask first. I couldn't have been more pathetic. Can I spit on you, I've been this way for a long time. It's happened without my asking lots of times. There's signs at some of the places I go. Particularly if slugs are allowed near fat women and their smiling husbands. That tell you not to touch without asking. Don't sneak a feel.

Do you want to be a man?

How much I miss holding her. How nice it was and how bad it got. How that couldn't change, become healthy and selfless. And masturbating proved that I didn't want it all to work out happy. Jerking off, getting pleasure. I'm supposed to do this. Allowed and psychologically acceptable. I must not have wanted it. This is what I wanted, what I am. Just not really what I am only now.

It isn't about photographs. It's a long record of emotional distress. Do you think it would be better if you concentrated on one person? So that it wouldn't seem that you're struggling to come to grips with a tortured or troubled psyche? That you are being harmed? Over-sensitive? Desperate in any case. The scattershot approach makes everything bigger and you smaller; helpless and outraged.

Look, cunt. I don't care what you jagoff to. How you rub yourself to sleep and escape from all of this. I don't get that you're all that much different. Don't give a fuck when you bought your first dildo and where. What you look like in a video your smarmy boyfriend made of you two sharing personal moments of drop and slop and the extended seconds of making more possibilities. When did your newer entrenchments and old failures start. What do you miss today. OK, just give the answer they want and you know so well not to even politely pause before. I wouldn't expect you to be anything else. Don't see it as an insult, alright?

How are you holding up, Brenda? How do you—I mean, we can empathize, sympathize here. How do you—what is it like minute-to-minute?

It's very hard. Every day has been different for me emotionally. I take time in the morning to let everything out. And I do that alone in my room; I don't want my children seeing too much of that coming out of me. And I just scream and cry into my pillow and pray that somebody will see this. And if Danielle sees this, I want to tell her that I love her. You are my best friend. Everybody is here waiting for you. We want you to come home. So if somebody does have you, please just ask them to let you go, and tell them you want to be with your family.

Damon, how do you—we know about daddies and daughters.

Yes, she's my sweet little angel, and I love her so much. And I'll be OK when I have all day when I have something to do to try and get her back. The nights are hard though.

You jump when the phone rings?

Definitely. The phone rang in the middle of the night one night, and I jumped up so fast I immediately got a headache from the blood rushing through my body.

I spent too long drunk. I forgot how important you are and the regrettable stay is that I rat child pictures. It was you. It wasn't her. I sobered up. I won't let these animals who write as if they want less than reality influence me; you should know you're capable of so much more. I write directly to you. Look at how rare these items are. You won't hate me as much as you have to act like you do. We were better than that and I've watched you accept so much less every fucking time you've taken a step away from me. Your bourgeois moves weren't unexpected. But I thought I taught you not to be like that. I'm not disappointed. You'll realize it later, you'll still be better without me and the answers won't change. You did the right thing.

You didn't watch no television.

No.

Even while "where is she" was going on?

No, no. The sheriff's department was wonderful to me, and they came and briefed me before they ever spoke to the public so that I didn't have to watch anything if I didn't want to. And I watched the press conferences and would turn it off the second any commentary began.

Are you surprised that she screamed?

No, I'm not. Absolutely not. She fought, and I know she did. She was my tiger. That's why I called her that, my little tiger.

Had you discussed that with her, if a stranger comes over?

Yes. And she had been through the sheriff's department's program through the schools.

Oh, really?

Yes. Kick, bite, scream. She knew it all. She did everything right. She just didn't have a shot.

No. And she heard about a puppy, right?

Yes. And she even had the composure to tell Sarah to go tell my Grandma as he is carrying her. And she's a very strong kid.

He built birdcages in his apartment. He asked the little girl if she wanted to see the birdcages and the pretty birds he had.

All right, for a physical description—you're holding a picture there, aren't you, of Danielle?

Yes, actually, we had scheduled a trip to Italy this Saturday, and they did last-minute passport photos. This photo was taken the day before she disappeared—that Friday it was taken. She just got her hair cut. So all the videos and other pictures running of her have longer hair, but this is the latest photo.

Her hair is now shoulder-length.

It is shoulder-length now. And she is a second...

Yes it is.

...grader, right? Second grader. She's four feet tall. She weighs fifty-eight pounds. The hair is dirty blonde.

Did you toss out your lingerie, Lovely? Did you keep it and feel guilty, old, bask in kindness that wasn't going to work anymore otherwise?

What's sex, Lovely?

Here's what I think. Before. Whatever you did was typical of these slow types. You had your easy hooks and all the conversations. And you don't really think they work anymore.

I'll ask about your dad and Sam's dad later, shall I?

But it would upset me to privately learn that you've let all that go now. For this. Had a big sales rethink. Let the new sad persona invade your bedroom and table tops and doggerel ascendancies.

To about, oh, depression, was it? Back then?

You have better secrets now, don't you?

You can never let on, can you?

Makes it much nicer, doesn't it?

We've seen the pajamas.

And she always has the necklace on that's in the picture. And we had just recently been to Disney World, and she has Mickey Mouse earrings in with blue stones on them.

What do you typically think about when masturbating?

My ego is so out of control I thought I was helping you. I thought you asked me to. Fuck, it didn't help?

Know a photo isn't fantasy. Because I can't separate the impulse from requiring a nice form of reality in my brain that cancels out the consequential. I think of children, many different children, all at once by imaging a crime while I yank on myself and then fully understand that when I cum I'll stop the wheel on what worked especially well that day. It's often an adult mouth that I use to repeat the words about a little girl's face. None of that hasn't happened.

I've always argued that you weren't ugly. You're a very beautiful woman. And I came to believe it quickly, truly I did. But if this hadn't affected you, and by that I mean everything fucking after, you'd be far less unique, that's all. Anyway, don't worry. You'll get tips from the girls backstage, girl talk.

Damon, your neighborhood is, what, a suburban, nice neighborhood?

Yes, nice little suburban neighborhood.

Never any trouble like this in the neighborhood? Never heard of anything like this before?

Nothing like this. All the kids play in the streets all the time. The school is right down the hill; all the kids walk to school. You know, all the parents are involved. Everybody knows everybody. Everybody has come out since and has been very helpful in the neighborhood.

I know I'm an ugly man too. I'm sorry you got to watch me. I can't do anything about what happened, what I did to you and what I allowed you to see. I hope you know that I wish it had all been very different for you. I'm very sorry about everything I couldn't be and everything I asked you to ignore later or excuse. I don't think you should think I'm ungrateful, I guess. There's nothing at all I could do about it except just stop looking for what I wanted and get me to where I teach myself otherwise.

Brenda, have Danielle's friends come by?

Danielle's friends have written cards to her; I'm saving them for her. And they've brought little gifts to her. And I think that's good for them, because it's a way for them to get out their frustrations. Her whole class has written her.

Who calls you? You were at work. Who called you?

My mother. My mother called me.

You got the details of that trial.

I haven't even read the details.

Now what it—they didn't buy the statements of the kids?

Apparently not. Apparently not. And in California, that's all you have to do, is believe the kid.

Samantha's little friend may have to testify.

Maybe. Maybe.

That's not going to be easy.

No. I don't know anything about that.

I want to start here. You're more comfortable with less specificity. You unfortunately demand that you're looking for clarity, a search of precision. But. You're moving to busy your thoughts; take you away from central and frightening specifics.

I'm moving away from impersonal help. I'm also stretching farther away from myself. What I want demands that I move away intellectually, only after I'm sure I won't have temptation in front of me. I remove myself from the room, first and foremost.

There will be an image, an act, a concept, that means more to you than any other. Phallometry is formed on the general acceptance that erections are involuntary. There are smart men who can fake their responses. And there are extra tests redesigned to counter those responses. For now, pretend that you will respond to stimuli. This time, do not argue over who picked out and planned the stimuli sequence or how the images were collected by whom.

I argue that you're reading the images wrong.

What the pictures represent to you is offensive to me.

More important, the faulty construction cracks, colluded by my lifetime of sexual experience with men. Brief almost-sexual encounters where the excitement of having a nice tight band placed around my penis to measure volume and circumference pulses are only ever exactly what I've been doing and fucking. Also, I need to explain how to fuck a picture and a person to you.

You start here: I don't force myself to feel sympathy for these rats inexactly like I can't force an erection.

I come to the subjective irreality of child pornography because I respond to the sympathy that is desired by everyone save the audience and producers. I have no intention of confusing what I've learned for what I want. And that truly is disgusting to me. I don't believe I want to change at all. I have to agree with those who think I should be better without wanting to also think they should.

All of this is current. And I've been wrong my entire lengthy past. All of this is fundamental and where I'm unforgiven, you've become a princess.

My phallometry test is directing myself to a room of men surreptitiously gorging themselves on other men, only hopefully. A naked man with a soft cock that I walk

up to, I self-report, and tell him to turn around. I rub his saggy chest and push back on his shoulder. He turns around and bends over to spread his asshole open before I'm hard or even have my pants down. I rub his chest from around his back, then my crotch a bit, and then as quickly as I can unbutton my fly, start to throb and itch larger and appropriately. His long and wide and greased illness plied anus can be the meter and the stimuli. His brief reduction and yearning kind offer are going to be the doctor that tried to choose the best pictures of child rape and display from the jealous files of police evidence labs. The scientist politic who tried to understand the unclear reasons why one capture was possibly more significant than all the others and then do it again and again so the choices and examinations create an operative movement with science on the front, sex in the middle and quantifiable human results on the end. All still contemporary, mysterious and vividly giving and pulling back.

There are men I've never even seen, suck my dick through these scientific devices and social experiments.

There is no requirement for standardization in the images selected and used throughout the many labs that perform these tests. The doctor that pioneered the tests had originally planned the devices to investigate heterosexual men who might be homosexual. He moved to sex offenders. You can show incest offenders pictures of their relatives to see what imaginary response is echoed in the size of his cock. The man can often be filmed sat, naked, to make sure that he isn't turning his face away from the screen.

There's a table that he sits behind. The camera doesn't record his cock. The tiny camera is stuck to the top of the large screen affixed to the wall just in front of him.

He keeps his hands flat out in front of him on the table. So he can't touch himself. Put your palms flat and keep your arms spaced comfortably.

He is not shown child pornography. Only images of children dressed semi- or innocently provocative. They do not show illegal material. You wouldn't want to indulge the pedophiles, you couldn't damage the children by keeping their pictures in circulation, you can't cause unwarranted undiagnosed trauma by exposing the uninitiated to potentially egregious forms of sexual abuse or alternatively create a taste in those who were unaware of the truer nature of the material.

Sexual acts, irrespective of age and gender, may also be confused with sexuality. And a fantasy invoked response to the act may have very little to do with the depicted participants.

Is it possible to measure the attraction leveling to my cock coming from the fear I sense for the little girls I see getting the damage they don't understand quite yet. That communities will instill and badly assist. When they become women without any other singularly appealing and effortless sale. The little slashes I'd like to see protected and kept happy against all possible compiling evidence.

She puts her tiny hand in front of her tiny face so that she doesn't have to see what she's being shown. She's being cute, beside herself.

Which smoother vagina causes me the bigger hardon. Which mother talks the most, seems to be capable of getting through her scene on point. Who gets excused too quickly and seems to accept more naturally that those watching won't get the subtext.

Which of you needs to keep talking. Which one of your group believes that there's nothing that's going to help you.

He was a boy, Maddie. I'm sorry. I'm pretty good at pointing out the cruelty in what others seem to avoid but I'm incapable of selecting out what I find cruel enough to match my search for excitement. I also have a lifetime of this.

There are ethical concerns from dissenting and thoughtful peers. Can exposure to child pornography to those without the necessary gene and rearing predispositions be introduced to the subject deleteriously in such a welcoming environment.

They will find excitement in other ways. They are not dogs.

Tell them not to be. Ask the questions you want answered. Trick them past figuring you out. Play with them, tell them how deeply ingrained it is, how private it worms out to public.

Tell every one that we've just seen. Before we're allowed to come upon it. Not to pose.

I look at these images because I want to feel the sadness the mothers talk about. You believe that, right? My sincere wish is not to learn to hate them just as much as I'd rather not see them treat my favorite subject so blithely. They become the test subjects, not the parole board or doctor. I find we have these tests in common.

What do you typically think about when masturbating?

Ask me when my best time was.

My favorite memory of formative masturbation. When I first thought it wouldn't get better than this.

When I decided I was doing it wrong. Some blonde haired woman with her thin legs spread wide and her vagina demarcated by color and fold but not labia. Whose face was prettier than the other hogs spreading their legs like that had been.

When I started to give in to looking at the hard cocks the men had, rather than what they were doing with it, to whom and how.

After I stopped looking at adults all together. And stuck on these not being enough but exactly perfect. Little girls with their clothes on. And the obvious boys in

shorts and smiles. Until I started seeing them turned away and wanted to keep seeing asses that reminded me of the other very tiny butts I had already seen.

And every little hand should be holding something naturally and cruelly intentional. Just their fingers and the small palms. And then all shapes of lips, better than wide eyes, that I'd brutalize into minutia. So much so that I don't recall ever once thinking the little lips I'd stare at were ever dismissed or itemized into rigid or lesser favorites. I was indiscriminate, furtive and very quick.

What do you typically think about when masturbating?

Can my pornographic chase be defined so precisely that it can stop my persistent illogical trail. I try to concentrate and stop before I get hard. When I have an erection, I simply turn off the computer or the television. I don't have to cum then. I'm an older man, I would like to tell you that I masturbate to my memories of when I was younger. Most of the time, I only minted the memory very recently. I get rid of favorites like you'd deny regret. This works very well for me. I don't intend to damage myself. I must come off scared rather than accepting or only mildly conflicted.

So, your anger is at the jury for letting him out?

Yes. Yes.

So you want, somehow, the systems changed. We don't know the details of the trial.

No. I want people to realize that, you know, you're talking about children. You know, we have preconceived notions of little girls and how they might put themselves in this situation and—these are kids. These are kids. They don't lie about this sort of thing. You know? And...

Kids are good eyewitnesses to events is what you're saying, maybe better than adults.

Yes, they are. They are. They are terribly honest. They are brutally honest. We all know that from all of our little kids saying embarrassing things to people. They don't lie unless they're taught to.

They have imaginations, right?

They have imaginations, absolutely.

They imagine friends that aren't there and they go fight enemies that aren't around and they think about being in beauty contests if they're little girls...

But they don't think about having horrible things happen to them.

They steal.

They all do.

I'm tempted to let you continue talking. I'm more interested in what you're going through, right now, than in what you're actually saying. But if I don't point out that you're just flat fucking wrong, I'm afraid I'll miss what you're really suffering through.

I know why you're listening to me.

That's not true. I think you're fooled by what you're giving your audience. You shouldn't let it create you. Stop listening to yourself chew.

I know that I'll have to cry. But I can't help it either. Maybe they need to see it. I would like you to learn, I don't want you to just say that's what you're here for and not get anything. My crying will come when I can't let the second guesses and internal monologue win for a moment, finally.

I've been clear.

It is devastating. This is excruciatingly painful. With long arms that will keep reaching. But the whole fucking thing. Everything, from the day she was conceived and the father refused her and my need for that to decide—all of this, somehow—absolutely everything just looks and sounds and feels nonstop disgusting.

You've made the wrong decisions.

I blame myself too. It's unfair as well. That's what I was getting at. You're wrong about what you're spitting back at me.

And I can't get forgiven for a simple misunderstanding?

You are. That's where we are, right now.

Do you not worry about twisting things and effects, ramifications, giving the wrong information that might, once again, fail to do what you're hoping, begging god, works out?

I'm to blame. Still. Everything I do is wrong.

Does your audience want you to cry—for what reason, do you suppose?

I've learned people are incapable of understanding what they want. And they have a cruelty that explodes. Loneliness and stupidity and cruelty. You can't ask me to understand that further. I can only see it as sickness.

Do you forgive fixation. Drive. What drives you, Doll?

Children fantasize and believe it. If they say it out loud, they can see it. There's little difference in what they believe and what actually happens. It's all one life to them. It does actually exist in that way. They're unreliable in court.

They believe what you tell them. They are so unfilled that they can't do anything but learn. They are suggestible to an extreme. My child's age, she was utterly unable to stop what happened to her body. She didn't know those events could happen. That this was a chance for complete hell, explicit monstrous failure, while she was only outside playing.

Enjoying herself.

That's all she wanted.

All in her giggling sparkly head. And you too.

That's all I wanted for her.

What do you typically think about when masturbating?

I wish I hadn't done what I've done. I can't make it any simpler than that. I wish that I could remove the memories and rework the thoughts to absence. I can't tell you what I was thinking anymore but I still have the images that I did it. I think of it as some other person entirely. It wasn't reasonable and I'm disturbed that I allowed myself to make believe that it was important enough to me at any time to actually create in reality. I understand it in abstract terms. I can't remember what I felt I had to experience.

This happened to you. This is what we're here to learn. Not what happened to your daughter.

I continue to make serious mistakes. I'm going to get worse. It seems impossible to stop.

You don't know what to do.

Only what I wish didn't happen. I don't know where I can go; I don't know that I ever would've known before this happened, of course.

Bad luck?

You always hope things will change. I suppose that's a big brutalizing hope. I've not been through enough, I'm worried about that.

The worst is yet to come?

How could that be? I can't imagine it. But, yes, it's a worry, obviously, this goes on.

You hate it.

I don't want to continue this way.

What are your plans?

Don't give into compulsions. Don't get lost in language. Impulses are usually bad tricks. Chances don't come.

If you dream? If you fantasize?

Responsibility. Routine. Giving without taking. Not searching for angles.

Maddie had a fear of strangers breaking into her house. So small and yet so frightened.

It wasn't irrational though, was it?

What is a wasted life?

Fair enough. I don't think there's a way to prevent this. You have to let your children be the people that they are, and there's no sense in boarding them up. That doesn't make any sense. That's no life. But what they can do is, children who are molested, trust the system to get them help immediately. Because they have to have that evidence. They have to.

Evidence is after the fact?

Everything else is guesses, stabs. Facts are what you need to change luck, plans, hopes.

You have to nail down the past?

With facts. Only. Not open to interpretation. Loose or vested or personal. That's what you hope for.

Clarity.

A lack of questions that only require emotional, pornographic, response.

What's the difference between a legal definition of obscenity and a personal definition?

Experience.

What stops you from losing yourself in the subject?

I honestly believe I can not lose myself. I don't think I'm that cynical or untrustworthy.

How would you describe the circumstances that led to your arrest and prosecution?

I honestly didn't understand what evidence was or could be.

Obviously, child pornography had existed before you became the first person charged for its possession, and there were no possession laws in effect at the time. Do you think you were singled out, because they'd wanted to charge you with obscenity? Or do you think you were caught up in something that was probably inevitable anyway, that being the outlawing of child pornography?

I don't believe I was the first person charged with possession. I'm not sure if this is correct, however. I do know that when it came time to argue the case before the Illinois Supreme Court, my lawyers made a point of including my name second in the briefs as it was filed alongside someone else who was also challenging the law. First or second by a hair or so, I guess. Also, you have to remember—or understand, I guess—that I was arrested for obscenity not child pornography. When the police came to my apartment they certainly assumed that I would have child pornography and were correct. They dropped the obscenity charge only after they had the child pornography charges to pin me with. The obscenity charge was a ruse, perhaps, to search my apartment and once they had something that wasn't just a misdemeanor offense with a long history of failure in court, it was smarter for them to drop the obscenity charge that would more likely lead to free speech arguments rather than a felony sex crime. I wasn't making child pornography, I was writing about it. Say what you will about the charges and legal issues, the inescapable fact is that I was seen by the authorities to have run afoul of what they thought was acceptable to say about certain subjects.

The authorities suspected you of crimes that they didn't have proof of yet.

They had sent me offers of child pornography. The people I knew that had similar interests weren't sending me letters letting me know I'd been invited into a club. There were no pictures being sent with these catalogs. Just listings and words.

And from your own words, they suspected, at the very least, that they could get you on possession of child pornography.

Yes. It would be a personal mistake, I've known this since I was a young man, to become indignant. At the same time, I believed that what I was doing couldn't be labeled obscenity because I wasn't censoring myself. If I'd couched the material or edited it to community standards or pervert winks, I'd have been doing exactly what I was accused of—I'd have been doing less than following the thoughts and trying to grab them stupidly down to paper.

Child pornography is a crime that existed before I was arrested, before I was born. I did not choose that option. And if you investigate the history of child pornography, you'll see very clearly that I don't belong in that cage. I didn't have children.

The criminal lapse begins at access. Gets contorted when it's turned into pages for others. Fathers, uncles meet commercial printers and marketeers.

Possession of child pornography, the way that I was charged, is a different matter, understood in a completely different light these days, some thirty years later. My situation was never a case of following the distribution trail from producer to seller to jagoff or the digital DNA of the images into your home. My part in the annals of child pornography eradication ends and starts with me shooting my yap off.

Should you have been arrested for obscenity?

Obscenity is a crime. What I have as an excuse, doesn't enter into it. Not certainly by saying that I was wrong back then or by standing up to draconian fools chest beating phony law. I don't think obscenity is defined by legalists and municipalities. But it makes no difference. And, if I'm feeling slightly obsequious, I'd have to admit that the police might well have dropped the obscenity charges because they listened to what I was saying during the interrogations. It's quite possible that they no longer thought what I was doing was obscene. Just stupid probably. Misguided and blind and still needed to be taught a hard lesson, perhaps. Though I don't. And possession of child pornography was less the crime I could be charged with and more the crime that I did commit.

Did the charge begin and end with your possession, or were you used to trace the source of the pornography you possessed? Did this create problems and conflicts with friends and collaborators? Had collaborators and associates distanced themselves from you anyway, due to your trial?

Yes, to all three questions. I also distanced myself from friends so as not to have them further implicated. The police took all my mail and notebooks and made careful notes. Correspondents were investigated by their local authorities and mail order shops that I dealt with were closed and their owners interrogated and threatened. My employer was dragged down to the police station and my family was harassed. I was also contacted by various organizations that offered help as long as I agreed to fight the case as a right to free speech issue rather than a right to privacy issue. I didn't think trying to take their child pornography law away from them was something I wanted to do, in fact. No matter how slim or silly or grandiose my chances were there. My personal interests, and the collaborators and associates that you ask about, weren't involved in the production or distribution of any kind of—illegal or otherwise—pornography. That word, pornography, breaks down abysmally when it's applied to what I was doing. The dwindling and restrictive requirements of the court and the language of law, if it did nothing else at all, actually proved that. Regardless of my intentions.

The people who took the pictures and the children in the photographs were never traced to my knowledge. I'd still like to know who they were. They have a bigger place in my life than the part they played in my arrest.

The girls would agree that you should've been arrested. You got off light. They would also say that their keepers hurt them and then expanded that harm viciously by disseminating never ending photos of pain made filthy.

They didn't move on, understand what happened? They haven't looked to themselves? Forgiven their fathers after they've forgiven themselves as they've been told would help?

I'd read an interview with you on a website, in which you'd stated that, if not for the trial, you wouldn't be creating fiction, and that you'd arrived at the realization that your art and life is inseparable. Is there still legal scrutiny surrounding your work, even though the nature of some of your work has changed? Are there other lasting repercussions from your trial?

I think you may have something backward there but the gist is that I can't create fiction now. I didn't then. The salient point, however, is that going through the trial meant I was essentially having my thoughts, not my work, judged. No matter what it was that I had written down was of secondary importance to the police as they were suggesting that they knew my truer, baser, intentions. This is where the trial started. They were wrong, that's all there is to that. Their psychologies and investigative acumen were more dangerously prurient, oddly enough, than mine. And I had to prove that to them. Which is, as far as I can see, absolutely impossible. There's elasticity to thought, like context and passion and need, that doesn't work particularly well against reductive legal definitions. This was made explicit to me from both the police and my lawyers. Still, the trial and legal history is rooted in the questions of whether or not owning child pornography should or shouldn't be allowed. However, the general tenor of the case is always going to be free speech and how that is judged by peers and guardians. There's a great deal of contemporary, largely academic, critics who argue that expansive or dissenting thought is no longer possible when writing about the subjects that I wrote, and write, about. This includes critiques of psychologies and aesthetics as well as notions of empathy, fear and personalized justice in sentencing practices. Sadly, all arguments that fall outside of the social currency and, perversely, inside their greater concerns.

And, yes, there is still scrutiny from legal circles and providers. I've dealt with it for almost every book that has been published since. I've been censored to an extent by frightened distributors more than courts and have had a couple different books aggressively stopped by printers, sales reps and even office workers. Petitions by lawyers and concerned parents have been filed to legislators, news organizations and booksellers. Most of these types of complaints seem to stem from a side that wants to control the way they're seen.

The question isn't when I went through puberty. But when I became aware that I had. I didn't create any of my work because I needed something more fulfilling to masturbate to or with. I created this interminably boring rehash because I masturbated. I can see that in the work when I look back on it. And when I create it. I know how this works. The prurience can't be made simple although that is the best idea I can find from every single side that looks to define it—whether its legally or artfully minded. I keep getting away from what others find so obvious. Also, I don't wish I could think that way.

Your trial came at a time when censorship was a little hotter an issue among certain "art types." Additionally, your trial predated, by about a decade or more, obscenity charges leveled at Jim Goad's *Answer Me!* and a comic artist. Have you followed other obscenity trials, and do you ever compare and contrast them with your own? How do you think the issue itself has changed, in regards to public perception and the laws being passed? Was the fact that there might be some legal scrutiny even a consideration when you were putting *Pure* together?

Well, of course, I follow these cases. My name came up a few times in Jim's trial and he's a very good friend whose situation bothered me significantly. Wouldn't consider either of us "art-types," however. If you look at the case arguments involved in his trial and mine and compare them to the floridian comic and, say, Jello Biafra's (who was also contemporaneous), you'll see that Jim and I didn't fall back on moral arguments. First off, I wasn't allowed to. My case came down to whether or not I had material that was illegal. The only argument that I was allowed to put before the court was entirely based on challenging a law that said photographs of crimes that are deemed illegal might be something more akin to the State censoring thought not deed, it had more to do with privacy issues than anything else. But most cases of obscenity are fought by letting the moral argument that one side seeks to impose win by a side that's only had the same moral intentions and foundation misunderstood, they all seem to be arguing for the same equanimity; the greater public good rigidly defined. There's an excellent book by Edward de Grazia, *"Girls Lean Back Everywhere"* that in recalling the many obscenity cases brought against literature beautifully charts the changing inclusive morals of culture. Another very good book, Christopher Nowlin's *"Judging Obscenity,"* goes deeper into what pornography might actually mean instead. And finally, a more recent work, Hadrien Laroche's *"The Last Genet,"* about Jean Genet's later years as a political rather than sexual writer suggests that all discourse is essentially moral. To answer your question about public perception and the law, I'd simply say that it's rather beyond my control and not at all in my best interest to try or want to scream at those who insist I sound exactly like them.

In relation to the last question, had the idea of internal self-censorship ever been an issue in the creation of something like *Pure*? Did it become one afterwards, in light of legal troubles, and to what extent?

I think any concept of censorship is antithetical to the concept of art. I don't censor myself and I do absolutely worry about where the work ends up, how it's made available and who I'd wish would ignore it. But, no, it's not something I worry about when I'm writing. I try my best to ignore the idea of an audience but very often I do find myself letting the culture in just enough to set up arguments. It would be impossible not to, because I'm not exactly sure what makes sense on a personal level anyways. I'm not writing essays or opinions and just as much as I don't think the writing should be vilified for its so-called prurient effect, I don't think it should be appreciated for its honesty.

That's what I was struggling to say earlier, actually. Art exists when it's the last thing you can do, it comes from a need not a want. I'm always amazed when people

talk about art as if a creative imperative exists without a frustrating dissatisfaction or a big fucking ugly wall. As if you can talk about how you decided to come up with an aesthetic extimacy without examining the insulting predisposition. The artists whose work I enjoy know that they have to create more than discourse. Gloryholes, prostitutes, child pornography, you've already heard enough celebratory anecdotes about animal freedom.

One might argue that what a mass audience, or a powerful media presence, finds uncomfortable is censored through marginalization. Given that your work, and its audience (both supporters and detractors), exists mainly on the fringes of art and literature, how do you feel about that position? Is it comfortable, because most of the scrutiny comes from a smaller audience? Or is it frustrating, because you feel that your work is misunderstood, and that you're preaching to one familiar choir or another, and that nothing's moving forward? Do you want a larger audience, or more recognition? Do you consider how time and history will judge your work?

I don't write for an audience. I don't know how to answer these kinds of questions, however, since it seems like no one believes that. As I said, I do try to control the way the books are distributed, within reason, and I don't think a larger audience needs to know what I do. The work gets done, I know that. I'm guessing you have your own suspicions from the way you phrase your questions. What's not frustrating about preaching to the choir would be the insultingly small gratification that comes from preaching to the choir, right? I'm not preaching to begin with. And you can't honestly expect me to expect mass adulation or financial benefit. Whereas I'm hoping you're also aware that I'm not looking for support to rise from the margins by simply reading the work I do. Those looking for small or grand gestures won't be served well from my work. I'm not interested in trying to provide a voice for the disenfranchised or challenge the strength of those in power. The literature, music, art, science that I look to as personally important tends to eschew those lowlevel concerns as well. I'm grateful and appreciative of the work that I make my way to.

Why'd you let him take those photos, Spot?

Would it really be as bad as all that. Darling, I think it's really much worse. Don't you?

Think of where he took you.

You were expecting much more from him. You got to know the him you didn't want. Saw him do only so little. I'm wrong for making so much out of it. Of course, I know there's more to you than what I see there.

You forgive first, can you?

On the subject of your working methods, can you describe your editing and revision process? Given the experiential nature of a lot of your work, is there some conflict in going back and picking the experience apart? Realizing that picking

experience apart makes up a good chunk of your work, when do you feel a book is done? How do you decide the finality of a project?

There's no conflict involved. I don't know what else I'd do instead, I like picking the experiences apart. Keep in mind though; I'm not heading into experiences without a great deal of concern. I don't recount anecdotes. I'm pretty sure I'm not that entertaining. The books are finished after I've read through what I have and tie the threads together into something that makes some greater sense to me. I don't package it. Certainly not as a collection of mere mindless experiences, with or without requisite apology, epiphany or regret. And, I like to think, much of what I do has to do with the actual writing where I'm writing over and through others' words and images. But, basically, I do pull out, so to speak, and then rework these threads. As often as I possibly can.

There isn't anything more important in my life than this. It's shaped everything and I've indulged that, not been a victim to it.

I carried a photograph in my wallet. There's a bar I'd go to. Locked the door in the one person only john, took her photo out and placed it on the sink that stood in front of the mirror.

I've stopped either taking the photograph with me or going to the bar. There's others. I've had potentials knock on the restroom door because they're used to the invitation. I'm usually responsive to letting them in if I've got a reasonable idea who was scoping previously.

Had one follow me in because he said he thought it was hot that I took a condom from the front bar and stick it in my back pocket. On my way into the restroom. I've heard this before from younger mouths, over-sensitive to absent cues.

Over the years your books have changed in character, though, because they come solely from what you want to write about, as opposed to what an audience may want, there are some thematic similarities. The following questions address that, and how your responses to it may have varied over the time between your obscenity trial to now. Ultimately, do you think that, if you're describing a side of humanity that is purely animal/id-driven, concepts such as law, societal mores, ethical and moral codes are necessary?

Yes. Laws change but I'm hardly arguing for those. Either side or sides of society, frankly. Concepts of ethics and morality are more personally engaging. Empathy and sympathy, the deep worry and concern for your partner or subject at special, or less special and more immediate, moments that you'd feel need to be excised for sex, or whatever love might actually be; these ideas are exciting to me.

Two groups of federal agents were employed to watch Jason Heath Morgan on his computer as part of the Protect Act of 2003. For three weeks, everything Morgan did on his computer was followed and recorded in real time as the agents tried to catch him receiving or sending or talking evidentially about child pornography.

The court order that allowed the agents to attach a monitor to Morgan's phone line stipulated a requirement for two groups of agents—the first group would continuously view everything Morgan did on his computer and then sift out anything not directly related to the suspicions against him. The second group would then receive only those records of activity under investigation.

Morgan came to the attention of the California Department of Justice after he'd been approached in a chat room by an undercover cop posing as someone looking for information on how to molest a boy and a girl that he was taking care of. Morgan offered to teach the agent but had requirements before the conversation went any further.

The FBI agent who oversaw the case explained the difficulties:

He was going to train them on how to perform sex, that's what he thought he was doing with the undercover agent. But he was very cagey with us. He was very cagey with these litmus tests and would say 'Send me some pornography.' Of course, they couldn't do that.

They could see he was very active but he wouldn't do the dance with law enforcement.

This is the technique of last resort. You have to articulate and say all these other things won't work, therefore we want to go and do an interception.

It doesn't matter who you're dealing with, we're standing over the top of you watching everything that's going on.

There were almost 1,700 people intercepted. We just got one case outside of California where the agents went up to a guy's house and did a 'knock and talk' and he said, 'I was expecting you.'

It's a noble thing. These kinds of investigations involve a child someplace.

Do you think they provide little more than comfort for the members of a given community?

No. I think they provide more than that, certainly. But, then again, you might have a very wide definition of comfort and a very small definition of community.

Do you think they ultimately don't matter?

No. I think they matter greatly.

Do you think that sociopaths are considerably "freer" than somebody psychologically corralled by codes, mores, or empathy or sympathy?

What's weird to me is that you're saying "psychologically corralled" when I think you might mean legally. . . Psychologically speaking, there's an inherent damage to work backwards through first, before you make an existential argument towards what a, say, sociopath would owe society. Psychologists are essentially exegetes

with their own personal histories and epistemologies, thus it's hard for me to lump psychology together as anything but sympathetically inclined and hugely suspect as instruction.

Are id-driven animally motivated people freer than others?

There's a big difference between the incredible complexities of humans and the simple instincts of animals. You'd have to define "freer" into specifics, I think. As far as my own work goes, I'm not too interested in what might be misunderstood by the analysand as purely—or definitely—instinctual. Or impolitely compulsive, comforting or as promised by, I don't know, grace? But it's hardly a pat subject. Anyways, I think I know why you're asking. I'm not all that enamored with animals these days—housepets, nazis, whatever.

Do you think you would have thought or answered differently twenty-thirty years ago, and how so?

I certainly hope so. I'd like to be answering differently next week.

Before the internet became widely available, Howitt (1995) conducted a study of paedophiles with extensive offending histories who were undergoing assessment or treatment at a private clinic in Britain. He found that exposure to explicit child pornography was uncommon, and that some expressed a strong distaste for such material despite not having encountered it. Instead offenders generated their own 'erotic' materials from relatively innocuous sources such as television advertisements and clothing catalogues featuring children modeling underwear. Sometimes they added sexual details to the images by drawing. One individual, Charlie, found erotic arousal in pictures cut from Scout magazines. Another, Graham, said that he had no interest at all in pictures of naked children. His fantasies were fueled by newspaper cuttings of boys shown in uniforms, with a strong preference for short trousers. Just like child pornography, such seemingly innocent material is more widely available and easier to manipulate today. The scrapbook and glue of twenty years ago have been replaced by the perfect 'cut and paste' of the digital age. But the point remains that even if the supply of pornography were reduced to zero (an impossibility of course) the resources for sexual gratification would remain abundant.

I learned compassion from the women who reviewed the movies I bought for specific scenes. Hardly disqualified. I'm genuinely hurt by what happens. The positions you put yourself in. The pain you travel through. I don't want to see you hurt. And thinking you deserved it would be completely against what I wanted when I looked in.

During their participation in treatment, however, I began to observe more similarities than differences between the so-called online and offline sex offenders. One dimension in which the two groups appeared similar was their history involving undetected contact sexual offenses. I found that child pornography offenders in treatment routinely disclosed previously undetected contact sexual offenses, mimicking patterns frequently observed in research involving contact sexual offenders.

First off, I think it's important to explain that I can't think of one single incident of my adult sexual activity history that did not include an unnecessarily illegal element. Whether in my exclusively homosexual trawls in public bathrooms, gay bars, ostensibly heterosexual adult book stores or regrettable heterosexual contact with prostitutes and female friends in public; drugs, alcohol and displaced self-hatred were more abjunctive motivations.

In the Butner Redux study, we examined the relationship between online and contact sexual offenses among a group of male incarcerated sex offenders participating in a residential treatment program. We posed the question: "Are offenders who collect and/or distribute child pornography merely collectors of child abuse images, at little risk for engaging in hands-on sexual offenses, or are they contact sex offenders whose hands-on behavior involving children has gone undetected?"

As an artist, I need the question. As a criminal, I need an excuse. As a chronic masturbator, I can use the excuse that I'm an artist. The self-aggrandizing, self-important criminality impedes the art more than I would choose, sadly. I've never been a criminal, I've never properly understood hurting anyone physically. I can't tell you why, for example, that it's the only experience I know of that might stand up as beneficial. The healthy unifying suggestions come imperfectly from well outside my own preciously minute interests. Emotionally, inwardly, it's a feedback loop of bravado and cowardice, protection and pretense. I'm often forced to consider an idea that privately wouldn't exist.

The subjects were convicted of possession, receipt, and/or distribution of child pornography. We compared their documented criminal sexual history (i.e., the number of victims of sexual abuse per offender) with their self-reported sexual history as disclosed in treatment. The purpose of our study was to determine how many of the child pornography offenders without a documented history of contact sexual crimes subsequently self-reported contact sex offenses. To validate the accuracy of self-report, treatment participants received a sexual history polygraph examination.

It is my personal intention to identify these contradictions. I am unreasonably content with the purely pornographic equation that created this sexual obsession. I would never have confused the image with experience had I not been unsettled with the frequency of "I think..." in the writing I feebled. The arguments have as much to do with where I get the material and how it's presented as with what I was compelled to search for.

In our first analysis, we compared the incidence of documented contact sexual crimes with the incidence of self-reported contact sexual crimes upon completion of treatment. At the time of sentencing, 40 subjects had documented histories of abusing a child via a hands-on sexual act, totaling 75 victims, or an average of 1.88 victims per offender. By the end of treatment, 131 subjects admitted they had at least one hands-on sexual offense, a 59% increase in the number of subjects with documented hands-on offenses. The total number of reported victims known at

the end of treatment, among all offenders disclosing such history, was 1,777, an average of 13.56 victims per offender.

I decided to become a pedophile. I worked wrong. I convinced myself, which seems ridiculous, to be that, rat that. Everything I did forced this idea that existed somewhere outside of myself to eventually make sense inside. I haven't accepted that I had a resolute or fixed core and this then allowed me to have serious mistakes in judgement. I'm uncomfortable with the word judgement. Absolutely because it comes from the very same place that I despised. And was correct in understanding its insulting limitations. To the knowledge that it is despicable. And yet I lost and let them in.

In other words, the online sex offenders in our sample with a known or documented history of contact sexual crimes reported committing more than twice as many contact sexual crimes than those whose contact offenses had remained undetected by the criminal justice system.

I'm certain that I see violence in these images. All four factors cited as essential to denote empathy are evident in my appreciation of pure child pornography as well as the lesser variants such as Beslan, Dunblane, Cantu and the other, more aesthetic, corollaries. 1. Ability to perceive another person's distress. 2. Appreciate that person's point of view. 3. Experience similar emotions. 4. Want to assist in reducing that person's pain. I can say that the absence of any of these factors would have greatly reduced my immediate draw to the image. For example, factor 2 would be the hardest to define conclusively, but as evidence, I often find myself suspiciously superimposing the modal psychology of the victim to the perpetrator to great effect.

It is more difficult to admit that finding a comprehensive empathy necessary to socially penetrate hardcore child pornography is less irritating than locating the same response for the tragic mother confessions. I need to move the ideas from one subject to the other to make myself what others would stamp human finally. The children don't feel like they should lie as easily, perhaps. Unless they feel threatened.

We found that a significant percentage of subjects in our sample crossed age bands and gender categories. Offenders who reported targeting male victims were significantly more likely to engage in crossover behavior by gender when compared with subjects who only reported targeting female victims. By the end of treatment, 67% of the admitted hands-on offenders acknowledged abusing both prepubescent and post-pubescent children, a 47% increase from what was known at the time of sentencing.

You need to know what a troll is, mom. These simple often drugged men have done enough research to operate a hair away from what they don't know they want yet. Closer than you offer, still not smarter than you, looking stupid.

With respect to gender, the percentage of these offenders who admitted both male and female victims increased from 15% to 40%. Of all subjects in our sample, nearly two-thirds admitted during treatment they had abused both pre- and post-

pubescent victims, an increase of 52% from what was documented prior to sentencing. Similarly, the percentage of subjects who acknowledged abusing children of both genders increased by 25%. Among the offenders who did not have any documented contact victims at the time of sentencing, 24% indicated during treatment that they had victimized children of both genders and 48% said they abused both pre- and post-pubescent victims.

I can say with certainty that I don't need or want to include other people into this trawl either. I write the books so that they exist outside of my body, don't remain fleeting transsexual mites. I suspect that masturbating gets the thoughts and surely internalized public fear to stop. I'm left with simply not wanting to stop. I don't find media and parental hypocrisies adequate in convincing me to move out of my backside. I don't want what they say or give to be tainted by my irresponsible childishness.

The purpose of this exploratory analysis was to shed light onto the issue of developmental pathways for child pornography offending. We examined whether the child pornography offenses were preceded by contact sexual offenses, or vice versa.

The median age for the onset of contact sexual crimes was 16 years, and the median age for the onset of online child pornography crimes was 24 years. The vast majority of our subjects indicated they committed acts of hands-on abuse prior to seeking child pornography via the Internet. The results indicated that in 41 of the 42 cases examined, hands-on sexual crimes preceded child pornography offenses. Although this observation is noteworthy, readers are cautioned against over-interpretation. At this time, these findings should promote the formulation of hypotheses and further scientific inquiry.

I knew about child pornography before I saw it. Had it fed to me the same exact way it's fed to others who don't have the interest until they see it.

My first sexual experiences were with grammar school girls of the same age as me. My fantasies at that time were all about murder, not sex, and not formed from any great rejection or difficulty. Though I'm sure I'll be told differently. My mid-teen friends and I had gone to a strip joint and across the street from there, was the Bijou. I would have found it anyway. All the money and delay of dealing with some white hippie giving me a female grip handjob under the table at some Old Town sleaze pit was reduced quickly to pragmatics when I found that sex was much easier at the faggot joint. Revulsion for the roached trolls who blew me was intellectually similar to what I had for the hookers. I was under the adolescent impression that I wanted to have sex. Grew up slowly and learned that it wasn't as necessary or as solidly defined. I wanted to be closer to the scum that I was told were suffering underneath our need for sex and eventually understood that not being like any of them was a very important factor in enjoying both. I haven't, still, ever seen anything as compelling as photographs of white children being sexually abused. If I wanted to reduce it to efficiency, I could think I'm working to get over becoming sexually excited by tears. You can't fall in love with trash so it's essential not to see them as trash. So you don't fall in love. It was a much better experience, if photographs can be considered such, than I had guessed. My interest was not born of pedophilia. I didn't need to come out.

You don't have to say: You'll get over this. This isn't so bad.

Later on, you'll see.

Because it isn't. So you simply convince the child to just let you get through this. You love me and you'll do me a favor, right, that—really—is what love is about. It's not about making sacrifices, it's simply understanding that you want to make someone else happy. And, if it's ugly of me to ask, then leave. Ask yourself if I haven't been doing those favors for you up until now, selfish cunt. It really doesn't have to be this important to you to say no. You shouldn't look to only make yourself always happy. And I shouldn't have to teach you that. I'm your biggest fan, you know that to be completely true.

A substantial percentage of offenders in our study who initially claimed to be at low (or no) risk of harm to children because they exclusively collected child abuse images and allegedly never molested a child, subsequently indicated they had committed acts of undetected child sexual abuse. In fact, the Internet offenders in our sample were significantly more likely than not to have sexually abused a child. The findings also indicate that the offenders who abused children were likely to have offended against multiple victims, and that the incidence of "crossover" by gender and age was high.

The findings suggest that online criminal investigations, while targeting so-called "Internet sex offenders," likely have resulted in the apprehension of concomitant child molesters.

The reason I can't sleep is the same reason I want to stay awake. I don't see fleeting, controllable exhaustion as the overripe fear I'm given to apologize for everything I've already had as better. I do not see children as individualized versions of adults stripped of dignity and wear. The adult sex acts I've engaged in were essentially opportunities for my partners to fantasize themselves much younger. Every time. They became immature, foolish, excited and only put out as much of their history as they thought could withstand the bare challenge needed to get them profitably, suitably regressed.

Had it not been for their Internet criminality, these offenders may otherwise have escaped detection by law enforcement. This raises the question of whether the advent of the Internet has created a new type of sex offender, or if it merely provides additional outlets for sexually deviant individuals. In other words, are we faced with a new type of offender, or a new type of offending? The results of this study suggest the latter: Internet child pornography offenders may be undetected child molesters, and the use of child pornography may be an adjunctive behavioral manifestation of their preexisting paraphilic orientation.

See this as trite. Try to pass off the insult by looking honest. The same way you start sucking dick. Then start getting fucked by younger faggots. Find a charity that proposes to help black children grow up better than their conditions.

I didn't believe their held to the floor stories. I knew they weren't human. I wanted some degree of sympathy that wasn't cultural, forced. I didn't have a peach

pit looking at me from above my head that I was embarrassed for, nothing more glorious suggesting that I looked worse than I felt sensually while getting fucked. Know it all because you did it.

The organization was pathological. Lied for money by social reasoning. I wasn't the only pedophile there, whether the other pedophiles knew it or not. The jobbing caring hags in the front office certainly suspected it everywhere else. They'd likely gossip. Hate men who found the only true level available. How fucking miserable do you have to continue being? I dropped off money, I couldn't do anything else. I would have delivered pets and drugs to the project declined chirpers if I could have. Being an x-class felon with a company governmentally obligated to background check, however, made the effort easiest to drop off cash at the office desk and let it look like I was more desperate to do something nice than I could afford.

They wanted a certain amount of flattery first. Excuses for their aging and failure. The niggers in the window had to be bitter at the teens who were growing disgracefully like them and niggers can't wait for you to grow out of it, slut. Fat pigs. That one is going to have more trouble than she'll be able to deal with. She's too pretty at too young and these men don't recognize age laws when they look like that. They hated the younger women in the charity drops. Gauged everyone by how long they sneaked and held tit stares. Liked the toddlers.

You should paint your shower door black. You shouldn't be naked in front of me. The toddlers aren't mirrors, avoid all the others that don't work similarly. You shouldn't dance. Shouldn't drink and forget where you are and what you look like while there.

That's when I went through puberty. On my delirious way to dying. I learned stop. Because I tried and didn't want to implode on what I was, absolutely my body and my mind were different than my situation. Dated meta-identity fucked up so deeply it became my gall. I didn't have to reconsider a thing, Had to respond to keeping idiotic ape self away from idiotic ape self. I worried my inexperience and brutal ignorance to laughable, insulting inexperience. I'll die that way. You can stop fretting and guessing at what's secretly wrong with me. I won't bother any more.

Two bad ideas. Rotten, debilitating, unaesthetic, half-wit choices. Surrounded by even uglier fucking animals.

I purposively picked black children. Chiles. I stayed away from the appalachian cast-offs in Uptown. I knew before I started, I'd want to watch the kids in line with mothers looking for anything they'd learned from the TV and radios to thin out their boredom before moral community blame caught hold again. They'd need cash, they'd settle for the worst form of flattery and sensuality in the form of something as fat and old as me. We could get drunk together. I'd let you get drunk if you like or just can't stop. You could squeeze my dick. Taste my beard stubble and whatever else you'd like to run your slithering instinctual sales pitched rat parts over.

Could lead to her apartment and her welfare children. Boys were as good as girls, lots of older faggots in these streets to watch and learn loathsome. Their drug histories not beginning yet aside from their having to take care of mom's and dad's.

I wouldn't look twice at the south side scum. I couldn't be tempted. I was fighting the chances every day and I was becoming exhausted. I wouldn't take advantage of something so desperately far from what looked appealing in the very first place.

You knew it could make it worse.

I wanted to. Wanted to get so close I couldn't stop it. From happening finally. If I remembered that, I couldn't let myself complain till it was over and I at last had that.

You didn't do anything, you don't have a story to tell. You didn't make a single choice.

I picked black kids because I don't find them attractive in the least. And their loud mothers and friendly grunting fathers and aunts and uncles are just more oily folk. I wanted to get in and get out. I wouldn't dare give them money to help. I'm only there to see if I could find what was a problem with me made gone.

This is the way you meet children.

They'd already been fucked. You could be around children that were being molested.

I was exactly that pathetic. Just to be near them and count signs over chances. Then go home and masturbate.

You were hoping it would be too much. You were hoping to put yourself in above your head. Let it get out of control.

All these pejoratives. I studied the subject too intensively. The history is entirely formed by the hatred of people like me. I felt wrong, I'd been raised wrong. I couldn't align myself. Progressing personally and regressing socially.

Bourke and Hernandez's Butner study reads hysterical; its dubious provenance, delivered to the government and unpublished to peers. Reads like the Meese Commission Report and almost used as such. All the similar studies of men watching pornography to see what class they get to enter in jail. You can't judge what came first, child pornography or child sexual abuse as a group statistic. You have to delineate what the men wanted after they were told what they couldn't have. Those men who'd molested before looking for child pornography were looking for memories and the better parts of nostalgia. Those who discovered child pornography before starting to experience the physical joys of abuse had been convinced that masturbating wasn't going to be enough, no matter how hard they tried. Fathers that developed pedophilia because of accidental access could be the only legitimate subject investigated.

Our study did not address the questions of how, and under what circumstances, exposure to Internet child pornography affects individuals. Juxtaposing the documented and self-reported sexual offending histories of child pornography offenders (i.e., 26% vs. 85% incidence of contact sexual crimes) was an important objective of our study.

I've been looking in the wrong places. The same grey tone and mumbled garbage over and over again. Philosophy that can't reach a simple fucking fact. But I go back to them, I'm never bored. I don't let it wash over me. Bless them. I get adults talking about the sexual abuse of children. Other adults excusing it. Very few praying for it. It's not a long jump to me wanting more of that, is it? I can't even bring myself to edit the victim transcripts. I've worked too fucking long to find and correct them. They were precious before I landed them. Best I can do is echo and jumble them up a bit more.

And still, as if natural will be preferable. Jessica Lunsford had started to play with make-up just before she was taken out of her little bed where she slept sweetly safely alone with her dolls. Her gran gave her an old box of cosmetics as another toy. Jessie would slather it on, as children often do, apply too much to make beautiful excess at her innocent age. Her grandmother wouldn't allow it, not that way, and told reporters later, that she had to scold the poorly excited dollface to go back to her bathroom and wash it all off one Sunday just before they took her to church.

In 2007, The NY Times investigated the Butner Study and reported its difficult publication history and peer status:

Dr. Hernandez mentioned the research briefly during testimony before a Senate committee last year. But the bureau blocked Dr. Hernandez and Dr. Bourke from attending some law enforcement conferences to speak about the findings, said two prosecutors who did not want to be identified because they have a continuing work relationship with the bureau.

"We believe it unwise to generalize from limited observations gained in treatment or in records review to the broader population of persons who engage in such behavior," a bureau official wrote to the organizers of a recent law enforcement conference, in a letter dated May 2 and given to The Times by an expert who is hoping the study will be published.

Some prosecutors say they could use the study to argue for stiffer sentences. While some outside researchers agreed that the risk of over-generalizing the study's results was real, almost all the experts interviewed also said that the study should still be made public.

The results of the Butner Study were countered in 2009 by researchers led by Frank Urbaniok of the Canton of Zurich Department of Justice. Urbaniok examined the criminal records of 231 men who were charged with viewing child pornography downloaded from a US website. In the six years before their 2002 arrests by police, only one per cent were known to have committed a hands-on sex offense. And only one per cent of the men committed a hands-on sex offense in the six years afterwards. The study reinforced previous research which found most consumers of internet child pornography are well-educated and view other types of illegal pornography as well, including sexual acts involving animals or violence. Urbaniok said men who surfed the web for child pornography were sex offenders, but it should not be automatically assumed that they were a risk for sexually assaulting a child:

Consuming child pornography alone is not a risk factor for committing hands-on sex offenses—at least not for those subjects who had never committed a hands-on sex offense. The majority of the investigated consumers had no previous convictions for hands-on sex offenses. For those offenders, the prognosis for hands-on sex offenses, as well as for recidivism with child pornography, is favorable.

Current support for the Butner Study comes primarily from child protection activists and anti-pornography, obscenity and moral conservatives, in particular Dr. Judith Reisman, a self proclaimed “anti-Kinseyite” and professional expert trial witness:

All pornography renders the frequent user impotent, reliant on changing images to bring about what was once a natural capacity for human arousal. All pornography is hypofrontal, shutting off cognition and careening directly from eye to the autonomic nervous system, along the spinal cord and terminating at the reproductive organs, as powerful an aphrodisiac as one can consume.

All of the data from neuroscience now confirm the neuroplasticity of the brain and the addictive properties of all pornography, that is, all ‘erototoxins.’ Pornography is the toxic form of eros.

Dr. Reisman pointed out that the Butner data points to a link between consuming child pornography and committing sexual offenses against children, since people will seek to experience that which they are interested in. The NY Times article that probed and popularized the Butner Study ended with a similar conclusion, this time quoting from a then recent jailhouse interview with a “convicted pedophile” serving a fourteen-year term in Canada:

Because there is no way I can look at a picture of a child on a video screen and not get turned on by that and want to do something about it. I knew that in my mind. I knew that in my heart. I didn’t want it to happen, but it was going to happen.

Finally, Reisman explained on her advertising site how she came to her conservative stance and mission:

I lived at a wonderful time. My mother welcomed me home every day and my father supported anything I did. I was safe among neighbors, uncles or cousins due to the delightfully repressive influence of the time. I married, and the hedge of protection about my life was not breached until 1966 when my ten-year-old daughter was molested by a thirteen-year-old adored and trusted family friend. She told him to stop, but he persisted. He knew she would like it, he said, he knew from his father’s magazines, Playboy, the only “acceptable” pornography of the time. The boy left the country a few weeks later, after it came to light that my daughter was but one of several neighborhood children he had raped, including his own little brother. My heart was broken for all the families involved.

This appalling event in our lives, I would learn later, was a pattern with juvenile sex offenders, as they are known in law enforcement circles.

I might never have known anything about her violation, except that my daughter slipped into a deep depression. Only after I promised not to call the police would she talk about what happened. After assuring her this was not her fault, I called my

dependable, staid aunt who listened sympathetically and declared, "Well Judy, she may have been looking for this herself. Children are sexual from birth." Stunned, I replied that my child was not seeking sex, and called my Berkeley school chum, Carole, who counseled, "Well Judy, she may have been looking for this herself. You know children are sexual from birth." I wondered at this same locution from two such different people so separated geographically. I recognized an ideological "party line." I did not know it then, but as a young mother, I had entered the world according to Kinsey. I would hear and read that "children are sexual from birth" often again. But finally I would uncover the hidden circumstances surrounding its source.

In order to understand a new phenomenon, it is helpful to draw upon the knowledge base that stems from related areas of study. For example, the scientific inquiry into the psychological impact of exposure to (adult) pornography represents an important building block that may inform the empirical study of individuals who are exposed to child pornography. Although the results of some studies in this area have yielded mixed and equivocal results, there are some conclusions that we can more confidently draw from the scientific literature. One such finding is that exposure to (adult) pornography appears to have a negative impact on the viewer, especially if the content of the pornography is violent and the individual being exposed has preexisting psychological factors that place him at risk of offending. Regarding the use of pornography by sex offenders, Abel, Mittelman, and Becker (1985) found that adult pornography use was common (88%) among their sample of pedophilic child molesters, and Bernard (1985) reported that 74% of a sample of pedophiles reported possessing visual images of nude children.

Can I spit on you?

Let me suck you.

He was leaning against the wall, his dick out, hard and thick and his hand rubbing it against his paunch at me. Out in the corner, facing the closed doors and dead lights of the always fucking empty booths.

No one else here?

I want to give you real good head.

I drooled over my lips to see if he understood what retard wanted. Then leaned in so he'd get the point somehow else. I was holding his dick and twisting it from the underside of his shaft. Pushing his hot meat up against his clothes. He replied, licking my lips like he'll suck my cock, I guess. Pulled his head back and opened his mouth. But I didn't let go, shoved face into face.

Can you cum?

Two hands on my zipper, still in the aisle, away from the booths and dangerously in camera.

I'm not hard yet.

Opened his mouth as soon as I had to form words. Spit inside his head from closer than I had intended and he gave it back to me. Dropped my pants and his claw in my underwear and dropped to his knees. Rubbed his gristly face around my pouch and cock and got back up even quicker. I had put my hand on the top of his head and wanted to push his face all over what he wanted from anyone that could come down here right then. He brushed me aside to prompt me to the booths. Tell me it would finish outside the view of any other possibilities. Just come here. Come here. Like a dog. And.

Let me give you a handjob. Out here.

Had already reached into his shirt pocket to pull out poppers or a condom. And left the door wide open. He was fishing money out instead, to feed the meter inside, give us some light and the owner less chance to complain. I reached in my pants and pulled out my own money and went in the adjacent booth. Looked down at the hole connecting our booths, figured he'd have his face there because he offered. Just as likely to be that nice insisting beating cock. I closed my door, paid, and undid my pants to bend so that I'd fit into his side and mouth.

You want to fuck?

Come over here.

No chairs in these booths. You were expected to stand and cum. Only a couple of the maybe ten booths had holes cut between them. He snuck back to my booth, dropped the rest of his pants and immediately turned to the hole side of my little room. His cock over my wooden hole. Reached behind his back and gave me a small sample tube of lube.

Get me hard, first.

As he was spreading and pushing and grinding. Just keep moving your ass. Show me. Let me see what you have. I grabbed his ass and cupped his balls and pumped his cock and switched to make that grind act work on me. I didn't need the lube but pressed and slimed his asshole. You rim, you wake up with your face smelling like shit. I pushed my finger in to slop the lube in, that's all. And had a quick hard cock for him and his hole.

You cum, you cum in me.

There is also evidence showing that the frequency of use and type of (adult) pornography correlates with criminal and violent recidivism in sex offenders. Williams et al. (2009) found that, while deviant sexual fantasies are common, behavioral acting out on those fantasies is largely mediated by personality characteristics such as psychopathy. These findings, while they are most relevant to the impact of adult pornography, may be extrapolated to guide our study of child pornography and its psychological and behavioral impact on those who view the material. The evidence

appears to suggest there is a complex and perhaps reciprocal relationship between adult pornography and sex offenders; that is, sex offenders use pornography and pornography negatively affects sex offenders.

I have some proof. Worst case scenarios that pornography can't deliver without narration. I have to squeeze it back in. I've worked for years to make it innate. Too much cheap pornography that the generalizations can't support. I'm searching for exceptions and find it enough to continue. The negative morality clauses are there just as often as not. Without sounding dramatic, I know where I'm looking for a slip. And highlighting the behavior sickness of the hook and fetch insults existence before it shames pornography. Promises in flat demography are obscene. My imagined interlocutor is conveniently complex and apologetically weak.

While child pornography offenders' motivations for engaging in deviant sexual and criminal behavior varies considerably and appears complex, the pathways and self-regulatory styles may be very similar to those of contact sexual offenders. Ward and Siegert (2002) propose four pathways for sexual offending. Each pathway is characterized by interpersonal and psychological skills deficits (i.e., intimacy deficits and emotional dysregulation), faulty cognitions (i.e., distorted sexual scripts and antisocial cognitions), and sexual deviance.

I leaned over to kiss him, thin and pale and mildly unshaved. He'd been talking about guys looking at tits and ass magazines when he was younger and how it never worked for him.

You just want to talk?

Yeah, I'm not looking for that stuff anymore.

In comparing Internet offenders with contact sexual offenders, Elliott, Beech, Mandeville-Norden and Hayes (2009) examined a number of psychological dimensions related to offense-supportive beliefs, empathic concern, interpersonal functioning, and emotional management. They found that Internet sex offenders had less entrenched cognitive and victim empathy distortions and lower frequency of attitudes and beliefs supportive of child sexual abuse.

Say you're beautiful. For putting up with it. Leave it to the younger women. Or their children who brutalize both of you. Admit that. I proved it correctly. They weren't instincts. I knew filth. It wasn't a lucky break to get child pornography from bar patrons. I bought drugs that way. The amount I paid kept increasing, the chlorine lines got fatter, got worse in quality and strength and the redfaced gropes got messier. I've had three semi-different men move kiddie porn to me through bars. I got coke and meth from dealers not faggots. It would've been something they wanted to do. To see from me. They were fathers, maybe. Knew greased mexican slime at least. I wanted white trash and it was not an obstacle. I told them. I'd like to meet her. That's not what any of them sold.

One of the questions that frequently baffle mental health and criminal justice professionals alike is whether it is possible for sexual deviance, such as pedophilia, to

emerge later in life. In fact, it has been a common experience to encounter child pornography offenders who are apprehended well into their 40s, 50s and, in some cases, their 60s. Many of these offenders report that their sexually deviant interest and behavior began late in life. Some have stated that it was through their exploration of sexual themes and adult pornography that they became increasingly aware of their deviant sexual interests, and that the child pornography available on the Internet awakened preexisting sexual deviance. Other child pornography offenders assert that had it not been for the images available on the Internet, they would have never developed pedophilic interests, fantasies or urges, and would have never committed a sexual crime (i.e., possession or distribution of child pornography). For other child pornography offenders, the Internet represented a long awaited bridge to something they always wanted to explore and satisfy, but were afraid, inhibited or unskilled to try. These different "points of entry" into child pornography crimes also deserve scientific study. Regardless of the point of entry into child pornography crimes, the vast majority of offenders engage in deviant fantasy.

Child pornography is more real than any life I lead. It's not disappointing. Whereas everything else is either practical or dreadfully unimportant. I can tell you how. And you'd think it created me, or perverted me. Whatever I do for simple photographic evidence is entirely worth the trouble, extra paranoia, recognition. This has created time for me. I only change the context of everything else back to this.

Their fantasy life is frequently revealed by the volume and content of their collection, the time spent online, the content of their communication with others online, and the frequency of their masturbatory behavior. Among clinical samples, it is quite common for child pornography offenders to report spending several hours per day engaged in viewing, fantasizing and masturbating to child pornography. Although deviant sexual fantasies among sex offenders are common, the incidence of deviant sexual fantasies among non-criminal individuals is also common. However, the cumulative effect of hundreds of hours engaged in such behaviors is unknown and the dynamics involved in predicting behavioral acting out are complex. Deviant (and normative) sexual interests and arousal patterns usually develop by the end of adolescence or early adulthood, however, it is unclear whether or how deviant sexuality develops outside the normal window of psychosexual development (i.e., adolescence to early adulthood). As applied to child pornography offenders, it is not clear how sexual deviance may develop or become further refined strictly as a result of exposure to child pornography. It may be that, for some offenders, exposure to child pornography images is the triggering mechanism that unravels preexisting sexual fantasies, urges and interests. It appears equally plausible that tolerance develops as a result of immersion in pornography and, consequently, more deviant stimuli are required over time to achieve the same level of arousal or satiation.

I haven't acted like a nigger, born to this. Though I wouldn't have known it existed otherwise. I made decisions based purely on how difficult it was becoming on a practical level. Which isn't an excuse. Not to do it. First stuff I ever got had me getting orally fucked by a pedophile. It's not as significant or scarring psychologically as you'd like to insist. I've heard stories with far less life but far more directionless reasoning. Didn't get bored or sated, didn't want to suck on cocks from

then on but not realize it. They like it more the dumber they get. I have never seen an attractive cocksucker. Starts with obvious. Moves to incessant.

Social learning theory provides an insightful framework for understanding how exposure to deviant pornography may create a nexus with deviant sexual behavior. This theory posits that deviant sexual behavior depicted online can be learned through modeling (even in the absence of behavioral performance). This form of vicarious online learning takes place in a highly charged visual context (i.e., the images of child pornography) that highlights the positive valence of child sexual abuse and conceals its negative consequences, thus creating a strong probability that the behavior may be repeated or performed. Moreover, this form of vicarious learning takes place within a socio-cultural milieu that endorses, validates, justifies and rationalizes various aspects of child-adult sexual contact. For individuals who frequently feel marginalized, unaccepted, and ostracized by society for their sexually deviant urges and cognitions, the Internet provides a powerful context to explore, validate and satisfy their deviant sexuality. It also acts as a social medium with which to connect with a network of like-minded individuals and satisfy their psychological need for group affiliation. From this perspective, online sexual crimes against children are sexually and socially motivated.

I asked her if she had children. I could have thought do you know how difficult it is for me to keep masturbating away time to this shit. I need, one small example, to juxtapose the courtroom quotes from Lonnie Johnson's mother to Sandra Cantu's mother.

Lonnie was freed from a mental health facility while awaiting charges of child molestation. He was found mentally incompetent to stand trial for the charges so talk show news got stuck at legal loophole outrage. Lonnie's mom clapped her hands when her son was officially released in court:

They just proved in here that he's not. He is slow, but he is no danger.

Not a child molester she wanted. With proof that the accusations weren't true. Not that the acts that happened somewhere away from view didn't actually happen.

Sandra Cantu's mother, via her lawyers:

The death of Sandra has been particularly devastating to my two younger children. Before Sandra's death, they were normal, happy children who lived in a close community of relatives, friends and neighbors, including school friends and teachers. They were warm and naturally trusting children. Now they show fear and emotional pain because of what happened to Sandra.

Sandra's death and the details that have been made public to date have truly traumatized us all. I cannot imagine the trauma and horror that my children will experience if any crime scene photographs of Sandra are released, or details of the forensic examinations of her become public. They have already experienced a level of pain that is hard to imagine. We believe that if the information is released, it would take all of us to another level of pain that would be unimaginable and may not be bearable. We worry every moment of every day about the well-being of Sandra's sisters and brother, and cannot imagine what harm might come to them

if the information related to the investigation, the medical examinations, and photographic evidence is disclosed in any fashion.

Words cannot express enough how my other children and I have been devastated by Sandra's death. While we have been overwhelmed by the outpouring of love and support from our family, friends, neighbors and community, that cannot fill the hole in our lives that now exists. The thoughts that run through my head about my daughter's last moments are not something any parent should have to experience. I am tortured by it. I struggle not to let the anger overwhelm me. As a mother, it falls on me to protect my family and not let them be hurt any more. We have all been damaged enough and I don't know how we will ever fully heal.

Every member of my family carries constant regrets and a sense of guilt over things we could have done differently. Not one of us needs additional reminders of the horrible crimes Sandra suffered.

We cannot carry any more weight in our lives, and if the photographs and forensic examinations of my daughter are disclosed, I do not know how we would be able to cope.

We are sure that there are gruesome and horrific facts contained in the crime scene photographs of Sandra and the examinations of her after her death that have not been released because of the gag orders. We do not know, and do not wish to know the horrendous facts about the specifics of the kidnapping and murder of our dear Sandra. We understand there was a sexual assault examination conducted on Sandra, including photos taken during this examination. We have not seen or heard specific information about this examination and do not want to hear this information. We also believe there was an autopsy of our daughter which included written reports and photographs, none of which we want to experience either personally or through the media.

Christy Danner, mother of one of Lonnie Johnson's previous rape victims, outside court first, and on TV second:

We are really disappointed and very fearful for any little girls out there. Our girls just want to keep him off the street. We'll just keep fighting.

And.

It just makes you sick. And you have to keep reminding yourself that you'll be back to fight another day. You know, you can't—what I wanted to do was jump over and take care of it myself, but that's not what we can do and that's not the way our system works. And we're going to have to fix this system and then, hopefully, get him back in the state of Utah and find him competent, get some more doctors that will maybe find him competent so we can try him.

He tried to wink at one of the girls today when he was entering the courtroom. And he definitely had a grin on his face the whole time, which is something he's never had in the past during court hearings. He knew he was leaving as well as we did.

It wasn't a shock to learn that a highly introspective and sexually demanding artist, whose work I've been carefully following for decades, had been arrested for only

viewing child pornography. In the brief introduction to his book, published before his arrest, he wrote:

I have never wanted simply to tell my own story. But I have tried to attend to a wide range of feelings. So the collection opens with a dimly remembered story of infancy. It closes with a vivid glimpse of the very near future.

My mother features in this book, but her character changes constantly because this "mother" is many mothers, many teachers.

Each story deals with one aspect of my struggle to discover what beauty really is.

In a seemingly synergistic relationship, sexual and social factors create a powerful context that underlies online sexual crimes. While the images of child sexual abuse and exploitation seek to satisfy the sexual appetite of the child pornography offender, the subculture of individuals who traffic in child pornography satisfy his need for group affiliation. This is often revealed by the child pornography offender's communication with like-minded individuals, such as sharing written stories and fantasies of child sexual abuse or sexual contact with minors, exchanging and promoting political views and "scientific" evidence supporting the normalcy of pedophilia, etc. The negative social influence that results from associating with criminal associates is a well-supported criminological risk factor.

It's not true what you're saying.

Where was her father?

I still see him. He doesn't acknowledge me. He has threatened to kill me.

Tell me about taking your daughter to the Holiday Inn.

I didn't take her anywhere. What you're saying is nonsense. Have you seen the pictures or the films or the reports that everyone says?

What do they tell you?

The same as always. Six years old and cocaine overdose, left in a hotel room by men that had bought her from me.

You appeared in the films with her, didn't you?

You've seen them, yeah?

How'd you end up here, Darling?

That niggerloving cunt with her niggerloving camera. She read a caption this fucking big and made a life story out of my fucking daughter. So she had somewhere more tragic than her own life to hang her boo hoos on. She had to make it up. So she could make up her own life. I don't believe anyone like her knows what they're doing when they start talking like that. It's about money, you think?

Nah.

She likes it?

Not like me. She needs you to get better, get some help.

Nothing happened, who am I going to apologize to?

She doesn't want you to apologize. She wants you to tell what happened. She's looking to find out what happened to her and kids like her. Like your famous daughter.

What's there to say? You saw the paragraph on her. That's all. You'll see, it isn't worth more because it didn't fucking happen that way anyways. She should know that.

I'll be fine with just this very small cheat. Anger, revenge or due are explosions not implosions. What these quick simplified occurrences mean when I have to extend it. Trawling in to prurience, instead of out to definition. Both instruct me to be rid of it. I find it fine. For right now. And can't tolerate the assurances that it'll be comforting unless that too is presented as aching and prolonged. It's that fine or wanting.

You grind your ass like a nigger. I've fucked too many niggers, I didn't want to fuck them anymore. As a child, the prostitutes acted as if they had something to sell. Something inescapable. I had an easier time avoiding them than their liberal goods and markets.

Don't act like a nigger.

You shouldn't take this.

You should turn around and let me cum in your mouth.

Pull out, put your hand on its waist and get it to kneel. Let it know that you're beating yourself off to finish quickly.

You want cum, right.

And it sticks its mouth to my balls and opens up reptile. Get ass. You're no fucking nigger, right, faggot. Niggers don't swallow. Niggers don't want cum. How much cash do you need, right now, how long have you been waiting for someone to give you a little change, forgettable, how long have you been off work.

Stand up and let me look at you jack that dick.

Let me just see you cum.

Can you cum?

I dropped and started licking his dick, sucking the head and smelling his shit and grabbing his stomach from underneath his shirt.

Can you cum?

Let me see you cum.

He started pushing harder into my face, not wanting to hold back if I would just keep licking and fingering. You do it, instead. I was beating off below when my hands weren't queering. I started to taste cum and wet and get stuck in the lube and stench. I'd be done and out of the door in a minute or two. Started sucking so his cock wouldn't leave my head, down as far into his singed pubic hair and old laundry. I wanted to see the cum, already tasted it, wanted him to stop and act like a father with his eyes closed and a better experience forefront. He took it to forget where he was. Little black cum filled flea booth and cheap old films. Slumped into my arms and his knees and moved my hips to stand in front of him, all over his head. I slid my dick into his mouth, my fist at the base of my crotch, around my balls and let him pull some hard eats until I cummed in his mouth while he stopped to let it slide down, shoot nice.

You have to clean up.

I let it drip. Lifted him up to finish him before I kissed my own cum out of his mouth. Took his. I've never looked at these scumbags as sexual or real. That's not what I look for in pornography to make me cum. I've tried to make the experience more pornographic than pornography sexual. Child sexual abuse has always been what I sought out in pages and films and histories, adults have been stand-ins for something less than sex, less than important. I wouldn't pick a nigger out of a pack of pages and look to cum. Wouldn't look to a pose of a naked hard-on'd faggot stretching and stupid and assume I'd want to miss sucking on his big cock or licking her asshole in. Children don't work that way, not for me, it's not what I miss, honestly, it's what I get.

It may be that the child pornography offender's social identification with and "immersion" in the deviant subculture may further influence his behavior through a process of deindividuation. Zibardo (1969) proposes that factors such as anonymity, loss of individual responsibility, arousal, sensory overload, novelty, and consciousness-altering substances (e.g., drugs and alcohol) contribute to a state of deindividuation and behavioral disinhibition where established norms of conduct may be violated. Contemporary views of deindividuation expand the theory by proposing that decreased self-evaluation (or self-awareness) and evaluation apprehension (or fear of getting caught) causes disinhibition of behavior and transgression of general social norms. As it relates to online child pornography, virtually all the elements necessary for deindividuation are present: the perception of privacy and anonymity, highly charged visual images, intense sexual arousal, increased "tolerance" to images which creates a seemingly insatiable drive to consume (and produce) more images, and the context of an industry that remains largely unregulated and meagerly policed. Understanding these social aspects of Internet child pornography

and the dimension of cultural "immersion" may further expand our understanding of child pornography offenders and online offending.

It wouldn't work. It could only be me. No honesty or dignified introspection, deserved or denied. Only those words, only out of my fat old grey mouth. No matter what, it comes back all over me. If I don't write them down, I forget about it. I have to keep this going. I don't want to forget them, I want to keep them growing and staying the same. My books, like my life, after more than fifty years, how could I claim that anything else could be as important or vital. Entirely about child pornography and child sexual abuse. There's no reason to look at me to surprise you or to create something like a next story. I do have to do this. Obviously. My interest in the rape of children isn't specific enough sometimes. But it didn't intensify after my arrest and the small public interest in my masturbation confessions. It became the steadying childish ignorant pursuit it is just after I saw it the very first time.

I won't ever have everything. I would still fuck it up just like this. It's all I read, everything I draw into and around me. If I'm lucky enough to wake up in the morning, I want that luck to continue. I'm going to spend my moments playing with what I think will make me feel like playing. Trash was the same until his daughter was abducted. I don't have a family to raise or sacrifice to take care of after I want my ground in the mornings. That's why the police thought he was responsible. The gypsy statistic. They guessed that his parents took his daughter from him. It was more than a guess. It was a grumpy fact based on the trailer camp show. He wasn't the father, until now, that you'd come to for advice on safety and rearing. Picked one sewer, had another offered him.

My mom and dad are good christian people. They sang gospel music all over Ohio. I can remember people like the Ramblers and Bill Gaither and throwing rocks off the top of the church. I learned to be a good father to my children by being raised by good parents.

Well it was February 2005, we had lived in Florida for a year now with my parents. Now we really had a house full of love. On February 24 in the early morning hours about 2 or 3 a.m., she was taken from her bed by a stranger. For the first few days detectives told me my father knew where Jessie was, they even said they found her blood on his underclothes. They said he showed no remorse for Jessie's disappearance. They asked me to go into the room. I was broken hearted, angry and confused and I asked my father what he did with Jessie. My father looked at me and said; "Marky honey, I don't know where Jessie is" and he began to cry. My father told the detective that he had enough and he was going home. They grabbed him by his arms and put them behind his back and told him he was not going anywhere. A few days later, they told me they thought that my mom and dad gave Jessie to someone else to raise. Then they said on national TV that my mom raised red flags on her polygraph.

Three weeks went by and they found her killer and he confessed and told them where to find her. She was repeatedly raped, tied with stereo wire and kept in a closet for 3 days. She was only 150 yards from her bedroom. John Couey, convicted sex offender, arrested 23 times or more in his 46 year life, took my little girl, put her in a trash bag and buried her alive at the back door of his home.

I'm sure that when she was dying she was crying for me. I still hear her cries.

I hope you hear her cries as you try to sleep at night, I hope you see the tears run down her face as she asked you to go home. I hope you spend the rest of your life in fear of death. You will never hurt another child.

As a parent I will never be able to get over the grief of knowing that she was only 150 yards away from me for at least 3 days, while I prayed for her to come home.

Do you tell a child not to go to a stranger? Is that a firm rule, or is that some think a bad rule because you change the child's personality?

Right. Well, you know, that's something that is so hard. You know, I told Samantha that a stranger is somebody whose name you don't know. That you have to be aware, you have to be alert. If anybody tries to come near you, you run. She had all the warning signs. She knew what to do. But she was friendly, and maybe too friendly. But I—the thousands and thousands of people who are writing to us who are sending us cards are strangers. You know?

Yes. And strangers can be nice.

Yes. And I believe in the power of people's love and compassion and I do believe that my faith is strong and I believe that nothing happens for no reason. And the fact that all of these people are out, coming out, and have been touched by her, they're giving her purpose. They're giving this some reason.

How old were you when you first started having sexual thoughts or feelings?

I was having sex before I was even aware that it was something I was supposed to think about. My friends were insistent that we look for cheap hookers instead of girlfriends that wanted more and offered less, apparently. Fourteen or so, I doubt that looking back on it will do me any good other than to proffer the concept of experiencing disgust before sensuality. I thought, as far as godsent sexual thought must go, that I was supposed to find pleasure in treating niggers like niggers. Giving them virtually no money at all and having them monkey for it. I mean, I paid exactly the amount they stated. I didn't enjoy it as I'm sure you wouldn't have expected me to. Saw it as possibilities, perhaps. Introductions to what is available rather than ingrained. Something I had to work to enjoy now.

What did you think about?

There was a significant drop in the way I had to act around these animals. I was almost always being careful. Not paranoid.

What was your reaction to these thoughts or feelings?

I wasn't raised this way.

How old were you when you first started having sexual thoughts or feelings?

I wasn't in charge of my own life. And I was hiding. What was being sold and was important, worthwhile, was illegal and I wasn't old enough to be worried out of it.

What did you think about?

It was rape. I knew what that was like, simply by looking at a picture.

What was your reaction to these thoughts or feelings?

I thought it was what was being sold. I didn't know previously that the purchase was for violence. And so complete to both producer and procurer.

What did you want to do? How did you see yourself hurting her?

She was small enough, it wouldn't have taken much. The crying would start immediately.

Take pictures?

I can say that now.

What would you do?

Stick my fingers in. My mouth over.

How would the mother react?

Fall to pieces. Permanently starting now. Accept no money. Want and want. Never ever fuck someone she knows. Only strangers. Lots of strangers, in public corners. Repeat. Review. Deplete. That'll make it all better, sow.

The mother should prove that she cared?

Correctly, impossibly.

Don't you bang your fists and say why?

Yes, of course. Of course.

Do you sleep?

Barely. Barely. I try, and every day is better. Every day is better.

It is? But there will never be normalcy again for you?

No.

Or them. It will stay, especially that friend.

Yes.

What's her name again?

Sarah.

You called her Mantha, is that what you called her?

Yes.

Your fantasies about children don't have names attached.

They have cameras too.

You're creating the event through which others will see what you want. Not what you've done exactly. You most often don't come into frame.

You'll find the kids do have names. I don't split the body into biology anymore, separate from the brain. I don't seek to do that for myself or the children. It starts with more than pictures, it can't stay or be only pictures. My plans are mostly dismissed just as soon as I can get myself away from touching and holding and aiming cum to behaviorist comment. I can avoid the names if I want, I often do. The fact that you don't have a magazine with pictures of children with stupid splash lines underneath, should tell you that you're significantly wrong when you critique the material. It means nothing to say that my plans are worse than the books. What's worse, what's open to provocation or whittled sentiment, is discarded.

The process you go through; a narrative is formed for me to follow and examine where you've stepped wrong.

I can take language away from mothers, just words. The sounds don't mean much to them. You should've known the words the children tongue are precious to me. They don't know they struggle with shapes and selections.

All about children.

Just about.

Not entirely, right?

Probably not all. They might not make a difference.

It's necessary though...

I don't think so. The cameras are so that I get to see it.

How old were you when you began going through puberty (voice change, facial hair, growth spurt, etc.)?

Puberty started the first day I stuck any object that I thought would work into my ass. It also started when I bought my first true crime magazine, rather than when I mysteriously charmingly found myself captivated by the articles I'd read in the newspaper around my parent's apartment. When I started reading full length books and noticed afterwards what parts stayed with me. When grade school teachers complained about the drawings I did and all the blood I liked stretching into carefully rendered sexual pools. Puberty started because I haven't let it stop when I reached my natural height and weight and then contorted both eventually. I was sixteen when a doctor told me the cuts on my dick were from getting a handjob, kindly not telling me I was masturbating too much, instead of the venereal disease I figured I must've gotten from the nigger filth my friends and I would pay five dollars only to. The gym teacher who watched us shower, the older drug casualties where we'd hang around. Girls who mature into secondary sex cartoons because of early exposure to males and men who continue to invert from sucking to shit smearing due to aunties tying nice bows on whoever might come around and stand in front of them. I'm hoping I'm normal in the biology I have never ever cared enough about. Mindful of the brain lesions and car crashes I lived through and hyper interested in what my friends are looking for in what they say they find more attractive than available or previously penetrated.

Puberty ended when I learned how to be properly selfless. And you don't know if that's going to be an act. I've become selfless, I care very deeply about how you run aimlessly and depressed around the rest of these lowlifes who don't treat you as well as I do.

What did you go there for?

Just to find the words "sexually molested" this time.

So you had some concern?

Makes it less devious.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

I gave away most of the material I saved initially to a friend that said he wanted to make a film. It was easy to give away and I really wanted the film to be made.

Did you return to the restroom area?

I've been making films for myself, haven't I?

What did you think, your state of mind?

They have to be about, or at least, ten minutes long.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

That I shouldn't degrade them or my interest by showing them to cunts.

What did you go there for?

To keep it to myself. To find out how close I could get to rape. And rapists. These plugs without brains. To buy some meth.

So you had some concern?

Keep your clothes on.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

Hustlers in their clothes being photographed to push a hard past and low existence and children in their clothes to delineate only how unaffected they should remain.

Did you return to the restroom area?

They talk about their past as they've learned to.

What did you think, your state of mind?

I've seen it fucked and acting. Tried, actually, to listen a bit more carefully than those particular thoughts tend to allow. Keep a focus, you know?

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

I don't find it depleting and can't find a replacement because of that.

What did you go there for?

Declensions.

So you had some concern?

She'd have to be sick. The audience can't simply be excusing that. Can't only be watching someone get this beaten simply because they hate women.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

The language that's come up since works in worn amounts of sympathy. She's depicted as a sad case whereas I bought her on 8mm in degenerate stores. Other men buy this material privately. It's impossible to watch it without considering that audience. They're always there as a market to which I must belong.

Did you return to the restroom area?

A film of her screaming. Crying, sobbing, asking, recuperating. I see men talking to themselves all the time at the dark booth sex joints urging out the complaints that don't fall as comfortably over her straw head.

What did you think, your state of mind?

They usually don't get names. They don't usually have documentaries.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

Age.

What did you go there for?

It doesn't matter what goes in anyone's mouth. Not who opens it or who places whatever inside.

So you had some concern?

Vanity. And now again.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

Found some portraits of her that seemed to want to start a conversation that she was pretty when not captured and sold slobbering herself.

Did you return to the restroom area?

To see the men do the same with less.

What did you think, your state of mind?

Drink over stupidity. Politeness over sympathy. Some thin stupid faggot saying "whip it out, loverboy." Schizophrenia in small containable but frustrating doses.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

That none of this matters and I'd have to force it to. Once again, using the audience that bleeds in when I'm thinking I'm just talking to myself.

What did you go there for?

Not to cum.

So you had some concern?

I don't know why they insist. The first few minutes are all that matters, I think. I'm certain.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

In better situations, so-called, I know there's a difference in the insisting.

Did you return to the restroom area?

More than the other.

What did you think, your state of mind?

I honestly don't want to see them naked. That changes when the act starts. A heady time for circus HIV because of imprecise thought. There was something indomitable that included intense dogged regret—not really personal shame—and yet was necessary to what was being consumed and offered and argued.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

I didn't know until after I had already started.

What did you go there for?

Idea versus playing.

So you had some concern?

It'll be enough this time.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

I'm constantly struck by the reduction of everything to a mouth.

Did you return to the restroom area?

It does seem like it's the single option available. These creeps who count holes. There's only ever one.

What did you think, your state of mind?

I collect the same photos. Not a collection per se but a definite state of mind.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

Surface scopophilia. With irritants rather than shame as the root.

What did you go there for?

The violence inside sex.

So you had some concern?

Sad that what is available is so far away.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

Took care of myself, I suppose.

Did you return to the restroom area?

Tried not to for awhile.

What did you think, your state of mind?

What was the best part. Where does it become sick. How could I possibly understand what sick is there.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

That it doesn't have to be that way and that I'm sorry.

What did you go there for?

Grief. There's a pornography of it. There's grief that's only experienced from the inside. Like pornography. Not the pornography of grief. But grief, a pornographic experience that wraps grief from the inside.

So you had some concern?

Their grief binds them together.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

I can't answer this. It doesn't matter how infrequently I go. Or let myself go, which is a weird way to think but, I keep it with me, you know what I mean? I wouldn't want to get over it. That's not why I take drugs.

Did you return to the restroom area?

I got a text back that said, "Somer didn't come home." And I personally knew right then that I was probably never going to see my daughter again. I don't know why. I just knew that I had this overwhelming dread in my stomach, and I was right.

What did you think, your state of mind?

My daughter took one breath and couldn't take another one. Her fingers were sticking to the plastic bag when they dug her out.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

Somer wasn't a child that was easy to wake up. And she had Monday-itis a lot. And it was so funny that day, because I got out of the shower, and she scared me because

she wasn't supposed to be awake yet. And I didn't—wasn't usually afforded the opportunity to know what she was wearing.

And I got out of the shower and come around the corner. And there she is, fully dressed. I knew exactly, from head to toe, what she was wearing. And I think that's because of god.

What did you go there for?

Help.

So you had some concern?

Guile.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

I used to pass an adult bookstore on the way home from work. I know where every single pit in Chicago is and what the specialties are. I'd stop in to the one nearest my apartment almost every day for years. It wasn't especially a relief when they closed down. But I did think twice about possibly skipping it more than I ever did.

Did you return to the restroom area?

There were many days when no one was there. Just a few rows of empty booths. I'd jerk off in the booth watching a quarter movie but thinking of something entirely different.

What did you think, your state of mind?

I'd rather masturbate there, in there, on that floor and screen, than at home. I'd stare all around.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

The signs aren't ever dramatic enough. They always seem common and moral and hysterical.

What did you go there for?

If anybody can help me find her.

So you had some concern?

I hope they get you, and I hope they make you pay.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

I don't believe it. I still can't believe it. I can't wake up. It's just a bad dream. I just keep thinking she's just somewhere and she's going to come home.

Did you return to the restroom area?

I know that she was gone quickly. He didn't waste any time. But he's a monster, so why should he? And that I don't know what she was in or how, you know, he got her to where he got her. All I know is that he put her in a dumpster and went to McDonald's and ate.

What did you think, your state of mind?

That I'm waking up from the bad dream and that when I come out of my room that Somer is going to be there with her twin brother.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

You put my baby in the trash like she's nothing. My baby didn't die in vain.

What did you go there for?

I love you, and I just want you to come home. I just want you to come home.

So you had some concern?

I wanted to hear what pathetic, sorry excuse he could come up with, because I'm sorry, no matter what's happened to you in your life, you're given free will, and you can decide to stop the abuse, stop the insanity, stop the madness. And you don't—I could never hurt anyone, so how could he hurt a seven-year-old, a defenseless seven-year-old? Taking away a twin from her brother? What right? What reason?

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

People make mistakes all the time. They're human. Of course, I want to be angry. Of course, I want to be upset. But the bottom line is, is that they got my daughter back, and they got my monster. And I'm going to stand up here and make a difference.

Did you return to the restroom area?

You were asking me a minute ago about didn't we know he was looking at child pornography? It's scary to think how many people are actually doing that in our community right now, and I'm talking not in dozens. I'm talking hundreds, hundreds of cases that we've got out there. It's a very scary thing. But not everyone who participates in that type of conduct actually ever becomes an offender that attacks someone.

What did you think, your state of mind?

What can you say? I mean, I feel like there's—there's a lot of people along the lines that could have possibly prevented this—this tragedy from happening. But there's only one person responsible.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

I couldn't stop the monster from killing my daughter. Why couldn't he just do whatever sick thing he wanted to do and let her come home? Let me be lucky?

How do you pick your pictures?

By whom I'd like most to apologize to.

Would you have thought this way when you were younger?

I think they should learn. That's what's behind every single favor. You teach them how to enjoy themselves more and more.

Are you close?

Yeah, they're all fathers. Doesn't matter, like you said.

Do they cry?

Did you?

No, not really.

You could have though—it would have got it to stop, right?

Didn't know it was an option. Don't care if it was.

You don't use pictures of your father for pornography.

No. My mother would be closer. She stood by, she knew all along, didn't want to stop it. I could make myself see her selfish concern in photos of her. Maybe not. Maybe it eventually fooled her, made the selflessness genuine.

She was beautiful. Still is.

Better than the indiscriminate mothers I pick from racks to see cry over always adorable babies. Smarter, I'd see that. She couldn't leave my drunk boorish father. She didn't like any part of the situation though. I wouldn't want to make her last that long.

As a woman, you understand her situation.

Being attracted to men like him. I also understand more than gloss trauma and complaints. I've looked at what I'm given, it doesn't come from me, frankly. That's

not what I'm looking for. But I'm not really being asked to excuse it. I'd forgive it, if I did, as soon as it happened. I confirmed that it was more than a man simply slobbering himself back to his own miserable youth. A long time ago. It wasn't frustration. Not rage. I had to peer back to make others feel better, I couldn't locate the problem without faking it. The age stats that you're looking for are filled with the usual bar entertaining fumbles and bewildered gropes. My personal recall of them is faulty. I'm fairly thankful if what you have to guide me is legitimate as far as keeping me away from the stupidity I've always thought wasn't going to work for me. I'm not a pedophile, I am, technically only, a sex offender. I assure you, my control is far stronger than my fantasies. My fear comes first. An inability to deal with my inadequacies is crumbling arrogance. Arrogance that works fine well hidden. My bald contention that I've held back from just spitting on every single person I've fucking ever had sex with is indicative of then seeing what is natural or not seeing what should be natural. Just maybe safe and welcoming, retarded psychological lazy relief and simple cheap seating. Has to go some way towards imagining it different. I've found comfort here. I'm looking to continue. I'd like to stay wrapped in the small cold arms of Skyler Kauffman and the dumb someone else's mother intonations as long as I can stand it without getting bored by the idiocy of both, if you like. You don't have anything better, not that you're going to admit that you're offering. My puberty started, I swear this is true, at the threat of not getting the details of who exactly Thea Pumbroek got fucked and left by. I wasn't about to go research her, far too spoiled, apparently. I was wrong about everything that I should have had right back first.

Don't act like you don't know that you're talking to yourself.

Don't pretend that you want help from this.

Don't assume that I can't figure out how this works by listening to assholes for longer years than it took to pass through puberty. I've been an adult, says childish stall. I'd guess that responsibility for my actions isn't something anyone has to worry about outside the trading pleasure it'll offer in anecdote. You don't have anything near as good and you'll have to fall back on seeing me as confused, hurt and begging for normalcy.

Don't alternate between puberty and adolescence. Don't confuse the two, don't just mouth the easier argument.

Have you ever seen something like those swollen vaginas that Hoodless and Lunnon keep talking about?

No. You?

No. But you've looked for it, for them, yeah?

Yes. You have as well.

I have no intention of stopping now. I can't understand why I've never noticed it before. It makes sense. How fucking stupid of me. It's about all I think about these days.

I did see this one that was just a close-up of a butt getting fucked, very gently. It, I assumed, was because his cock wouldn't fit in her cunt. But I wonder if it was because his cock wouldn't fit in her cunt any more.

How old was she?

You can't tell. It was such a close-up. The proportion said a lot. I wouldn't like to guess. I'm wrong so often. The thing is I'm always wrong in the opposite direction of what I'd prefer.

You guess older?

No, younger. There was care there.

And they turn out to be much older—how do you find out how old they are?

I don't know. What invariably happens is you read about some case and then apply the details backwards to what you've seen. The ages aren't wrong, the whole story is wrong, you're not staring at the same girl.

Could the close-up be a boy?

No. Definitely not.

Do you remember any scratches or blushes, any puffiness or bruises?

I'd remember, certainly. I'd have spotted it immediately. And the focus of the camera wouldn't have allowed for any mistakes.

It had sound.

I make my own soundtrack. This is what happens. They don't sound especially inviting. And you have to listen so fucking carefully. Another component—where you get them. From the very first film I ever saw, I didn't hear what was being said on the film because the man who was showing it to me was also needing to show his hard cock. And later, when all my child pornography and psychology formulated in adult bookstores, it was the soundtrack of the quarter clips and the adult groans and repulsive female teases and the even greasier ramblings of yet more gorillas wanting to shove more and more barely there cocks into me.

You've said no.

I knew what I wanted to a point. I'm somewhat aware of what's invited inside. Race was an immediate problem, white men were there in smaller numbers, obviously. Younger, healthier, men; I didn't take many chances to involve them. I never

cared much about sucking young gay men off. They don't seem to get the first smell of the place. It's impossible to decontextualize—old cum, hot alcohol, body odor meaning shit stains and pit sweat and poor dirty hair, the clorox that kills not enough germs to mask the advertised chemical bites and shines. The heavy stench was sexual and these dumb faggots didn't know they wanted that kind of sex. I put photos of my babies down in that. And let them suck me through the holes. Older men, I'd look to have them in my white curling box so I could get fucked as hard as they wanted to fuck someone like me, while I looked at something other than floor.

Bent over plastic chairs. Your fat naked ass raised and spread open with your hands. Scabs, mucous, larvae drops all over the floor along with the condoms and mother tissues the faggots and niggers already forgot. Others left them there to let you know you're standing and fucking in a toilet, toilet. The shit stench came from the condoms.

Masturbating. My ass was better than my mouth sometimes. Better through the condom, especially.

You make your own soundtracks now.

I wipe away the voices. Add new ones. They're not indiscriminate, not as much as I thought they would be. I like to make them more specific, if that's possible. I make them pinpoint.

You don't hear their voices.

Or their sense of self.

You don't hear the complaints.

I think of the way they speak, squeal out in public. You see them being so desperately selfish and insistent. Little pigs, little thin pigs without make-up. I have an academic book full of color close-ups. So close to look only like clinical colonoscopy scans or graphic open blisters. What appeals is the work I do to confirm size. Then I count the pictures to overwhelming reassurance. The procedures are common and frequent that way. You could sit and tell one of the mothers, make-up holding up rather well under the TV lights and watery composure struggles: You have no idea how really cheap this all is.

Does he hate you?

He only does what he's told. He's not capable of knowing why he does, though he does make the right decision by default. It works, ultimately.

You want that. He should despise you. Crush you out. Ignore you and change nothing.

I wish he didn't.

You can't make him understand.

No, he's perfectly correct. I don't want it, I only wish it.

Fucking advocates.

He did the right thing, the right way. The only way he could.

It's easy not to miss him, however. Tell him that. It's not resilience. It doesn't matter when he's gone, he couldn't quite grasp that. He got used to thinking he was more crucial to my thoughts than he really was. Tell Daddy, his isn't the most important voice. Tell him all those handling dictates and prop-ups are holding him down. Not quite pushing him forward to the focus for those behind him, as much as he'd like to do that for them.

Took photographs for you.

Not just for me. Intention comes second. They've made their way out.

Shaved his cunt.

Pulled his panties down around his ass so it'd look less like his ass and more like he was showing it to you.

Turns around. You can see he has no pubic hair left. But you can't see cunt.

I haven't had one sexual experience that I would consider pleasurable this way. I also wouldn't consider any of it adult.

This is why you're attracted to children. Or is this why you're not attracted to adults.

I'm not attracted to children. I am attracted to adults. Not sexually in the former, not sexually in the latter.

You're not answering the questions. You only like how this sounds.

I do like the way it sounds.

And you know the photographs.

Anyone can see them. Anyone can see one that's exactly like all the others.

Until I take what looks like Thea Pumbroek's mum from what Sarah Payne's mum resembles on TV. I like that her mother was there, thin, drawn, very wearied and holding back tears; projecting anger through bothersome genes, crooked jaw angles and alcoholic traits as cheap as bad acne.

She's in jail, whether loved or unloved.

And the women who buy the papers that she's in asking for support and a more than just kind ear are taking cellphone snaps of themselves in bedsit mirrors fixed to open closet doors. She puts on the sale bin pair of blood red charmer panties and turns her ass to feature. Holds her hand above the frame of the mirror and tries not to smile the wrong way.

You don't need the footage. You don't need the proof. You don't need much at all. Very quick, very vulgar, medicinal. Do you think the children make themselves ugly too?

I've never seen one hold up pretty. I'm suspicious that this is the caregiver's fault. Thea Pumbroek. You'll have to understand. Everything I've put in front of me has been this. Since I didn't get the original photos when I first read about the case when I was a child. I wrote about her before I shared a chapter with her in a book on Child Pornography, written by a liar that made up the facts in both of our cases. I did want to see those photos. But I masturbated constantly with the idea of her getting fucked and then drugged to get fucked until she eventually dies during breaks in filming. I had to create the facts from finding other cases like her. Cut to your fathers and mothers selling you when you're young by doing nothing more than this: Holding your hand on a bus and finding a seat. I rush home so that I can remember how pretty and protected you are. The one that got her back broken, her child, I have to keep trying to switch her from one naked body to another.

You'd cry.

All the right reasons. Sorry I wasn't there to help.

I've watched so many men masturbate. Had so many men do this to me, with me, on me. And I'll keep doing it. If I do it in front of some faggot or some grotesque appropriation of a female, I'll want it to look like this. Not feel like this. Like some pecuniary exhibitionist in front of schoolkids without being closer to far sexier tears. Here's your place in the booth, please drop enough quarters, gentlemen. Take an empty booth, gentlemen.

The mothers go on camera for free to aid themselves. Get their children back, for farce. Someone has to stick the quarters in the slots. Mimi's adult books was the last hold out for quarter plays for gloryhole peep show sex. It's not meant to make men wonder if the idea is just too expensive. Cheap like a beer or vodka where you'll have a few more than necessary and then pay an extra cut to the bar for some lines and soap.

You shouldn't have seen her that way, right?

I shouldn't have been allowed to, no.

You feel lucky?

Yes.

No question?

None at all. Absolutely.

So you're glad you were allowed...?

I don't question that. It wasn't my decision to take the photo.

You're the beneficiary.

I am. Thankfully, yes.

You're encouraging the behavior.

Yes, I am. In that I've done nothing to stop it, at least.

If there was no market.

There really isn't.

It would exist without you?

And without people inexactly like me.

How'd you find them?

I've, honestly, been looking my entire life. It doesn't take a lawyer's brain to assume I'd get some sooner or later. I've dedicated my time to this. I look back and see it and then still don't care about much else. I'm sure it's made a complete circle by now.

I don't see any cigarette burns on you.

I know. I don't love children enough to want to experience their pain firsthand. I've never been less than clear that I'm homosexual and attracted to the men in the pictures. Still, the children have to be there. And the damage is a serious predicate. The violence has to be sexual. I'm convinced that substitute sex, mockery, self-generated, is the only way to sensibly twist violence into real experience.

I smoke down to the filter, often burn myself when I'm drunk. I've stubbed the butts out on my forearm to make me feel my little baby inside me. It's sex, it's making her flesh and closer to fucking her as well as hurting her. That's what you do with my mind working backwards and frying on the wrong kind of influences. Available when she isn't. She wasn't moving to cutting, it wasn't a cry for help at my baby's age.

What did you go there for?

A retarded grasp at sympathy, an inarticulate's poke at communication.

So you had some concern?

You make yourself hard. Then.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

It has become practical and that's used as an insult.

Did you return to the restroom area?

There's a connective device that seems threatening and desperate.

What did you think, your state of mind?

Cyclical.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

Naked from the waist down in front of children is intensely provocative and asks to be isolated rather than garbled uncontrollably.

What did you go there for?

Restraint.

So you had some concern?

If I could just find the magazine that had the ads I wanted, that I knew I should see there, I still wouldn't ever consider placing an order. It wouldn't deserve a second thought.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

Locate this in others first.

Did you return to the restroom area?

Works long enough. Ejaculating doesn't create the situation or seal a bond between image and sensation.

What did you think, your state of mind?

At this age, it simply has to be insult to those I watch.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

It controls the others first.

What did you go there for?

Passivity. I honestly let them do what they like.

So you had some concern?

Pathology of offenders and corruption of minors.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

Three weeks before nine-year-old Skyler Kauffman of Souderton was raped and strangled, she allegedly had been locked in an apartment and exposed to pictures of naked women by the man now charged in her death. Police had been called, but no charges were ever filed.

Did you return to the restroom area?

You wouldn't express or expect any form of gratitude. Not in here. I've taken the photos of children to adult sinks like children take security blankets and toys to play with while they occupy time away from home.

What did you think, your state of mind?

It had nothing to do with language or any test in any way.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

I didn't want the situation to change to either shock or realization of a common thought, shared enemy, new kink. I didn't want an exchange in any way outside of what I wanted to see because I was actually sick of concentration down. There was no criteria that hadn't been overimagined enough to then stupidly search for fresh proof.

What did you go there for?

As much cruelty that can be sexually sifted into a very simple, immediate record. Instead you get their fucking paw prints all over each ineffective fuck-up.

So you had some concern?

Lower expectations.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

You have to figure it out very quickly. I don't mind being lied to.

Did you return to the restroom area?

Insecurity.

What did you think, your state of mind?

Former amateurs.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

This is what they say all the time: He took my innocence away.

What did you go there for?

Bunker mentality. All surface, don't expect or praise honesty.

So you had some concern?

You won't get over this.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

And yet you'll do replacements every single day out in public, reeking of down-home wishes that sell hypocrisy before salve.

Did you return to the restroom area?

Not asking for that much, barely anything at all.

What did you think, your state of mind?

I'm not precious. I'm really not worried about fucking it up.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

A tight decline.

What did you go there for?

Well hung, thick, drug dealer spreads and squats down over a wooden floor before he lies on the bed and wipes his ass from the front the way women clean piss. Drops the kleenex on the floor, arches up and strokes his uncut cock only so I could see it bigger, then lies down face and belly flat onto the low mattress.

So you had some concern?

He told me awhile ago that when he closes his eyes just before he goes to sleep, all he can ever think of is having something in his ass being pushed deeper and deeper in. He stops thinking about it when he turns over on his back.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

My options to watch him are limited as his job is to simulate this time and time again.

Did you return to the restroom area?

He wiped so that I could lick his asshole soaking wet to skip the separating drainage of lube.

What did you think, your state of mind?

He didn't have to bother, I told him I'd clean him. Not to worry, that I liked it anyway.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

He tries everything to keep me from getting infected. He doesn't have to kiss me in this position and I can't put his cock in my mouth. He barely bucks or twitches.

What did you go there for?

I can't work out every lie. You start to believe them when they pile up in numbers and experiences. I'm easily influenced and think child pornography is justifiably illegal.

So you had some concern?

Angel Rafael Mariscal filmed the likely inflated number of at least 150 children while he was doing business as a rapist and child pornographer in Florida. He regularly travelled to Cuba and Ecuador to make the films and then smuggled them back to Miami, where he lived and edited in a hotel. He was HIV positive and argued in court that, since the few children that had been identified from his work hadn't tested positive, he had taken the right form of precautions in not infecting them. He testified that his careful use of soap and water, mouthwash and some times gloves, as well as the evidentiary fact that he never penetrated the younger children with his penis, attest to his concern for the children.

When I was engaged in sexual activity with these girls, I really thought I was somehow helping them. I knew it was illegal. I didn't think it was wrong.

The judge who sentenced him to a hundred years, noted that the films were made even more terrible by Mariscal choosing poorer children from poorer countries and encouraging them to perform with him by low amounts of cash and promises of bicycles.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

All these other things, like it or not, are tolerated because of what happens in the daylight somewhere outside of my vision or dreaming or functionality.

Did you return to the restroom area?

Hard to forget the photos and I try to do the opposite of casting them aside, much to my deficit, I'm sure.

What did you think, your state of mind?

Fine, quiet, just perfect, thank you.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

Whatever you were, I suppose. Very kind of you.

I tried to prepare myself for it, but there was no way I could. It was awful. It was awful.

I don't know what it is for everybody else, but I just—I want so much from that person. I want him to undo what he did. And I want to see some remorse. I want him to know the magnitude of what happened. And we can't get that, and so I was just instantly flooded with tears.

Collectors usually deny their involvement with children. Often they say that the child encouraged their behavior and that they were kind to the child, i.e., not hurting the child physically. Physical assault is held to be the main criterion by which a collector deems behavior toward a child as abusive. The sexual activities and the photography sessions, no matter how degrading, are not viewed as harmful to the child. When very young children are involved, this belief extends to such activities as inserting wooden objects in the child's vagina and anus. These actions are justified, these collectors say, if they are done with patience, skill and "love."

The level of abuse does not register on a conscious level. On occasion when the sexual activity is addressed, the collector may acknowledge that it is abnormal and that a child may be frightened, but this awareness holds little conscious emotional weight to stop activities and admit to harmful effects.

You know, he cried for your daughter.

Oh, I know he did. He did. He promised—he made promises and he kept them, every last one of them, including finding her before her birthday, which...

Could you tell he was special?

Yes, I could.

There's a quality about him.

More. The sort of person you can learn from.

Unique. Very rare, not just special.

How do you get him to understand.

He does more work than he tells you about.

He's sympathetic.

He shows that he is by what he does. He doesn't need to prove it to me or anyone else.

He can't change anything, really.

I don't want her any more. Nothing more from her, certainly, to be had.

She didn't do anything to you. She's not at fault.

She'd be happy to hear it.

She'd still be here?

I don't miss her. I have to think to let her think I miss her. I've had to take care of her all of her life. Let someone else do it now.

She took care of you.

Tried to make it look that way. Never got the chance to prove it, she'd admit that. She's been an impediment. And continues to be.

Did you make that clear?

How stupid did she have to be. Not to figure out I offered more. Of this. You don't get the chance to be better than the gossip now. I felt sorry for her.

That's stopped now.

You get used to it. You start to think that's what you're there for. That's what you've done, what you have. You're asked to take care of it.

How do you end up fucking it?

She was insistent.

You were looking for something else?

No, ultimately, that's all she offered. The photos make that clear. What else is she known for now? I was looking for her to come up with something.

Your mistake then.

Not really.

What about teaching her, then. She learned the wrong things from you.

They start interviewing everyone in the trailer park. They look at the guys, naturally. Especially the guys that have porn. And they do their investigation, think maybe this guy's involved, he has porn on his computer. Look at this guy, he has porn on his computer. This guy, oh, he kind of patted these girls on the butt when they were at the pool. They look at all these guys, and look into, "I know this neighbor used to french kiss little girls." And they start looking at all the guys in the trailer park and they look at their alibis and track down where they were during the times in question.

And these guys, the detectives and the FBI, they did a search warrant for various trailers and they did a search warrant for the church and another search warrant. They go back and they are looking for something in particular, because the doctor who did the autopsy on Sandra Cantu said she had been sexually assaulted, real bad, in her vaginal area. The injuries are real, real bad. He said this had to have happened at or around the time of her murder, because he said there's no way she could have been skipping and jumping on that video if she had received the injuries he saw on her when he did the autopsy on this eight-year-old girl. And he said he can't—he said there's something about these injuries, it almost looks like it was a foreign object that was used because of the angle of penetration. It's not really that consistent with the angle that a penis would have. But it's more consistent—it's more likely, I think the word is he uses, that it's a foreign object that was used to penetrate her—Sandra's vagina.

So when the detectives find that out, and the officer, the—the doctor says she also looked like she was—Sandra might have been—may very well have been suffocated because of some injuries to, I believe it's the upper or lower lip, he said it's consistent with suffocation injury.

So sexual injuries, he uses a term, the doctor that did the autopsy, said there's evidence of agony. And he said he found in the underpants—there's a technical term he uses to indicate it was a brutal sexual assault. No semen found, no sperm found, and consistent with at least a foreign object.

So they do a search of the church looking for round cylindrical items that perhaps could have been used, because we have the blind cord missing from the church, Melissa going to the church right around the time that Sandra Cantu went missing. So they looked around the church and they pick up broom handles, curling iron, different utensils, anything they think is round that could possibly—a toilet plunger, a rolling pin. They pick up all sorts of things, seize them, bag them. And they are wearing gloves and they do it real professionally. And they send these items off to—I believe it was the FBI Lab—to see if there was any biological evidence. On the rolling pin that was in the church, they see a smudge. They see a smudge. And they test that smudge and they find on that rolling pin, I believe it's the handle, they find Sandra Cantu's DNA on the rolling pin in the church.

A lot of these guys do this repeatedly, and people are creatures of habit.

All pedophiles, though, they are not all murders, are they?

No, they are not. Everybody is different. To lump them all together in one category is unfair. But people do tend to repeat acts that they get gratification from. And some people believe that pedophiles do get gratification from inflicting pain or death on their victims.

How do you contain your rage in cases like this?

In some instances, it's not easy. But you have to kind of understand that you are a professional, and just as a doctor would be treating that young lady, if she had survived her wounds and came into the hospital, he has a job to do, and regardless of what happened and how it happened, he has a job to do, just like the police do. Police are professionals, and they, in some instances, have a tough time containing their rage. But they have to in order to be objective and be thorough.

Is it harder when it is a child, especially as a little girl as precious as Samantha Runnion?

I think that child cases always strike a nerve with any human being. Just children are so vulnerable and they're so precious. And it's so unnatural to have one attacked, that I think it is a little more difficult.

They showed Samantha's drawings. Did she draw a lot?

Oh, yes. Every day, all the time. She had this virtual—it was hard to get her to eat breakfast because she either wanted to swing or to draw.

She was pretty good.

Yes, she was.

Have you saved them?

Oh, yes. Yes.

Are you going to keep her room or what are you going to do?

I don't know. I don't know how to do that.

I don't know either.

Right now, part of my process was I've put everything that she loved on her bed. And then it actually makes it easier because I get to visit her often because every person that comes in who I know who loved her, I take them upstairs and we sit there and I take them on a tour of all of her schoolwork. And it just reminds you that every day that she was alive, she was happy. And that helps me, because she was. She lived every day to its absolute fullest.

Do you get lonely?

No. Not lonely.

You are saying that you brought your daughter here for what reason.

I brought her here to get a sense of what happened to that little girl. I want her to understand why I'm always telling her whenever we go somewhere that I have to hold her hand. I have to know exactly where she's at all the time. And she hates it. She gets mad at me. She says I don't like to go shopping with you, because you tell me I have to stand right there; I can't go nowhere, I can't see nothing, so I would rather stay home. And—but I want her to understand why I am like that to her.

Can you understand how your mom is telling you things like this? What are you going to do?

I'm going to change my attitude.

How are you going to change that? What are you going to do?

I'm going to listen to my mom and do what she tells me to do.

You miss her, you miss your life with her. You miss a life. That had promise, dreams, whatever might have happened or could have. Accomplishments, years of hard work. There's a void, a hole—you don't know what was promised now. Yet these men. They're lonely. The word isn't strong enough to box up and seal all the damage that being alone and wanting that to fantastically, cruelly, stop somefuck-inghow creates. Wanting comfort, I guess, some shared or unselfish connection to anything other than what you've got so loudly and perpetually... You can see a connection, can't you?

There's not a single contradiction that bothers me too much. There's different connections to be made than what victim I finally choose to mimic when the selections start to seem more thematically exciting than specifically boring. Very little predation there, I'm sure, frankly.

Can you stall comfort?

I stop thinking about it all. All the pain, maybe, when I finally masturbate. My focus is grotesquely thin. I have that in me. That won't change either.

You need a different view of it.

I just keep telling it: I think you're beautiful and I'm sorry.

Do you know what you're sorry for?

For using her face and body to masturbate with. For thinking I can use her name in writing and masticating. I repeat her name all day long and just as I fall asleep. So it stops twice. Dreams don't figure. There's no comfort there. But it's not torture.

I basically use her for a personal lapse to somewhere closer finally, far more succinct than just her image and aggravating memory. Sickeningly, that means I have to paint her touchable darling little face over and over again until I die. Make her angry. See her as sad as possible to imagine. Very pretty and extra joyous. In spite of everything, past and present. There's more there at the time, but not that I can define, as well as this. The paint I use is her name.

You owe her that.

Only the confession part. I shouldn't do it. No doctor or priest or help group will ever explain to me what could be better than this. I'm not ashamed.

Is what you do obscene?

The only way to circumvent the legal definition of obscenity is to prove, or construct briefly reliable, degrees of sympathy. I don't see myself as a vulture. Everyone else must. Or another victim. I'm not disappointed enough to stop. There was, of course, no way that I could see myself as having responsibility for any of this. To my mind, I was the victim. How could a person be responsible for something over which he had no control? After all, I had not wanted to be a pedophile. It was a matter over which I was never given a choice. I was, according to my view, different—born, defective, broken—and that state of being different was absolute and unalterable. Pedophilia was something I was forced to live with.

It must be terrible.

I don't remember any of it.

What did you do?

You don't think I let this happen? I didn't even know.

What has changed.

Are you suggesting that I'm to blame. That I failed. That I didn't do more to get you to this point than not.

Do you feel betrayed.

Princess.

No longer powerless.

It changes everything.

I wasn't safe.

How often do you masturbate. What was it like to take your clothes off in front of a man for the first time.

Terrible. Of course. Don't do that anymore.

What chance did Jessica have.

None.

It's not worth considering.

I don't care if it seems unfair or impolite or evasive.

The simple fact, what really ingeniously exists, is that the photos are beautiful.

She deserved more. It comes from the photo.

You can't tell, you don't know why.

Can't you just imagine the tragedy.

Which one.

Only for this briefly filmed and available real-life character.

Her mother had to view the film.

No, this was contested. We were told she watched a little segment of it, just to officially identify the bedroom furniture and her daughter. However, the main agent put in his report that he had taken pictures from the screen as he viewed the tape and that he used those pictures to find out who she was in the first place. I don't think she actually saw the film because the agent was very worried about the effect it was having on him, and he must have thought that would apply to her mother.

She had the shirt her daughter wore in the video.

Yes. It wasn't placed into evidence. She was asked if she recognized a flannel shirt and she told them she bought it for her.

Did she still have it?

No. I don't think so. They probably checked for receipts, I don't know.

It must've been terrible, the whole process. The mother, your girlfriend, didn't know that you had made the video. She was asked if she was aware of it, she could have been a suspect.

She didn't know. That's the truth. But this is what happens. Everyone around her, the police and extra investigators, right down to the court reporter and ersatz jury, consistently tell her how bad, how terrible it must be. This influences everyone and influences my ex-girlfriend. You can't trust a word of it after it's been

presented as the evil that it all is. They have nowhere else to look. The cop starts it. Spends his days watching all sorts of this shit and then has to go into therapy. He won an award for this case. He worked with postal employees. This is not how you start looking for evidence, already knowing the pain you're going to have to endure. And then pass off.

The mother knew about your tripod and camera and the safe where you kept the videotapes.

The cops watched the videos mom and I made together. They asked her to identify those as well. She really did think the tapes were just for me and her. Mainly just me. But she watched them. Was good with that. To think that she could say those videos of me and her making love were humiliating, in the context of what else happened, is ridiculous. She didn't care before. She thought none of it would ever get out. And she's embarrassed about how she looked. Acting sexy when she isn't. I don't think she ever thought we would break up.

The cops could've found the material reassuring after what they watched.

It's quite possible that they made copies for themselves. It's quite possible that they used me and her to clear their minds. How do they not have a pornographic reaction, judge the people as attractive or not attractive, doing what they'd like to see. Women of age, certainly. Maybe they like guys. I don't know what they jerk off to. What they even think. There's no way I'd believe a word they'd say about what they do, anyways. You don't get the sense that they're forthcoming or even understand what they're dealing with, let alone watching it like a fucking primate.

They could have been disgusted by how degenerate you were. Filming everything you got to put your cock in.

The story isn't there. There's much more. That's what they wanted to know about. Yet they only look for evidence. They keep bringing it back to what they've seen. They discover nothing, they're not looking to learn anything.

Your motivations? Your defense?

No. What they were seeing. What they watch, how they watch. They become stupid people. Their job is to learn how to become very stupid, very minute barren creatures. They need to critique the confessions of the ones that were victimized, not the one that victimized.

They have to stop you, first, then people like you. They learn what kind of animal you are. What kind of filth is out there acting the same.

They have to find out what provokes animals like me. I'm not an animal, the furthest thing from it as far as the definition that they use goes. Anyways, I'm not provoked. I'm not in a cage. There's no system in place that will make sense to either of us.

What do you find appealing in the material. Can you break it down for me?

They interviewed mom, they interviewed me. I was aware of how they saw me. What they saw me do. And how I had secrets they didn't share to get. They certainly looked at mama different after they saw how she acted. Cops, especially, must get tied up trying to gauge chances and seeing anything as basically available.

They suspected that your step-daughter's mother knew what was going on. They looked at her very carefully.

She liked all sorts of things. Asked me for them and they saw that. They knew what she sounded like searching for a cum. Same as me. With her daughters out of camera range; that couldn't be the only idea in their rotten brains.

She wasn't pretty.

They had to be looking for the little girls that grew into that. So repulsive.

This has made me a different person, no question. It's made me trustworthy. It's made me a better friend to those who think they need me. I can spot the ones who do. I've been paying attention.

If you look at the sexualized hatred these cretins advertise, you can see what I do is balm for that. I recognize it and slide in the opposite. It's routine, a job that doesn't ask very much of me. Still, it's too much for most others to recognize. This has exploded my similarly motivated selfishness. My desire to see events unfold worse and worse has logically produced a sensitivity that, while it can be defined as phony and inept, is in fact in perfect working order. It's all I can do and that's much more than what else is bandied around. I reject very few.

We were more than father and daughter, we were best friends. As a single father I learned a lot of things about my children that only a single parent could understand. Me and Jessie would argue about who loved each other the most.

You're an adult, who gives a fuck what fucked you up way back when. You're certainly old enough to have gotten over everything by now.

How old were you the first time you masturbated?

Fourteen or fifteen. I wasn't raped when I was molested. Happy to have obliged. I was masturbated by someone else before I masturbated myself.

What were you thinking about at the time?

I wanted to do it to him when he was done. It never occurred to me to have his cock in my mouth then.

You don't want to hurt her anymore, do you?

There's a child screaming. Needs to throw herself on the floor, against the walls, stamp feet and hands. Crying controllably because it is frightened, shriekingly angry and lashing screaming forward. Does not move from fixed. Shaking slightly, trembling against her instinct and tiny mind entitlements. The frustration blinds out her little mind into a baby stroke that occurs as shock and vulnerable white appeal. It simply, rooted, does not know what it is being asked to do. Doesn't want what is happening. Is searching for anything reliant. I'm not that little child. I don't want the next step to be the adult berating the thing to shush it. Or take its cock in large hand and approach to insert or rub. To stay where it is and masturbate. Offer a stopgap cuddle and cheer back to complete. Use soap and water, mouthwash, a clean pillow and blanket.

She doesn't want that thing inside her again.

Wants to put her clothes back on.

Tell me about Somer. Tell me about your daughter.

Well, there's too much. There's too much to think about. I'd rather talk about something else. It doesn't help to talk. Not about this.

Because of how he lured her. Tell us about that. If it's too difficult, I understand. I don't want to stop. But if you need to, fuck it, I'm done. Just say.

You mean what she did? How she was lured? What he did to attract her? She was small...

What was she...

Honestly, I don't know exactly. I can only speculate, but I know that there was a dog there and that she had named it herself. It had its own name, but she called him Fifi. And my assumption is that he told her that the dog was inside.

Do you think there's something lurking beneath the surface here, though?

First of all, my monster wasn't on a list. He wasn't somebody you could just go by their list, their sexual predators, sexual offender list. He wasn't on the list. He was just a flat-out monster. People need to be vigilant. It takes a village to raise a child. We all have to stick together. We all have to band together, because if we don't, they're just going to keep plucking them off the streets. It is your business to tell.

People need to get the mentality that it's not their business and to not say anything, it's not my business. Yes, it's your business, because it could be your child. It could be your baby. And you could be sitting right here where I'm sitting.

This club is not—it's got wonderful people in it and people who make me feel somewhat normal again. But my life will never be the same, all because of one person's actions.

You think I should know everything, don't you?

All that matters to me is that we can all come together and, hopefully, people who aren't dealing with this are going to come together and join in with us and save our children. I have written and rewritten what I would say to the man who killed Samantha, and you better pay attention. She wanted to be a dancer and a teacher and a mother. She loved so many things. She had so much passion for life. I'll never know what she would have become.

I was at work when Samantha was taken. I got home, and our whole complex was taped off. And I ran through the tape and ran into the house, and I went into our photo cabinet and got her school pictures and just cut them up and started running around the neighborhood passing them out and screaming her name, looking in dumpsters, just—the world is really, really big when you're looking for a tiny little girl.

How have you changed?

Please let her go. She is such a sweet child. We don't want vengeance. We just want our baby back. That was until later in the evening. Honestly, I think it's when she died. I felt her go through me, and I heard her scream, "Mommy." Look, you are so helpless. The sense of helplessness is unbelievable. And I had to do something. He was not a registered sex offender, because he was acquitted on multiple counts of continuous sexual abuse of three little girls a year before he took my daughter. First they wanted me to identify the—remains of my six-year-old. Seeing my daughter in the cold morgue, I wanted to crawl up there and die with her.

What would you like to hear?

You know, I don't know. She's just—it's just amazing that—she's just amazing. I just—you know, I don't—she's just given us all strength. Her courage is actually lifting everybody. It lifts us, and yet, of course, the whole story causes us a lot of anger and outrage, too, when you consider the record of the person linked to all of this.

Should I change the way I word the questions?

Yes. Yes. It was two girls who actually testified against him in the trial previously. It was three girls in Samantha's murder trial, three girls came forward and testified as to the way that he molested them. And that's why it was entered as evidence, because even though he was acquitted, they could testify as to the actual acts. And it was the same methods that he used on my daughter. I feel the system is failing everybody's family. This could have been anybody's family. It just happened to ours. He wasn't caught just once. He was caught many times and released again.

He watched Shasta and Dylan before...

He was looking for a boy, actually. That's what we think. Shasta was there too. I'm not sure why he took both of them. His past was filled with molesting boys. He might have, you know, fell in love with her or saw something special in her so he couldn't bring himself to do what he did to Dylan.

You don't believe that Dylan was murdered by accident?

No. We know it's not true.

He felt sorry for Shasta maybe? Discovered some form of sympathy that he didn't feel for the boy. Perhaps he saw himself in the boy and Shasta represented something else that he didn't need to hate.

She was sexually abused. In the photos we have, she looks traumatized. Severely. What's going on with her is unimaginable. You can only see that it is deep, that everything about her has changed to pain.

She can't operate like a normal little girl would. She looks like a little girl that needs help.

Does she know she needs help at that age.

You can't tell that, you don't know what they've seen or what they're dealing with minute by minute. But you can look at her and see there's something very seriously wrong with the way she's acting.

You immediately want to help her.

That's why she was discovered. She didn't have to cry or run screaming into someone's arms at the convenience store. She was so physically and mentally ruined that everything she did cried out. The way she walked slow, stayed quiet, looked down and uninterested in anything but carrying herself, basically. Those skinny arms folded across her chest while she walked. Screamed that here is a little girl that needs help.

The waitress said she recognized her from the missing poster.

How could she not. You had to look at her twice to begin with.

Needs to be rescued.

Taken away from all of this and given back to the childhood she deserved.

She didn't look like that before, did she?

I don't know. She had just seen her brother murdered and raped. She was being raped every day, multiple times a day. How could she have looked the same way?

Is it possible that she looked like that, that she acted that way, before her abductor took her?

They've released her school photos.

Comes from a poor situation.

Joe may well have seen the same quiet beg. He may have thought he wanted to help her.

And treat her worse?

You know you have to help. Then you see what's been done. You see what they've turned into. She may well have suggested the most sexualized, abused, tragedy as an opening to him understanding her. He should have seen that, avoided that, but he could have wanted to save her at first.

And he couldn't fight himself any longer.

She may not have known any better.

Do you see that there? Can you see that in the photos?

She was advertising. In the film of her since the ordeal, she is very strong and confident. She is clean and cared for. And her situation is still rough, she's lived a lot for a child that age. And, sadly, continues to deal with more than her fair share, even apart from the extraordinary attacks. She's doing better than you'd ever think she could have.

It's hard to figure out because it's all too sordid to work out what happens in sickness like that. That was the hardest part. It's really hard to sit in a room with somebody who killed your baby.

Has your family sought out counseling? Have you thought much about what you are going to say to Shasta, how you're going to handle the situation once you see her?

I worry about it. I can't stand not knowing what happened. You know, I want to say the imagination is worse than the reality. But, in Shasta's case, I honestly can't bring myself to think like that. I'm sure the reality of what that little skinny body went through for so long is just beyond my lowest thoughts ever. What she's seen and been through. What she learned.

That little Samantha thing. She had her back broken in two. Think about what this man did. On so many times, so many opportunities with nothing else on his mind. You think of that and then extend it without an end. I watched Samantha's mother cry the other night.

Do you think, when you see Shasta, you will have the right words?

Boy, I hope. You know, she's probably going to give me the words, as strong as she is. It might not be strength, it might be a slow breakdown creeping up and getting pushed back because she's staying so tough. She has to be. I hope she makes it. I hope she keeps fighting against those monstrous memories, the nightmares and flashes of everything made so ugly and vicious. You'd like to hope she'll know that people aren't like that. But she knows for sure. I hope she keeps her burning optimism. Her childhood isn't just gone, it's not just time for her to grow up from then. She's had her future ruined too. There's nothing that can make it not have

happened. But I'll take my cues from her. I have to see her and judge for myself what's strength and what's in pieces and numbed... drug needing pain. What's pure in her and where I can only try to help her get that back.

What kind of life is ahead for Shasta Groene, or, for that matter, for any child who has been through an ordeal like hers? Give some advice to somebody in this situation.

Well, first of all, I think, the sooner you can get them to some kind of mental health counseling, the better. They really have to express so much emotion.

I mean, there's grief, horrible, unbelievable grief. There's the scared feelings and the trauma that we're all talking about. There's bitter anger. And a person has to be able to vent some of that right away. And some people feel very guilty for having survived when others were killed. You know, why she survived and why everybody else was killed, once she realizes that, that may turn out to be an issue, also, the just awful guilt.

So, there's even survivor's guilt at the age of eight?

Oh, yes. And I have seen it before. And then you have this horribly numb state, which, you know, you just can't feel anything because you have had so much feeling stirred up that you wind up just sort of a numb icicle. And I thought I saw some of that on the videotape of the child in the store there. She didn't look like an animated regular human being in that store videotape. She...

We have all watched that. And it is horrifying when you realize the terrible predicament that she was in as she walks through that store, her arms folded, that grim, determined look, and almost a plaintive look.

She's going through it all right there. The ordeal isn't graphic but it's evident.

In the way she looks, fully dressed. Stamped. Held out in front of everyone. Stamped extra.

You want to help her.

I do. She's not begging. Holding it all right back into herself and her skinny body. I react like any good heart, it's not child pornography at first.

You don't get an erection with your daughter in your lap, hugging you, because you're impossibly uncontrollable.

You have control, of course. You have a superseding conscience. It's not a question of being better or the impulse being uncontainable. You learn a trade. It doesn't have to register dramatically, self-importantly. Simple.

Say stop.

Exactly. Look at the picture again. It's not sexual. It's why what happened is wrong. You can see the sickness of men like that. Only like that. It's tragic, that's what's coming from the photo. If you see the sex there, it's from tragedy.

What do you look for in KP?

I want the ones that talk back.

Who say stop?

Or just talk friendly. I miss my baby. Answer questions. Kill time.

They find a way to fight.

I was getting fucked every night. It was...he was insatiable. I tell myself I should have gotten used to it.

Or tried to send off different signals. Calm the monkey down and back off of you.

Tell him that I hated it.

How many times?

It didn't matter. One time wasn't enough for either of us.

It was exciting.

It is now, I have to masturbate in urinals.

You feel you have to.

I have done. You have proof.

There's the popular misconception of the cycle of abuse. But women are the greater victims statistically, by far. Men are, however, the greater perpetrators.

I've chosen to do this as a grown man with experience and training.

You're acting out. You're becoming a molested child.

Impossible. I'm an adult. This is more alluring than simplicity. If I wasn't doing this to see the Shasta film from inside the men I fuck—the men who fold their arms and beg quietly, consistently, permanently, as the preferred subject in their lives—I wouldn't find the picture nearly as worthwhile. I could forget it.

You don't want to move on, away from all this, do you?

I resent the suggestion in fact.

She's just a child.

Hardly. I make dedicated decisions that do not make her a fairy tale. You can count on me. I don't make wall hangings. I offer reams of material; not daily reports of braggart trolling. There's enough of these cunts taking up my time at the bars. I supply them, in fact. I despise the flippant artists trading on her name. As reductive. I find her deceased meth smoking mother as uncomplicated and repulsive as the paper chewing newscasters. I'm not morally centered enough to need to change either of them.

I hope she'll grow up tall and beautiful. Happy and safe.

How can you not pray for that? I hope she'll keep her gorgeous hair long and not give in to making her self less because of the sum around her.

You should live that long.

I wouldn't want to hold you back.

I was just really determined to be strong. I was really determined to make him experience our grief and the reality of what he did. Because I think that people—I can only assume that a monster has to dehumanize his victim before he can do something like that to them. And so I wanted him to feel the humanity of it, because I don't think he gets a place in humanity anymore. I couldn't even breathe. I had many thoughts. I wanted to get up and choke him. For a long time that was like the answer I was looking for. I wanted him dead, because he took my princess's little life.

You shouldn't have listened to me.

I mean, children, they have very animated faces. And they are full of life and vigor and interest. And that is not that kind of face. Then you have these arms that are just folded up trying to encircle herself and then her legs. They are the legs of a wounded animal.

You look at those legs and they are not coordinated and they are far spread apart. I think she is in physical pain, as well as in mental pain. And it's a very painful thing to watch. It's just awful to have to see that.

It's all in your head.

You know, you have the benefit of knowing the situation now. But you think, if you saw a child like that, would you think something was odd?

I've tried to help you.

You don't see her as you'd like to see children shopping. You don't want to see some girl like that and ask if she's alright. I did look at her very closely on that video. If I had been in the store, I don't know. I really don't know.

You're not sorry, are you? All these years wasted.

I wasn't doing anything but trying to make life better for you.

Are you—are you optimistic that she can walk down a road to recovery, obviously a very long road?

Well, you know, first, it involves getting all this emotion out.

And I think she could do that.

And then it involves really thinking it out. And some of this is just unthinkable. But being able to understand it in terms of other children who have recovered, other children who have been killed, what happened to her brother, what happened to everybody, trying to really understand it, which all of us now are trying to understand, but she would need to understand it much more fully, and then finally to get on to finding some kind of corrections in her own life that would be correct for what happened. You want it corrected definitely, you can't lose her. You don't want to see her lose.

It's like screaming at a rock after awhile. You won't ever listen to me. There's no reason to hate me so blindly.

I wish I hadn't ever done it. I wish what I have to say about fucking around with men was from a completely heterosexual view. Not some faggot or capable faggot. Some guy with a rigid grasp on his naturally aggressive taste for women, not sex. I'd like to be able to think I was there purely for the ugliness and harm of garbage. A predisposition to female degradation rather than genderless human pain, twisted teases and tendencies.

Don't be a rat. Don't tell on people. Don't use what you've learned, what you experienced and imagined you felt, just to act like a snitch.

You'll find out the real mistake is the one you're making now. You'll fuck it up all again.

You were offered therapy.

Yes. I stopped.

You blame everyone for thinking the wrong way about the trouble you caused.

The mother, the cops, the victims, everyone is offered therapy. I had already figured out what to do. I was doing it by myself.

You think it was too late by the time you were arrested? You were spiraling. You would have been even worse.

Who knows what trouble I could've caused.

They tried to tell you. You were a danger to yourself and to others.

I don't know. But these therapies do nothing. I have to swallow fiction. Where they're telling me I was going backwards as the story files forwards dramatically. A character they make up as they listen to you. The same paths that they were following as far as I can see. Ask these doctors what happiness is and what they've put in front of themselves to get it. I don't look to be excused, I do look for some sense of life in these dunces. So I know we cancel each other out. It doesn't have to be where I've been to where I'm going, tinted slightly with fake apologies for what I've been through. They lie way fucking worse than me. They're the ones that don't know how to act.

Once you've seen it. Once you even heard about it. I can't wish back my puberty and tell you what I wanted compared to what I found. You don't get to do that. It's childish and you grow out of that, they're the ones that won't. You're simply left with working out the degrees of selfishness compared to the desperation in degrees of fabrication.

There's an amateur pornographer that does exact copies of what Bobby Garcia did. He films himself the same way, in front of the same type chair, on his knees, encouraging army boys to let him suck them off. He even uses a large white bathroom towel to clean up the boys when he's done. It's not first out of the gate, just as it's not in recognizing a sexual mode, that makes Garcia's work the only series worth entertaining. Garcia was degenerating a need, that's what you get from buying the video. Others would argue. Losing themselves blissfully in the hard cocked beauty of the naked body and small resistance of macho lunks. My doctor would. My cops would. I grew up on these films. And I knew that what was interesting beyond the sexual give and take and table conversations was that Bobby was an ugly man made uglier by becoming what made him loathsome. The therapeutic suggestions are always built around exactly what's missing rather than available. And what's missing is that these scumbags don't think they look as bad as I know they do.

Give me a chance to say I'm sorry.

She was three years old. I'm aware that what I did was disgusting, brutal, very unpleasant to experience and watch. I understand that. Because I did it. And I saw it. And I know the effect it has. I know how these amateurs behave. And not many of them have the good sense to look back at it, not fucking sell it or trade it, because it is very clearly a revolting pit, self, forged, that you've sunk to. It is how all pornography looks to me. It always has been. That scrape. The inhuman, uncaring, bloated hog mud floor is not unique to me, child molesters and the hiders of child pornography. It's all right there whenever your doctor talks about his wife and the cops talk about their mission.

It's insulting to be offered help, I realize that.

I have a daughter who was raped and maimed and did not survive. My six-year-old Sara would be 28 years old. I realized he was with her for two days. I just hoped it

happened within a couple of hours. I really don't believe that in my heart. I believe that she suffered.

You act like I didn't get used to helping you. You fucking have to think here a minute, Princess.

It's weird the things you miss. The sound of her voice. I miss the feeling of her hands.

You don't want me to call you stupid. It's all I can think of though, you're not being logical.

I knew she'd reject me and I always knew for her to be worthwhile to me, she'd have to do that. And the ugliest, best, part of me is only glad that I treated her the way I did. She didn't deserve what I did so that I could feel, at least, I got that. Treated her like she didn't understand, was stripped and reduced to my hideous facts. So I think of her being dragged back and I take great comfort in that. I still find it sexually exciting in that I masturbate to it more than anything else.

Time goes by too quick. I want what you have, to feel it slow and psychotic. Think only about this, hate how and why my thoughts won't leave me alone. Crawling, crying, cumming, foiling won't be a release, won't be a take away from culling.

So you jerk off. Do something from inside. Argue with yourself. Let your thoughts smash back. Challenge yourself to be just as bad and then worse.

You can be a good mother. Someday soon.

You're proving that you're not worth the effort. It's easier to let you go. Just so I can forget about worrying about you all the fucking time.

After seeing his look at the sentencing when he got mad, seeing that look in his eyes... I could see how a girl of fourteen would be scared.

How can I not feel sorry for you. How can I do anything but respond. Need to help you. You all but plead. You have to ask yourself, what is he getting out of all of this.

You pick at people. Sad fuck.

It takes its toll. Cognitive retraining.

It's not your fault.

You need to hear the truth, right?

I would like to know that this happened to other people.

You're not to blame.

How would I be to blame?

Think of licking her asshole, beating off on her back.

I had to give her something that made her feel excited, happy to be there.

What do you remember?

The way her body felt. How she let me.

My eight-year-old walked out of the woods and survived that horrifying night. The man who raped her and murdered her sister died on death row. July 16, 2004.

What did you go there for?

Compassionate coercion versus willful stupidity.

So you had some concern?

You're supposed to be lazy.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

I had to collect enough money.

Did you return to the restroom area?

Put a young hustler against a dark room brick wall and sucked on his fat cock until he asked me if I was done.

What did you think, your state of mind?

He wasn't asking for more money but I was done.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

That others will take delight in how she is hurt. That she'll fail at pretending she understands others' lies and fall for them. That being jealous would be important to her. That the level she reaches too easily means she deserves it. That I've been wrong about her.

What did you go there for?

To see her hurt. To fall in love with someone who doesn't know how badly she wants to be hurt.

So you had some concern?

First they wanted me to identify the remains of my six-year-old. And my eight-year-old had survived. To see her when I got to the hospital seeing my daughter in the cold morgue, I wanted to crawl up there and die with her.

How long did you remain away from the arcade?

I lost the job that gave me a truck. I'd only fuck chicago whores in the cab of the van or a car. Usually just blowjobs. Some groping and vile fingering when I thought hardest about children. Hard to make that last argument, I think.

Did you return to the restroom area?

Exactly like the nearby adultbookstore. Scummy black walls and quick sound-fucked screens. If they played the news in there, instead of nauseating female-centric porn, I'd have to work harder to concentrate. Investigate where I was. The place can overwhelm me. I had to make the films at home.

What did you think, your state of mind?

He was a very nice boy and we don't want to forget about him. We should pray for him every night. Every holiday I would want him to be involved in the holidays, even though he is not here. That doesn't mean he doesn't exist. In Christmas, I would buy him a Christmas present. He was a really good brother to me and really sweet to people and we all love him.

When you said you feared the worst, what were you fearing?

But to help, my brother was there. With the help of my brother, I came out of the morgue, went upstairs. My eight-year-old was on the bed with bandages all over her neck. She told me, "Daddy, Sara's dead. She had a hole in her throat." You know, my kids are all huggy-touchy. We all kiss and hug constantly. And a very mushy family. But Sara, I think, topped it all. She was, like, always hugging her siblings or around my neck. The minute I would walk in the house, she was constantly all over me.

It's my fault ultimately. I wanted to help and I kept telling myself that. I did help. You can't say I didn't. But I had to lie. I still have to. I can't undo all the work I did up till now. I'd have to tell you how sick you were. How I knew it and kept it hidden. How you were fooled and I always saw you as weakened, needing to be taken care of. I have to give up now. But I turned into this pig for the best reasons you or anyone else have. Please don't come back looking for this again. I'll do it. For myself, of course. But it's better for you if you don't want it.

She was extremely smart. She was—she had so many questions about nature. It was amazing. She loved geography. One of the places that she always dreamed of seeing was the Statue of Liberty. And I remember a year prior that's the only visitation I had with them, we went to New York City, and she saw the Statue of Liberty. I asked her, "Sara, what does the Statue of Liberty mean to you?" She says, "All free

people like to see the statue of liberty, and I'm a free person." And I have a picture with all of my kids in front of the Statue of Liberty. Sara was so happy that day.

What were you like before this happened to you?

Sneaking out. I'd do a lot of work so I wouldn't get caught. It becomes second nature. Before this, I was frightened. I should've never given into desire alone. Got brave, stupid.

I should clarify. I like this. I like worrying about things that should be more important.

And the lies.

She's gorgeous.

After interviewing hundreds of sex offenders, I discovered some fascinating personality traits. Once I understood them, it became the most dynamic interviewing tool at my disposal. When a sex offender talks about the case under investigation, he will do five things.

He'll overwork the body language, deconstruct the psychology of choice to wipe away his failures. These brutes that want to be like you. Assume, believe, everyone is the same as them first. Then look to you to prove their own mistakes as admissible. He wants to prove honesty to you. He wants you to reach down inside; find flat. Hard palm squeezed over loose hand. Stop when fingernails scratch the base. I studied this. I reached down before you did. I knew it was there. And I knew you weren't going to get it otherwise. You've been in therapy for every single year you've been adult. You can't give up and you can't fit in. The trauma you suffered isn't fair and this is no great solution. You don't throw the garbage away, you need somewhere to stash it so it won't make you look sloppy. Problem is, you'll always know you had it at one time. Look for a better hiding place, you only need to keep other's focus away from it. Easier than forgetting it. Tell your therapist and see if you can convince him first. See if that works.

1. Diminish the severity of the event.

Don't repeat what hasn't worked. Keep insisting that something else needs to happen, something needs to finish finally. Need some acknowledgement. Don't trust that you have a higher understanding of what's happening out in danger land. Don't know what the fuck happened to you. The medication wastes time. It doesn't cure, temporarily quiets the demands. You'll need to turn it outside for everybody else. Years ago, I would've told you how much I really love men. There's sick people. And, like all the time, men made them that way. If she was filmed, which is what I have to hear and it really is unbearable... I can't stand that. I know it's men who need that shit. Who think they can do it. Who don't really care. I just—have a missing poster with your child's face on it is the worst feeling in the world. She's so beautiful. She was just like me. She had my middle name. She told jokes, stupid jokes, like me that didn't make any sense. She couldn't walk and

chew bubble gum at the same time. We called her "Grace." She loved everybody. She loved animals.

2. Blame the victim to some degree.

Scrambling, confused, hastily rephrased inconsistencies. Gives way to hectoring poor helpful doctors. Tiny minded. According to Genet, and Sartre on Genet, and Sartre on Genet via Laing, there's two fantasies at work while one masturbates. The jagoff becomes the viewer and the subject all at once. Perfectly recognized and molded. There's the exact same immediacy method used by the interviewer. "I know you" is better as "you know me." So can you just fucking stop it. I don't need you to admit it. I don't need to force so little from you, flea. I don't despise what you go back to. I don't have to think it's beneath you. No one asked you to man up first or at all. You slide, life is short, sorry for my past mistakes and your inability, not reluctance, to understand it.

3. Attempt to control the interview.

Still pretend that sex is biological interaction tinged with social flattery. Drive. You can use the word support without fear of humiliation and embarrassment. Try propelled. Where would you go first if your celibacy broke apart. Where did you go when interest and taste collided. When your public bus sitting spine cracked? When you finally admitted to loneliness to the person paid to understand. What'd you get for that?

What would you like to go back to?

It's not the only option you want to have. I hate to say this but I think it. She was destined for this. I heard Amber Hagerman's mother at an event saying that her daughter was always helping children, she was always concerned about other kids' and people's feelings. And she said that she thinks that was why Amber had to die. That was her way of helping more people through the amber alert. But I don't believe that. My baby had to die because she was always happy. And men, you know, she was waiting... Men suck. They're dogs, not all of them, I guess. There's been some very nice men who've helped me. But I don't trust them. I'm talking about the ones that help me even.

4. Never give you 100% of the information regarding what occurred.

A good friend that I'd encouraged to perform for me gave me a disc of him fucking himself and others. I told him it's the one film I go back to now more than anything else. Which is true. He asked me to destroy it not long ago. He wishes he hadn't given it to me as he doesn't know what I'll eventually do with it.

I don't care about the older footage on the disc. Him going through apartment sex with his locally aged assholes.

I have to get rid of it before I die. I'm not particularly moved to crush it just yet.

I can't destroy the films, Doll, because, first of all: I like seeing you enjoy yourself. Doing things for me. I also like seeing you cum without a condom. Like you used to. Before you met me.

Am I being cruel?

Give me a new tape. I'll give the old one back to you.

I wish you didn't give it to me in the first place.

I love seeing you and watching what you're doing. You know that.

It's the only child pornography, I told him, that I couldn't get rid of without pull. Before I even had much of a chance to think why I should keep it. I want it to be treated like I enjoy what I choose as art. As a man who is doing more than filming himself masturbating to a computer screening short films of children from latin filth pits having sex.

There are no children in the film he gave me, He only gave me the sound that bounced off him as he watched, the camera coming from behind the images of the littlest darkies who ever had the displeasure to want human. It could be anything thirdworld that the rats are playing with and munching on.

I knew the films he was probably using, I don't remember the voices well enough to pull up useful mental imagery from memory. I don't do well with common gibberish, do alright with French and Russian. Breaks down, sadly. I can respond pretty quickly to some specialized intonations.

Have you actually ever said the child's name that you're masturbating to?

I've been blunt. Not that the act of masturbating is not blunt. The little kids I watch seem to fare better as rebounds and smudges.

Would it help to say the name of my favorite?

There's a weaker part of me that wants to protect them before I cum. This is the same idea gone sideways from the concern of being discovered.

If you have a favorite, yes, you like to hear it.

You could've remembered. You can't say you don't know.

I need to know you're not frightened.

I am frightened. Though I don't know that saying her name is any way special to that. I don't want to ugly her name, her continued existence, by being gratuitously harmful. You understand that what I see in her situation is much more than pain and the public brutality of the treatment of her pain.

This one is so special, you'd have to keep her away from yourself.

Not at all. I have to keep her away from you.

We're saying the same thing.

I dearly wish we could come to some agreement, that's what this is all for. I don't think the whole of you deserves her or would treat her in the same way I do. I like that I have to shield her. Psychotic as that truly is, maybe I'll try and keep that to myself for awhile.

Put as many pictures down on the floor of her as you can collect.

I haven't found one bad picture yet.

You cover up her brother.

He should mean more. Maybe he could cast her in a greater light, a brighter spotlight all over her kindness and coming careful intelligence.

He'd make her sadder.

I wouldn't know. He only seems to be there and then not. I'm not convinced that her statements work beyond the common hands-off expectations. I'm trying to select the girl pictures over the boy pictures, first of all. You really can just start there.

Can't ever say that you don't fuck her up.

Which ones are still walking and asking you not to. Which ones can adjust the excitement of an emotional response.

5. Never tell you about crimes that you don't already know about.

I gave up fucking children long before I gave up fucking men and women. I never thought, ever, that I was fucking anything but children. In the habitual world, any body that would let me in or push towards me was an adult capable of more adult responsibility than thought. The act in which they were propelled made them children. I was aware of my prejudice. They were only going to be children anyway. Fuck memories. Not fantasies. I've never not used a real name and a photograph. I expect more from women, perhaps. Soon enough I was fucking older women who stood in for the grief that might be closer to children's pain that I collected and misused. Closer, fuck. I didn't see the act as possible to hold and deliver the regret I wanted to experience from the appeal. I hope I never lost myself in another stupid hope that I was both rapist and victim. I didn't want to be a child, getting fucked, because I never experienced my kid that way. I certainly was stupid enough to look for women that would let me see how far I could get to an idea of their drudgery. I wanted to fuck mothers, haggard women, or mothers to be. Reasonable women. Convince me otherwise. I listened very carefully to their memories, all of them, every single one of these liars, untrustworthy and revoltingly empty of anything greater than a cum that was supposed to be better than onanism. I'm not at all

surprised that I find myself disgusted beyond even the simplest form of politeness in front of them naked. I can't stand seeing them. Dressed up makes it even worse these days.

You look worse.

Do me a favor.

Act like it.

Understanding these five personality traits gives the interviewer a tremendous advantage. The trick is to sit back, allow the suspect to talk, recognize what he is doing and encourage him to continue. If he wants to make you believe that he only fondled the little girl vs. having intercourse, let him say that. If he wants to say that the five-year-old seduced him, that's fine too. I'll take a partial confession any day. Don't try to force every little bit of information out of him. Doing so makes him feel out of control and he'll regain control (of the interview) by deciding not to talk. Sex offenders have a need to exercise power over their environment, so let them. Recognize that to the offender, knowledge is power. If he has information that you want, then he has the power. The interview trick is to let him prove that he has the power. Let him give you a taste of the information. Let him feel like he's in charge of dealing out the information one card at a time.

The wall between two men sucking, I thought, was more than negation, paraphilia, the dumb necessity of a single body part. The sexy absence of a complex personality. Well done, Doll. Numbers shoot up fucking fast. Symptoms drop almost as fast. I'd get out of control. What I was confusing. Blurring. Then I'd get control, usually by masturbating. To pictures of children. All sorts. But it wasn't anxiety I was suffering before. I'd just let myself calm down a little. Have a pact.

As long as there is a sexual interest in a behavior or a type of person, that will lead to commodification and commercialization, in the form of prostitution and pornography.

Put there to generate cash from the correct perception that the customer didn't need it but wanted it. The cash came from the act. You, the employers told, wanted nothing else. Sell up fantasy or self-reliant, sexual need. You weren't thinking already, it wasn't a fucking con. Not committed by little thinking on littler. Just plain. And the laws that you were worried about. Paraded against the possible repeals and fantastic hatred. Were actually feeling sorry for you. Knowing you were scared, they had chosen to be gentle with you. You got pitched a bad idea and rose to limited chances. Look at how you act.

It's all about sex. Because it involves others.

Only a cop would say that. Someone who'd need to diminish what I do.

The process is key.

Not by the time you get it.

This law applies to a very, very tiny percentage of our general population.

They're not fathers either, are they? They're kin. Incest as a crime is biological, not moral. These men aren't pedophiles. You've been wrong for decades.

I think that's the biggest challenge that I have with sex offender laws. They tend to treat all sex offenders the same, and they're not the same.

My world is too small to see them as all the same, actually. The men I know are from the decision, not the taste. The drive has become the violence in all these nonexistent lessons. Nothing ever about the wretched nature of men with tastes or instinct. Sex has everything to do with getting as far away from sex as possible. You dress it up, twist it into something that can't support the very first fucking obscene definition of nature. You'd have to be an idiot.

Why do you think they've kept you as a person of interest for so long in the Jacob Wetterling case?

I'm single, living at home with my parents; some people see that as a mark of failure. I don't have a good alibi.

When my son was kidnapped they didn't have a clue who was in the area. It can absolutely work. It doesn't have to work against sex offenders; it can clear them very quickly.

I honestly believe that you're not stupid. I think you've thought about this very carefully. Your work, in fact, does create questions about what I've been looking for. The sense that I might have been too comfortable with myself. You aren't necessarily being asked for sense. I'm used to finding you far more obvious, far more disgusting, attractive. You've been that. I'm not as tied to my own subjective problems as you might think on the other hand. Be beautiful. You know, what would you look for in answers from me?

The goal is to interrupt the behaviors if they've done something wrong, get them some help so they can live a normal, healthy wonderful life.

One of my memories is it was just a splendid day for running.

I was typing on those (record collection index) cards basically most of the day, if I wasn't outside running. And being alone and thinking, well, I better check this out, and there are flashlights in the woods by our woodpiles. I really pretty much panicked. I had no idea what was going on.

I did quite a bit of searching... Did I sleep? I did eventually go to sleep but at that point it was like, what can I do? I remember getting back out of bed and going, wow, now they're down in the gravel pit with a spotlight and thinking, Should I go down there? But, I didn't. I regret that.

I love you too. We've known each other for a long time.

I turned down his offer to watch the movie at his apartment when he first gave it to me. I didn't want it to turn into sex. Which, I'm sorry, is what I think was a part of the gift. But, honestly, I don't know, sweetheart.

It's beneath you. I love you so much that I don't want a blowjob while I'm watching children. Not from you.

Don't trust you. You and that cunt talk about it.

I told him I got rid of everything. There's nothing I kept. I should be quiet, I have a film of you watching the material. You can't say I forced you to do this. I can believe you, that you don't like it. Others have the proof that it makes you cum. Doesn't matter what you were thinking.

Residency restrictions are also wrong and ludicrous and make no sense at all. We're putting all of our energy on the stranger, the bad guy and the reality is it's most sex offenses are committed by somebody that gains your trust, or is a friend or relative, and so none of these laws address the real, sacred thing that nobody wants to talk about.

My past caught up with me, it's nice to have it changed. I want to get better. I want you to tell me what you think better is. I can tell you something sweet. I'd maybe prefer that it wasn't. But then you should see it as something I let go. Just entertainment. My condition is to vomit everything away just as soon as I've seen it.

But if you made it possible to use the death penalty for a child rape situation, the perpetrator might as well kill the child because there's the same consequence, and if offenders are cognizant of those kinds of consequences, then they have no motivation to keep the child alive.

You're getting more than pornography from him. That's what's there in the video. And you were getting dope from him all along. Were we getting shit from the same slob? Were you getting it from him when you were selling it to me?

How did the porn trade happen? Who were you talking about. How did he know you'd be alright with it.

Did you only get it so you could rope me back in.

Did you give him a copy of the tape you said was for me. Where'd you get the idea from.

We should be always shocked and horrified, every time it happens. What concerns me now, and what I think has grown progressively worse, is that we are no longer shocked and horrified over the sexualization of our children.

You sexualize. Not they.

What did you think when you realized 'they're looking at me'?

I remember thinking, well, they have to check me out. I mean, that's alright, yeah.

When they checked my car out I remember thinking, Wow, maybe I'm not a witness.

Then when our children do what we've taught them to do, and act the way we've taught them to act, the only answer we have is to arrest them, register them as a sex offender, and change their lives forever so they have no possibility of regaining themselves. It makes no sense.

You don't want to talk about dying anymore. This is going to hurt you too fucking much and I'm sorry.

I take these people's words and put them on paper. I see what works for me and write where I connect. You really don't want me to use you that way. The way they talk about emotionalism, they disgust me and you don't fucking want to sound like that.

Don't disgust me, alright?

This, fuckhead, really is what you're doing. I have nothing that is going to make it better. You let him in, you did this. And I don't want any of it. Here's how you know I'm telling you the truth.

This is the best pornography I have ever seen. This is how you think of me. That you would do this. And think it might work.

I ask a lot of questions. I've always asked a lot of questions. I feel that, when Jacob was kidnapped, I was angry, as you can imagine. I've been angry; I know fear and I know anger, and I don't like living my life like that.

I don't want you to find me attractive. I can't find you like everyone else, right? I'll do my work to make you typical too. I'll do that and you and I can compare efforts. You advertise for pigs like me. It isn't beneath you. I refuse to think differently, you'll say. I just have to stay there. And yet. I know why I'm with you, at this age, for both of us. Most of the mothers I know now are much younger than me. None of the sexual or friendly offers I accept from men are. Most of the offers I get are.

I've learned a lot. I didn't know that most of the time sexual offenses are committed by someone that the child knows. I learned that by being investigated. Law enforcement always looks at the family, friends, and relatives. They always look very closely at the family. I understand that. It was painful, but I do understand that now.

You had special on your side. Easy to learn that way. Tell others about who has to watch you jerk off.

Are you an exhibitionist?

No, are you?

I like showing myself to you. I like it a lot. Your cock looks nice that way.

I like watching you too. You don't have to talk. Just sit there, do you mind?

I couldn't hang on to that anger. It was destroying me inside. It was. I've seen people do that. They become very bitter. They can also be very effective at changing laws, but it's unhealthy. I couldn't do it.

You became famous. You've worked so hard. You've outsmarted everybody else. Must be terrible to be under-recognized, I tried my damndest to build you up, so you'd just feel a little bit of that. Little everyday puffs, Darling.

You're far too pretty for me.

I don't know why I thought about it differently than other people. I know I do and it's hard.

Better now? It's not all terrible all the time, is it? Tasted good or made you hate it more. Seemed phony? I know what that's like, I don't want to cum in anybody anymore. I don't get the pleasure. I know what you'd be thinking and deciding not to do what you'd wish you could.

I don't exactly know when it started, but it took a long time. At first I didn't want to talk to offenders.

They spend their entire lives not offending. Entireties work against them. Happiest this way.

I was amazed by that story. I couldn't do that.

Take what you're hurting about and see that it doesn't hurt. The mistake you can make is much easier than looking at what happened logically. Then you learn that your logic is wrong. Has been for decades. Don't go backwards, still.

I decided I would write a letter to the man who took Jacob. The only way I could do that was to think of this man as once a child. As a child, something really bad must have happened to this man that he would then act out and do these things to other children.

Nothing bad happened. Not, especially, when you consider all you've gone through. It sounds facetious. I wouldn't do anything difficult. I've used your sense of wellbeing as a fulcrum to attack the others in your position for longer than your child

has been missing. But nothing is level in any life. You'll always have the anecdotes and computer searches. Is it fair to say that what you've suffered, in what is usually called mute terms, has turned you into a sponge. How bad it is. Has to have an explanation. So you find the man who did this to you. Not Jacob.

Part of my problem, and my family would agree with this, is I've been too willing to give them information.

And your reason for that is?

I have nothing to hide and I want them to solve the case.

Did you have anything to do with Jacob's disappearance?

The easy answer is to say, I have absolutely nothing to do with the disappearance of Jacob Wetterling. I can't even believe it's being talked about 21 years ago. I've been trying to help solve the case for 21 years. My problem is I cannot prove with physical evidence and witnesses that I did not do it.

Registering and treating them as demons and animals, not even human, that doesn't do anything. It destroys the person. It would destroy me internally and it would not help solve the problem.

Has this not destroyed you? Everything that is said is highlighted historically. Post alleged. Your experience isn't theoretical, lucky you.

Turn around.

I want to see your ass. Spread.

Don't you want the whole show.

Wouldn't you rather I not.

They're not the same as the man who took Jacob. They're kids. They are acting out in a sexualized culture, doing the things we've taught them to do.

Sex offenders on one side. Mothers and the support slingers on the other. You in the middle, hands outstretched, holding off the crush that never even existed. Only comes from those not as capable as you in telling what really happened. What did you find out about what you're dealing with every second.

She asked me if I could talk and my just reaction was well, yeah, of course. Twenty years is long enough to not talk. So, we sat down and talked for about an hour.

She wanted to have really direct answers eye to eye with me. As you know about me, I like to joke around and was it a prank that went bad, close to Halloween? And, I assured her, no. I think she asked that a number of times. 'Did you do it?' and the answer is, no. No. No.

We've been overwhelmed with just amazing, amazing support, but at the same time nobody wants to find the man who took Jacob . . . in their family.

That Jacob could be alive somewhere. Wouldn't that be a dream? It could happen. The hope is there and if we have hope then we have something.

You shouldn't be ashamed or embarrassed at being thanked for changing resistant minds. You've only made suggestions so that they could engage with the subject. You can't be expected to know every mistake, talk to every cripple about what really happens between emotions and thought. You don't have to change them, educate them. You've got too much to handle right now.

They name laws that are either compelling, compassionate, like after the child, or the PROTECT Act. The Adam Walsh Act is named after a child. There are so many named after children, Dru's Law, Jessica's Law. It gives the sense that this is compassionate and caring and that it will make the world safer. Often, it doesn't.

I'm looking for Jacob. I didn't want a law named after Jacob, I wanted my son.

I don't see you on your knees, waiting for something to be stuffed in and out of your mouth. This is compassion, unkindly. You don't have to involve yourself in dirt. You shouldn't ask to be there and have the pages turned for you. No one but complete filth will point out the worst bits and then the sleazier subtleties. All the ones offering support and compassion have been lying to you, all these years. And anyone who didn't wasn't worth worrying about. Stop using the words. Go back to the pictures, the debris. Open your book of memories and instruct through the newsclippings. You do your best. You convince me that you're doing your best.

I didn't have the time or energy to put any thought into that. But over time I began looking, and I asked law enforcement, what would have helped you? They said it would have helped to know who was in the area.

The shots of you when you're a kid and then a teenager and now an adult. They're taken by people who you owe everything to. Not me. I've never been as psychotic or desperate as you'd like to ease into and bark back. I didn't raise you, cause you to collapse, instill pride and obligation.

It's a big thing for me. For 21 years of my life it's been revolving around, you might say, around this whole conspiracy thing. They even said to me, this was six years ago, 'Would you be willing to just admit you did it and end this whole thing so we can go on and get this solved?' They've said that to me.

What was your reaction?

I laughed. I laughed at them. They didn't like that but for me I have to have a sense of humor about something so serious or I wouldn't be here. I'd have gone crazy long ago. That's what I'm angry about. It's turned into a monster so to speak. My elderly parents, they really are having a hard time.

It was the worst day of my life, without a doubt. That experience that day... I thought my dad was going to die of a heart attack. It was that ugly.

They physically pulled my mom out of the house onto the floor. The way things escalated, I put my arms around my dad just to try to calm him down. He was just so scared of what was happening.

In the process I started talking to a few investigators and that was fine with me. I drove down to the gravel pit with them. They were asking me a lot of questions.

So you actually wanted them to do more?

I will be in trouble for saying this... yes.

All of these laws they've been passing make sure that they're not going to succeed. They don't have a place to live; they can't get work. Everybody knows of their horrible crime and they've been vilified.

You talk to babies. They want to sleep, that's all they want to do. You keep them entertained only between naps. You talk to babies about babies. You need more experience than loss and more words than compassion.

It's organized but it's so much stuff and so much paperwork files on everything and I have a Jacob Wetterling file.

Why?

Why not. Would it be weird to let all of this be lost in my memory.

That's a really good question. I would have suggested a study on sex offender treatment.

Don't look for honesty. Or anything fucking comprehensive that you can queasily rely on. Nothing better than lies. There's nothing that will help you get help if you start at comfort. Fuck you. You don't have to accept this either. I do not want to offer anything to anyone. I have nothing but contempt for my situation, myself when I sound like this, like you especially, and all the others around that don't sound enough like you. These rats want you to be genitalia and you're more than willing, it seems. How did you get here. Why listen to you, cunt.

We had one TV station which did a series. It was a five-night series on the problem, the victims, the perpetrators, the hopes. Actually it might have had one part on solutions or treatments and the hope. They really took time to show the depth of it. It was really, really well done and very thoughtful. We did a lot of shows on the national level, too, that were hour-long programs, that I thought delved into the reality that we as families are facing and the challenges. My basic statement for years has been somebody knows who took Jacob, somebody did this and you know, somebody knows. They may have a piece of information that we still need. We

have got to find the man who took Jacob. There is somebody out there who steals kids. He's got my son. Did he do it again? I don't know.

You'll have information that is so special that you'll want to keep it all to yourself. You'll understand that it can't be shared, only make-ups want you to share what they can't comprehend. Fucking bad deal to hope you need to share your life. How'd you start your family, rat? How do you keep someone happy making you happy. Put up with you for so long and you never got enough. Because you won't—and you shouldn't—accept that he'd take care of you. Make you first, even. You slug, you fucking half-wit. I talked with him. He told me. He isn't going to do all that work, look back and then ruin it by letting you in. You don't tell someone you feel fucking sorry for them. I'm not tired.

I'm not soft on these guys, but I just know that they're not all the same.

The places I used to go to are coming scorched earth. Dart boards and video games and faggots who revel in hookups back to their apartments. I'm old and don't register or attract bodies. I hadn't considered the possibility that these places, these guys, would be obsolete.

This man was arrested in St. Paul and they said that he had knowledge of Jacob's kidnapping. The media said that when the police did a search they found pornography. They found a digital camera. They found movies. They found clothing.

Souvenirs don't last, Kid. And you're stuck with the camera as a central move in sex. Not an extension. Not a cruel humiliation, document, blackmail or a commemorative of how brave and unctuous you were then plus. You don't need to prove that you don't care. I'm going to take a photo of you with my cock in your mouth. You'll want to look this way. You're not kidding anyone. You're not adult enough, yet. You'll still be living with your mother, worrying about your job. But this is the real you. It'll impress someone somehow soon enough. It'll confirm droll or jealous suspicions.

I was really worried about my other son. He wasn't with us; he was staying with a friend. I was so scared Trevor was going to watch and see that report, and what would Trevor think? I didn't sleep for days.

A Big Spring man indicted on federal child pornography charges in August was indicted on three counts of aggravated sexual assault of a child and one count of continuous sexual assault of a child by a 118th District Court grand jury Thursday.

John Alan Conroy, 37, was first arrested by law enforcement officials July 3 on a charge of aggravated sexual assault of a child. Conroy was later taken into federal custody in Brownfield—where he remains—after allegations tied to the Dec. 27, 2009, incident identified in the federal indictment were made.

While the federal case is being handled by the United States Attorneys Office Northern District out of Lubbock, the local charges will be prosecuted by the 118th District Attorney's Office. All four counts against Conroy are first-degree felonies, punishable by 5 to 99 years to life in prison and a fine not to exceed \$10,000. If convicted on the federal charges, Conroy faces a penalty of not less than 15 years

imprisonment, not more than 30 years in prison, and a \$250,000 fine per count. In addition, Conroy could be ordered to serve a lifetime of supervised release.

Conroy wasn't the only local resident indicted on sexual-based charges Thursday, as the following cases were also true-billed:

- Eujenio Ceballos-Silvia, 35, currently in federal custody, was indicted on four counts of aggravated sexual assault of a child (first-degree felonies) and continuous sexual assault of a child (first-degree felony).
- John Martin Fiala, 52, of 13255 Pandora Dr. in Dallas, was indicted on a charge of sexual assault of a child (second-degree felony) and two counts of aggravated sexual assault of a child (first-degree felony).
- Ernesto Dutchover Garcia, 59, 1300 E. 11th Place, was indicted on four counts of indecency with a child (second-degree felony), three counts of aggravated sexual assault of a child (first-degree felony) and a charge of continuous sexual assault of a child (first-degree felony).
- Paul John Holguin, 45, of 3620 Calvin, was indicted on a charge of indecency with a child (second-degree felony) and two counts of aggravated sexual assault of a child (first-degree felony).
- Junior Jones, 24, of 1710 Austin, was indicted on two counts of indecency with a child (second-degree felony).
- George Ray McMorris Jr., 40, of 101 Ave. B in Ackerly, was indicted on three counts of online solicitation of a minor (third-degree felony).
- Sidney Dewayne Parker, 42, of 906 N.W. Second St., was indicted on a charge of aggravated sexual assault of a child (first-degree felony).
- Ferres William Schlipf, 28, of 1308 Harding, was indicted on a charge of indecency with a child (second-degree felony).
- Robert Allen Thorpe, 21, of 1303 Michael, was indicted on charges of indecency with a child (second-degree felony) and sexual assault of a child (second-degree felony).
- Anthony Eugene Trevino, 24, of 1607 Bluebird, was indicted on two counts of aggravated sexual assault of a child (first-degree felonies).
- David Joe Villareal Jr., 23, of 1105 E. 13th St., was indicted on a charge of aggravated sexual assault of a disabled individual (first-degree felony).

It was absolutely glamorizing the horrible act that could have happened. We went through 6 months of anxiety because the man who had been arrested had a boy's jock strap.

John Alan Conroy, 36, of Big Spring, Texas, pleaded guilty yesterday afternoon before U.S. District Judge Sam R. Cummings to one count of producing child pornography and one count of receipt of a visual depiction of a minor engaging in sexually explicit conduct.

He faces a statutory sentence of 15 to 50 years in prison, a \$500,000 fine and a lifetime of supervised release. Judge Cummings ordered a pre-sentence report with sentencing to be scheduled after the completion of that report. Conroy has been in custody since his arrest in July 2010 on a related charge outlined in a federal criminal complaint.

According to court documents, in 2009, Conroy lived with a woman and her two young children, Jane and John Doe, in Big Spring. Jane Doe turned eight years old during that year, and John Doe turned 10 years old that year. During part of

the year, Conroy was unemployed. The mother of the children worked during the day, and Conroy often was left in charge of Jane Doe.

Conroy had purchased a laptop computer in approximately 2007, and beginning some time in 2007 or 2008, started using it to search the Internet for sexually explicit images and videos of children. He downloaded and collected numerous images and videos depicting minors engaging in sexually explicit conduct, and stored the images on his computer and on various forms of storage media.

During 2009, when Jane Doe was seven years old, Conroy began showing her various images and videos depicting minors engaged in sexually explicit conduct. Beginning in October 2009, Conroy began engaging in sexual contact with Jane Doe. Then, on December 27, 2009, Conroy used his Canon digital camera to produce sexually explicit videos of Jane Doe. The videos were produced in a residence in Big Spring.

The case is being investigated by Homeland Security Investigations (HSI), the Big Spring Police Department and the Texas Department of Public Safety. Assistant U.S. Attorney Steven M. Sucsy of the U.S. Attorney's Office in Lubbock, Texas, is in charge of the prosecution.

And.

John Alan Conroy, 37, of Big Spring, Texas, who pleaded guilty in Dec. 2010 to one count of producing child pornography and one count of receiving a visual depiction of a minor engaging in sexually explicit conduct, was sentenced this morning by U.S. District Judge Sam R. Cummings to 405 months in federal prison, announced U.S. Attorney James T. Jacks of the Northern District of Texas. In addition, Judge Cummings ordered that Conroy, who has been in custody since his arrest in July 2010 on a related charge, serve a lifetime of supervised release following his imprisonment.

And.

This case was brought as part of Project Safe Childhood, a nationwide initiative launched in May 2006 by the Department of Justice, to combat the growing epidemic of child sexual exploitation and abuse. Led by United States Attorneys' Offices and the Criminal Division's Child Exploitation and Obscenity Section (CEOS), Project Safe Childhood marshals federal, state and local resources to better locate, apprehend and prosecute individuals who exploit children via the Internet, as well as to identify and rescue victims.

The wording. They tend to right away call someone a rapist, or a child molester. The wording that they use is very inflammatory. I'm not thinking of good examples right now, but I know you'll know them when you hear them.

Was that letter addressed to you?

It was addressed to me but it looks like it went through the sheriff's department. It was basically pleading with me to, basically accusing me that I did it and that would you please end this whole thing and let's wrap this up and come forward.

We've had cases where the offender told people they were going to reoffend. They told them who they were going to go after and how they were going to do it. Now these people are clearly not safe. I don't believe they should be out. So we have to have a place for discerning the differences between these people. They are still human beings.

There's no content. They're just lumps.

Until they talk.

Wince.

Get felt.

Why would you want to do that to an adult?

Appreciate their beauty.

Appreciate this one's beauty in particular.

This little girl.

With nothing sexual about her.

Not a glint of consent.

No self-respect to drop or raise.

Just turned over. Then turned back again on her stomach.

I've seen her father ask her what it tasted like.

I don't want the ones without names. You're always driven to know extra details. You can't see them. But they're essential, especially after you get them. You should hear the stories.

You don't see her snort coke. You don't see her drink vodka.

The adults do. Then they suck off their dealers and managers for money.

You don't see compilations of video segments of adults finger fucking. Seems like they don't like doing that to adults. No real audience for it yet. Don't see many cuntlappers grouped up either. Blowjob, handjobs, tit fucking, anal intercourse, those fill the stalls instead.

You pick the videos of adults doing solo shots. Men, hustlers, old naked men talking about their engorging memories. Fat men thinking outloud to make themselves cum. Pinching his nipple, pulling his Viagra cock while showing off for the camera that a very small audience will pay for.

The girls are younger these days, dressed more and more like what would turn your head on the street. Braless, tight, clean.

Young like that hardly count.

The close-ups are almost medical shots. Raw and red and gawked at like monkeys staring at something they've never seen before and won't be able to figure out its worth as food or toy.

They bat at it.

Need sound.

So the little pig goes on TV. And the mother with the microphone says tell us what happened. But skip the parts that make you cry.

You watch the men because, most of all, they get in the way. You have to watch old assholes pump. Old assholes get spread wide when they convince the boys to put it in their mouths.

They pull her hair back so you can see her face.

Rarely.

It's not done for pornographic reasons.

The image the audience receives is entirely built on luck. The participants won't stoop to the level of performer. The criminals assume you're getting to see at least this much, can't make demands.

I can't stand the instructions.

I wish they'd shut the fuck up. Ask questions that hurt. Not play at affectionate. Do you know why I'm doing this.

I don't know. I think it was because that's who I am, and when Jacob was kidnapped, I made a very hard decision. It's not that I went through something. I still deal with this.

Used these pits wrong. And I turned them into what I barely secretly thought I was. The sex is gone, I went there sexless and changed the place. I've put on a child's jockstrap, used photographs of children to jerk off and uselessly encouraged suckoffs to masturbate on the photos of faces from mothers of their missing and murdered children. I'm not looking for respect as an elder bar patron. Either incremental or reluctant. I'm going to ask you if you've found anything that's really worked for you. If you've found that gift you have to acknowledge self-deprecatingly or blog about drearily. Was any moment especially demeaning in the help that you've received. In the lessons you've had to peel out for yourself, have you ever

found anything privately demeaning. The diminutive recognition coming from your experience. And I'm going to try very hard to get you to pretend that I'm asking you this without assuming that, first of all, I'm only getting you to admit that you've been condescending. You haven't. I don't care. I just want to know if you think you've had something that doesn't matter quite so much.

Never give up. I still hope that one day we'll find Jacob. We'll find out what happened, we'll find out where he is. I don't know that he's not alive. There is no proof to show that he's not alive. I wish that I would have told him that I would search forever. I didn't. I didn't know.

I haven't been getting myself talked out of the incidents that I've done. I don't understand quite why I did them because I do know now that I wish I hadn't. I say that I regret them and why shouldn't I. Can't remember what was so important in finding these incidents half accomplished so that I had that sense or a better mindful time.

Parents are very vulnerable when legislators approach them. They tell them things like "if we had had this law, your child would be home safe." That's not true, so often that's not true. But the parents are hurting and they are very vulnerable. They feel like it will make my child's life have meaning to the rest of the world. Nobody will forget that there's a law. We are very vulnerable.

I can tell two separate facts that come together better than you'll want. I can no longer masturbate and find the material equitable. Second, I get new pictures of their babies every day and I want to masturbate on them. I still do this. One does not cancel out the other, there is no contradiction between what I can and can't do.

It can turn into a very dark place, and you have to find some vision of how it can be better, and how you see yourself going forward. You have to find something outside of the very dark experience.

Put the child, skinny and stripped and unembarrassed, against a white enough wall in his apartment. Told the boy to just stand in front of the camera. Just stay still and look at me. I want to see the bones in your chest and flat stomach and small coming pubic hair over a smallish growing pre-naturalled dick. Rib cage and shoulder bones. Thin neck and stupid pallor, nice thin lips, baby chin and white trash eyes and cut. You put that jock strap on, bunch up your package and tuck the balls in and then you turn around so I can see your beautiful butt. Look back at me. You have a nice back and you'll be tall someday soon, you'll be very nice and your ass is the best thing about you. Not firm yet, which nobody wants, flex your thighs a little. I want to see the indentations in your ass. Face me again and pull the jockstrap off and give your balls a nice jumble, make it all a bit thicker and nicer. Pull it soft so it flexes just a small amount of longer. Fat old man with a bigger fatter delicious hardon takes the jockstrap and gets in camera frame. Want to see if it fits. I can get one leg through, blubbery, decrepit, not greying, unmuscled, but I want my cock inside the gym white material and tight bands and my prepuce hanging, jutting, out obscenely while my fat balls pinch into my asshole and bulge out hairy

and full and I don't think this will work except that it looks wonderful this way. Like you can't do anything but play with the uncontrollable angry meat and sex idiocy and it was just my boy's little perfect fit and nice tasty cockhead and smaller sac and I could get the whole thing all in my mouth.

Then they get out and never reoffend. There is no place to share their stories, because you can't say, well, yeah I was a sex offender once and then I got some help, and I got off alcohol and drugs and I'm cured.

Filmed, sitting on his naked hairy ass with his erection standing straight and rubbing it every second now again. As long as it understands. You sniff it through that straw. Fucking makes you feel nice. Makes me and you excited and you even get better looking. I wanted it to make him horny, wanted to give him fat lines that were going to be too much for his aneurism in bulk. Would like to see you bleed through your nose, from more than the mexican garbage you get to suck up. Have a heart attack sooner. Just insist that it keeps wanting to feel better and better and now stand up. Back away from the table. Further back so I can see the jockstrap, turn around so I can see your ass again. Come back and sit down. Lean back and I'll see you in your jock, grope pouch and ask him if he's getting hard because of the coke and it makes you feel smarter snug and tight and thick under the white polyester. It looks great. Have you ever wanted to be a girl. Just some faggy little make-up thing I've got. I want its head exploded and his face contorted and sweaty and his jaw hung open and I'd stick my dirty asshole fingers inside his mouth before I'd stick my gorilla pud in there to cum, you just keep posing you little fucking fucked baby doll. You little girl wearing nothing but what you'd wear in playtime locker room just like all the other little monsters. It keeps you from jumping around, keeps it safe and tight and makes me need to grab it up in a fist and twist.

Well, it wasn't at first a choice, it became very public because I was begging the whole world to help us, and pretty soon they were. The side effect is the public side.

I wanted something tighter and more referenced as gross and cumbersome, something I'd burst out of and hang down and then harder to contain while I pulled it over and against belly and crack. Keep pictures of her daughter inside. I wish I'd never done it. Would masturbate in public urinals in bars, I'd be going crazy inside, I wasn't crazy, just beating off like all the faggots I get to pull on it in front of urinals while I rub their necks and they can't stop checking out the next any dick next to them. I didn't do anything wrong, just wish it didn't work that abstractly. I didn't do anything to you. You could know about it or not. I honestly don't give a fuck, just wish I didn't do it. Adult size, my size jockstrap, knew I was going to have to go buy it just so I could have the photos there. Fucked up fat faggot, suicidal on enough alcohol to get handjobs and cock licks from vile diminutives in bar restrooms and queer holes where they literally crawled in. I'm not like them, I don't think you'll understand why or how I'm not blind to the accusations and palsy similarities. They don't exist, rabbits and rats and all the same. You just have to know that it doesn't work the same way for me, that's it.

Booths with legal sideshow women; I've never gone into one and wanted pigs to look a certain slump and split. I know what men and women look like and work to hide all the time. After awhile, I stopped hoping that they'd act some way that'd produce a rational effect. A smile or heroin and gene blank or a vulgar dig as a wide thrust, thumbs spread and collect. One female improving on another's last rhythm, gauging and reselling bit response it added up from the glass shield monkeys. Didn't feel offended. I went in looking to be a monkey. The women were worse. Not that it made anything easier, I simply knew that I was primping to the stupidity that has kept me going still. It was never different, first of all.

I'll tell you this to get you started. Don't try to surprise me by thinking different. Don't second-guess. What would you do to find yourself there?

I'd get on a bus, trek everywhere it seems. But wouldn't take condoms or lube. It was ridiculous how little I wanted to plan it but knew that I was only doing exactly that.

Did you know where he was going?

I didn't take child pornography with me, just pictures from the newspapers and copy machines. It was more murder than pornography. A terrible mistake in judgement, a worse reading of the material.

How'd you figure that out?

I decided that I'd take some KP with me. Have done, in the end. It was better but far more worrisome. I had to involve others and one was sickness, the other was a threat. I didn't think I was dealing with psychotically brinking men until I'd been around the stables enough.

When did you first learn about these places?

This doesn't matter. I knew that it would have to exist. That comes from me. There's no point in looking for the fiction in reality. I was right about this. I want to say that I examined myself and found places like this just outside.

How old were you when you decided you wanted to know more.

Honestly, an inertia replaced a lay philosophy. I suspected it wasn't a mirror, correctly.

What did you do to find out. Who'd you ask.

Suitably, it's a solitary task. A monologue. There was no advice, thank fuck. Nothing worthwhile from nothing worthwhiles. No one else does what I do. I influenced those who didn't know what they were doing for longer than me.

Do you feel thankful for the information, did it meet that void you were sweating.

I wonder if you'll understand that I have to use the information in just this manner. My words and ideas can never be as vivid as theirs. Yes, would be the answer. I do much more work than plugs and stuffings and it takes that from me to finish what they don't do correctly.

How old were you.

Young.

What have you learned since.

Haven't stopped.

Do you remember.

As best as I possibly can. Seems unlikely.

Do I care about your first time.

More than I do, it works like that, doesn't it?

What do you think I like.

Get some care and connections. Don't worry.

What does listening to you do for me.

Stops at a point you'd rather not get to. Would be nice for you.

If nothing else, I've dedicated my life to seeing very little, picking it apart, fucking it. I've never seen it described, articulated, ruined the way I want. I know of no other invert that would give this to me instead. I don't think being one of the men arrested is reducible to corporal bliss. These men have found something to do for the rest of their lives that made ceaseless sense. I understand that they've discarded everything else in their lives because this was best. Most, and these are men with huge very busy collections, were only watching and masturbating. And I won't accept that the search took over as the obsession. The same way I don't see the wider work they've done as merely wanting to wile every night away from their noisy daughters and wives. I don't think dolly sex as a hard offer, soft joke or rash collective desire is what's key or provocative here. Stopping me from masturbating inconsolably, putting a cage around my dick, would work better if you'd agree to do the same with your big mouth and ugly plans. How much do you love your daughter? How can you convince me. Act different first.

A bootleg of the concert that the Rolling Stones did at Altamont. The legend is that this show was the clarifying end of the sixties, where peace and love were culturally stamped wrong so that cynicism could give way to the next cheesy zeitgeist. Or before eighties cynicism, the seventies needed to suffer loss and vacancy; drug-hued and violent. The Stooges and Lou Reed replaced The Stones. While

Townshend and the Who carried on wrestling with the internal demands of both sides. Pete Townshend was the only one conflicted enough to know where he should be struggling. Came to "recycling trash" and moved to "Laid me back like an empty dress" before he admitted to watching too much pornography.

I grew up during the seventies, grew into punk near my seventeenth birthday. Iggy and Reed were sexual, destroying sex, not as emblems but with specific anecdotes and examinations. Their lyrics, especially Lou's, were watching what was happening around them while they only argued it with themselves. Lyrics were louder than the choleric appreciation. Back then, at maybe fourteen or fifteen, I understood Metal Machine Music better than any review that lauds it now. It wasn't noise, for example. You don't listen to noise like jazz. You listen like violent self-obsessed sex. The same is true with the Stones at Altamont. While the famous documentary of the concert edits in Jagger and Richards combatting the crowd, then unknown murder and the drunken meth'd stage assholes facing them, only the bootleg records what actually happened. I have two audience recordings, from different sides. Jagger, on stage, in the movie, keeps asking "Who's fighting and what for." Looks out of his element and desperate. Responsible and lost, frightened and hoping it'll end easier than the threat. However, on the unedited audience audio only, every time Jagger repeats his question, the audience screams back answers: "Who the fuck do you think?!" "It's the fucking Angels!" "Ask the Hell's Angels!" And then you hear the SF hippie students around the tape recorder tell their girlfriends "I'm getting out of here, this is fucking crazy."

It wasn't the end of the sixties. It was a gaggle of men, mock Hell's Angels in fact, attacking an even smaller pocket of front rowers. The audience closest to the violence knew who was directly causing their pastoral dreams to be shown wanting. The kids there should have known it wasn't going to work, not just last, because they knew nothing worked like that. It wasn't an epiphany, their due confrontation with unity lies. Grown criminals keened what happened when speed and cruelty conjoin. And found it especially applicable there; flowery blondes egotistically pushing innocence. Driven to sociopathy. Rape. The Stones played the entire show. Though the documentary suggests it was halted, fell apart. I wasn't struggling through puberty yet then. But I remember hating the audience when the movie finally came out a few years later. Say, mid-puberty. What I understood by then was the appeal of speed. I used to get it from a friend's hippie sister. Who kept showing me her irish tits. Most likely selling gelatin by half-measures when black beauties and white crosses, even, weren't available.

I'd been watching Iggy bleed in photos and reading reports of dangerous self abuse. Remembered that lesser versions would only cut up stripped baby dolls and want you to get the point that didn't really add up. Was told time and again by older friends about how Townshend was so drunk he spat at the audience.

Remember understanding Who's Afraid Of Virginia Wolf very well and letting Midnight Cowboy go fast over my head. I can't even imagine how it didn't register now. Was very strongly obsessed, probably sexually, with a scene in Day Of The Locust when a sheepish Donald Sutherland stomped a little orphan annie brat and I finally fucking got to see the bloody face and the screaming underneath his boots. Even found the riot hunt appealing. And its being a little boy in a dress.

I liked seeing women cry in movies. I liked that they could not tolerate what happened to them so they'd convulse it all into what was happening. Psychotically enraged and brutally beautifully vulnerable. Found myself masturbating to clothed

people, stretched out of their blubbering skin underneath. I wasn't in place to talk about it. Didn't feel like a shell then. Could see that my buddies didn't think the same.

If I have to be pinned by nostalgia, as it pertains to reliving sensitive iconography, then allow at least that all these prized and trivial memories were greater than sign-post descriptions and memes. The conversation evolves, not regresses, and only the worst in these artists' fields and audience labeled their work as significant by then merging private instability with public voice. The language and theory weren't created by guessing frozen past tense or imploring contentiousness as bravery. And if that was the sale, the compromise would work against them eventually. At this age, I'm not drawn to re-appreciate, or excuse fondly, naiveté. This includes what I look for in child-centric art, pornography and irresponsible bar chatter. Don't mistake the rape for the dress, the gender for the need, the taste for the draw. I did the work myself, divvied through the sensationalist, base, student reviews.

I stopped doing speed by my sophomore year in highschool. And I only recently bought the Stones bootlegs. In my dotage, I got sick and my body wouldn't tolerate the drink any more. My insobriety wasn't a problem for me. My gut is. I didn't want to go to bars for half-pint sexual rote and had to find time at home, trying to stay awake, worthwhile enough to pass. So I concentrated on live recordings that I could listen to while I drifted in and out on percocet. I couldn't read enough. No will involved, no sense of exciting autonomy battling with choice. I hope I wasn't reverting to nostalgia. If I was recalling the taste I developed for sexually violent men in my teen years, I was most likely inventing it fresh. I'd been trading too long, the memories I own seem to come from the wrong place, the wrong person. I despise these drops, don't recognize how I brought myself to do them and won't blame alcohol or cheap drugs. I still possess the attraction, I haven't wasted my time. And there's two people that would think I'm writing about them. I can tell each that it's the other. They're the same to me. They're convinced they're separate, special, and no matter what I can contort so easily to tell them, I'll die still finally understanding that they were exactly the same exact thing. They have zero life outside of what I placed on them.

There's an attempt to communicate with others, absolutely. Like it or not, that's why these acts are being filmed. If they're creeps, flat sexually, then they're still trying hardest to talk about themselves in that position. This is more evident from watching the films than what the police would have you believe, which is that the films and photographs are created for trades. Or to lower the resolve of children who innately know better. And even to brag.

I've yet to meet one that wasn't following every single special missing child case through the news. And seen every art kid movie with wonderful nude scenes. The fathers who film themselves know more can be had than just feted empiricism. Neighbors, uncles, brothers are not blindly following their criminal behavior into evidence. It doesn't matter if the edits stop profound moments. It all comes fearfully cropped and psychotically similar.

This is left behind. After he's dead. And this is found. And the daughter is seen as different. He won't be there to care. And this is permanent. A work that he created that lets all the others either mourning or celebrating fully understand that none of the ideas and wishes and accomplishments that family offers and promises are entirely true. This doesn't have to be best. Or correct. But it is violently

contradictory and, if anything, proves that what you want isn't the same as what you had. He wanted more from all of you. You failed. You faked. He did no better. And, perfectly, idiot, it doesn't matter in better. He was his audience. What would you have preferred. The film to do what, to go where. It was who with his face up her tiny little perfect butt. No hair at all. These dumb willful cunts who'll sear about the lies they were told. They didn't really know the men they were in love with and the men who they wanted love from. That had convinced them and were sure of it. There was a mistake. Never once learning rather than just admitting.

The rats who talk to me are always going to use respect and love, the possibility of dreaming and the end of struggle. I do the same with them. I try hardest not to sound bitter or manipulative. Tell them I really want so very little from them; what am I asking you for? Nothing at all. So. Just stop trying to avoid the problem. You have advice to give out, I really want to hear your opinion. I want to worry about you too. I really do want to, let me prove that to you.

I hear myself all the time: "Shut up, you know I'll die before you." And I remember that it seems to work for them. This is not a problem, I certainly don't believe it.

Are they as old as me?

No, I think most have wives.

Not anymore, right?

Most want their sons.

Did you fuck your father.

What do you think about when you jerk off.

How old were you when you were raped.

Everyone else said it was rape.

Would you want that to happen differently.

How.

Aside from what it did to your family, of course.

Do you have a boyfriend.

I don't know, I was trying to work on something for you. It's easier if I have some help. I don't know yet.

You have beautiful eyes. Will you keep them open for me.

All you want to do is watch me jack off, right. I rub myself a lot.

I would too if I had your body. Does that help you to cum quicker or do you always do that.

I always do when I'm jacking off. You don't want to fuck.

Just happens. I don't know if I can keep my eyes open. I do when I'm getting fucked. It's hard to concentrate sometimes.

I don't need to clean up what I've done so that everything else is tidy and ordered. Fanciful, maudlin, conclusive. I'm not worried that this world would be best perfectly sparkling. Wrong idea. I think your definition of slob, like your definition of what's good, is bent. Stupid not unworkable. I'm not lying; don't care if you are. Just not interested in the same moves and snags.

I hope it's illegitimate. I hope to fuck that I'm terrified. Every fucking photo of a made-down doll or severely beaten, raped white daughter would make me feel better. All alone with everything I'm too weak to get over and get right. If I hate children because I fear women, hate women, what adults ask me to be and the deepest inadequacies I wasn't born without. I hate children because they're not the swine who torture me. And the audience that wants me to be honest and brave, I just can't make it. Maybe just enjoy the lies, the cowardice that could be more severe and devoid of any strength. The older men that I find acceptable and kind at best and stomach turning at root. When they fuck me and haul themselves under me to get fucked female and droop and gristle and bark like dogs: I've heard more than a few make the same porn noises. The lies obvious and easy to dismiss so you can move on opposite. My lack in everything. I'm looking for you, recognition, appreciation for the clumsy attempts to appeal. I can see nothing worthwhile in the context that defines slobs like me. I should. I will.

It's what happens when you indulge yourself here. Isn't what happened to me. Or rather, my intentions. I wasn't used. I can tell you worse things to draw up more sympathy. I'm not trading. The only way these thoughts have any worth is to make them what you'll call manipulation or dirty. When, in fact, I'm only asking for very little. What's fair is that both of us think the other one is being dramatic. I know you've behaved disgusting.

What stops you?

The exact same impulse that demands more.

Don't be foolish. First, everything follows one answer. What do you have.

Can I buy it?

Can you imagine stopping?

I do that. I take screen grabs and place them side by side. Position the best parts. I have a knowledge that I give in to when I cum and stall. One image then, only one

part. I didn't fuck that photo. I didn't narrow down the search. It is lessened right then, that's all. Did, actually, fuck the photo. Get a little confused later on.

Drive?

Ask me which photos spur me on to find newer versions.

Pity?

Ask me which photos I can't look at anymore.

You can't keep insisting that you're disappointed in what you're not finding, you know.

I knew the very first time I saw it. Not the first time I heard about it. I was hoping I wouldn't be disappointed. How rare and wonderful that is, not to be.

The bastard taking his pants off. I see him fucking constantly. He stands there and unzips his fly. Drops them down and isn't wearing underwear. Turns around to show his paste hidden ass. Then around again to extend his cock a little more delicately full. Standing there, the focus on him first, the hustler poses, queeny macho pervert preen enjoying himself. You really never do see the pain that you're promised. The kid is being entertained, taught. He's getting told, gently, to recreate much of what he's seeing. Fucker knows only the single audience in the room.

All you'll see soon enough is hand and handwork and a semi-soft cock entering a mouth too small for the more obscene, immature and regressive possibilities.

What I don't imagine is how it would feel to take it all back. There's still regret though. This isn't some young girl taking existentialism 101 and then squealing into cutting herself a little; you can hope.

All the women available, I don't think they're you. Do heterosexuals think that they're fucking the women who pile the garbage heaps sold as pornography? Don't assume I confuse you with gender or age, hair style or whore availability. You don't fuck what you see. No one does. KP or softcore or the pictures I took myself.

I like to make it dirty. Talk about him that way. Say what it's like to remember him underneath me and how rude it is to shove and pull inside a little hole and a big human and how pliant within a certain weight. Having his cock in my mouth wasn't like looking at the photos afterward. I can close my eyes just like you want to do for the entire life of talking to me. I'm more frightened of getting to the point where I might actually believe that shit, having a breakdown more than merely giving up and settling. I prefer going to these pigsties alone.

Admitting your obstinacy seems to be a problem.

I say I'm wrong all the time. I do that for you.

Especially when bullying others. You like the way that sounds.

The others aren't me. It's a nice attempt. I don't get lost in the crowd as much as you'd expect me to perform modest. I don't stand out to anyone but me. I don't go in looking for an affirmation that doesn't exist. There's a lot of clever little men in there and you can read and listen to what they have to say. If I'm looking for others like me, I can assure you I've found them and they're not so rare. They're basically the old men who act ruder and ruder when they pull out their cocks as they know shit like you are there to suck, that's all. I've always seen that contempt from them. I look for it too. Very easy to come across and very safe for those few shitstaining seconds. Most significant, to me, is that they're not wrong. They're pretty fucking bad at getting that blowjob they think you want to give them. And I'm one of the few that doesn't mind.

They'll never see it the right way. Careful cunts who mire themselves in my life can't make a single sentence of sense. A wall exists that can't be examined through. I don't want to see the pictures that are in files and in collections the way they look at them. I can't entertain the concept that I would be capable of seeing it that way. I'm not refusing to. It's the failure of context and thought and possession. I think she's beautiful. Not sexy. But others her age, her position on the bed. There is violence and it may be distinctive. Not fitting. There is no fright. She wasn't as scared as you'd like to paint over her.

Her beauty won out, is that what you'd like to hear.

It did, I can see it but I know what the photo meant. I know what the indices and clutches get out of it. I try to vacant myself and look objectively. That's what I want to do and no one will let me. It's not impossible, nothing is, it's a photograph. Another story and stop demanding I read it the same way. Stop cowering and idolizing my own single view of it. You have memories of people you shouldn't have been involved with.

Fat fuck took his bulkhead cock barely out of his pants while standing to the side of where I was sitting. The booths were behind him, a small couch in front of the porn screen in front. I had my back to him, essentially, so he decided that he'd had enough of either my boredom or reluctance. Since it couldn't have been rejection. And his play was to exhibit what he had in the aisle.

I'm no faggot.

Yes, you are.

I leaned over to him, put his cock in my mouth, still sitting, and stopped.

You get hard on your own, stud, then come back.

You do it.

So I sucked some more and stopped again. I like exhibitionists. I like men who can't control themselves. But I don't feel like sucking dick right now.

Why not?

Leave me alone, will you?

There won't be a story if you don't tell the truth.

There won't be a story if I don't make a point.

What were you thinking, then?

I like little boys.

You won't find them here.

I like little girls. I was there because I like little girls and I like little girls when they're hurt by men like that. That's why I said I like exhibitionist men who expose their cocks to the little girls they want to rape and get only that. You do want them to see you masturbate. Wait until I finish, what does that look like to you.

You'll get over it.

Men clinically classified as pedophiles most often test higher in frequency of same sex relations than men who've gone to jail with criminal pasts absent sexual content. This is a trajectory for the possibility that prepubescent children exhibit less defined gender specifics. Another possibility for sexual prejudice is simple aggravating transference of sexual need to availability. Faggot, repulsive cock yanking queer, tucked his fat flaccid cock back behind his zipper and left me alone.

You went walking towards the booths soon after, yes?

It wasn't busy. He wouldn't have been so aggressive if there was a better crowd. Some fatter fuck sitting on a couch, watching porn, smoking like an old tired man.

He ignored you then.

He was only playing by then. What should I guess? That he would've ended up sucking my cock and letting me cum in his mouth, then going home to not tell his wife or cook a sad dinner. I didn't care to push it either. He stared at me like these cocksuckers learn to do, I'm not in that game, not in here. I'm not so competitive or dumb. Fine if he knows that or not.

You left without cumming.

Frequently.

Couldn't stop it at home though.

I wanted to take photos. I knew it before, I did it for the photos. I had to use my dick is all. Not really, that sounds wrong. I wouldn't want the people who love her to think that's all I was doing. It won't make any difference. The photos changed everything. All the trouble continues through evidence down to the weeds in everyone's wrong head. I wasn't doing anything but making mistakes. Not possible to make that worse, is it. Not even worse than the men who have the photos, that got them later. I don't like how they treat them. What anyone says about them. That makes no difference either. I'm losing all of it, every single day. Keeps getting worse and nothing different can come from that. What I did was wrong to whom, you know? You tell me what you think and I'll let you know. You're just as stupid. You know what a mistake is, fine, but, fuck me, you don't know how. Not when you're only talking about what kind of plan it wasn't. How bad it is. You weren't going to ever own anything. Not anything real. But now you at least have a photo. Same as always.

You can't act as if you've corrupted yourself.

Or that I've enjoyed corrupting others.

If that fat queer with his cock in your face was younger, thinner, bigger dick, if any of that was an option, you would have accepted the offer.

Sucked longer? No, not really. It was in front of me, a good enough definition of reality over fantasy, there were no other offers or options. I can safely assume that I don't have that much interest in younger, healthier men that look sexier naked than fat men more like myself. You can't transpose what's in my mind for what's happening. I expect more rejection than I get, immodestly and factually blind as that may or may not come off just yet.

You remember this little one. Not the first time someone's stuck his cock in your face.

I'd like to think I haven't gotten used to it. And that I appreciate it. That's exactly what I'm there for.

He wasn't making a comment on you—not in a place like that? You take the story out of there and it certainly becomes a comment on you. You'd prefer to see everything about it differently. There's your cheap monologue chance.

You have someone cum down your throat and then you come back to me, alright? Better sound like you're offering up some good time, at least, the next time you offer to suck cock for me.

Her mother the group patrol, at a camera lit candlelight vigil, sing her baby's favorite song. Some silly heart tugging nursery rhyme to keep her occupied while her jowls sagged. This is not sexually exciting or emotionally legitimate. This does not help. You know where you watch this footage. Even if it's only in a bar and talking about how depressing and incomprehensible it is; she doesn't know not to

do it. Don't give in, don't look for worse, unless you're going to try and enjoy what giving in is. I've heard what she's said ages ago when I was much more susceptible.

I did this for her. I split my thoughts into her father and my pin. It moved quickly into her doctor and her audience. I realized there was a lack of social control. An idea that was always what I did rather than what I wanted, a sad adult tug at gullible ignorance and dreamy immaturity. I hate this slog—not allowing harmless fantasies to deplete the frustration that comes from paused, forced, information. I guessed that I wanted everything from her because I only thought I wanted everything perfect for her. Wanted to consume it by enjoying myself alone and safe. I stopped calling it sex. You do that, don't you? You start talking to yourself.

I was her father. Everything I did within teaching and entertaining her. She only knew me the way I had always talked to her. She was curious and I was always explaining. Most of the information I gave her was going to be wrong eventually. She'd grow into distrusting me, avoiding me, thinking I was stupid and old. I did with my parents. I always had that in the back of my head; what I wanted for her was going to be impossible. I fell in love with her not only because she had no resentment yet. She didn't understand that I was taking care of her. She expected no less. I still don't think that's an ugly thought. I'm not that dumb to want it from someone who knows better than to trust you. She was perfect that way. That's what you find. And I wish I could say I wanted to fuck it up. But I don't. Didn't. You have so little to work with, it makes sense you'd want to get everything from her.

Who else knows who you're talking about? Her father won't read it.

In the past, they've only read the press and the briefest descriptions of what a creep I am. They're forever mumblers, whisperers, who pretend to be shouters to everyone but me. It's amazing though, the personal effect they've created. I get to privately fuck their vanity. That's all they have then, not the only idea I want.

Your baby isn't public.

I've been spending more and more of my time procuring street shit as I've gotten older. Not the pharmaceutical types. I have to flatter and follow the fat stupid oafs that sell it to me to a personally humiliating degree. It's different than sex. Though the lumps act exactly the same. I get very little of what I like. But it doesn't change the amount I still want and what little it is that I actually want. The problem is that it doesn't bother me as much as they'd like to pretend that it must. What registers is the chances I get to see how they won't listen to sense. They really aren't worth my time and my time isn't worth anything much now, clearly. I throw that away pretty easily, in fact. I've been nearly begging someone to see it as something other than my pathological loop and it's unable to see it any other way. It gives me its pathologies by the truckload. If you ever knew how ugly you really were, I tell myself, you'd certainly have to stop it. But that doesn't happen. It can't exist.

Make it exist. Let's confess something. All you've got ever is the misery. All you fucking hear about; how little you wanted and how crushing, how miserable it is that all you wanted ended up in all this pain.

For everyone.

Especially yourself.

I believe that too. Look down at the DNA in your hand, I don't care when or how often, infrequent, self-important. After you did all that work and thinking and planning; that's what's miserable, you'd say.

The ones talking directly at me. I don't hate them. I didn't care. I hate that they act differently and then expect me to care. Ask me to educate them.

She's better. She must, in her less public, more god moments, think what it would be like. She knows why she needs make-up and scripts. Just because she was trained as a coming teen to have fun putting on make-up doesn't truly mean she thinks she should look better, less old and worn, now. Ask her what she thinks. Do you think your baby looked like you. Weren't you worried. You're not doing so well, especially now, what were you pushing as back up just in case bad luck like this never came through for you.

I wanted a video diary of what he masturbated to. Told him to pick things that get him excited. Even if it was just the camera staring at him.

All of them fucking say that. Get sad over a photo of us as children. Nothing about failure or tragedy till it's a prompt. You think your parents wanted you to grow into their pride. Or you didn't. You disappointed them. I'm glad my mom wasn't alive to see this or my mom died just after my baby was born and sloppy got a promotion, I'm so glad she was alive to see that. How badly you've aged. Wasted promise. No one ages well, what's the fucking psychosis? Papa holds up a photo of his brunette baby, look what she's become. Every time I look at this photo I was stupid enough to take, y'all are going to see something different, just as long as I keep talking. Imagine the photos others have seen. Movie star it before me, motherfucker. It all depends on which direction your chair is facing. You can't sit and tell me what to think the same way it's not working for you when I do it. You don't have the right unless I give it you. Stop insisting. I latched onto this, you get over it first, asshole.

I spliced up the transcripts and timid recounts, told myself that the audience would look for themes and degenerate it correctly. Instead of locating the strain that I couldn't find and identify for myself. Get that proof that would explode the kindness that they'd whitewash all over my material, no matter what words they'd actually read. They'd still come away with vultures and ego and wishes for connective hugs and pats plunges and steps. I'm not going to keep it there. Not with a history longer and more vivid than theirs. I did away with the footnotes, made the work illegal and virtually unpublishable. You could argue the obscenity for me, superstar, but not the copyrights. I thought it was clear and legitimate and demanded by the purity of the little personal work I did finally finish. Traded the clever excuses for the prurient halfassed dismissals that would've helped pissants review it. Few good steps ahead and still have to ignore the explanations that got

them back up to speed. Ended up actually forgetting where most of the academic quotes came from. But, every fucking time I hoped the same thing happened with the words from those puffy faces that keep begging things like sense and concern from me, I knew exactly which beast said which shit. Ultimately decided that I couldn't do anything greater, more reliable, than keep reading and watching mothers and fathers hone themselves to type.

Here's your chance to talk about being misunderstood.

And my detestable need to overlook the importance of understanding. Or the pain of unrequited connectivity. Perhaps the bloat of the underachieving unrecognized efforts that I do for myself only apparently.

You won't be able to pull it off, you're remarkably frightened of your own abilities.

I'm hoping it's just tedious. I really honestly want to move to homely. I want this all to be part of a simple small act of masturbation to a simple small act of grief. I can feel closest to the little darling that starts to talk about honoring her sister's memory. I can't feel quite as complete and mature as the slipping fathers doing the same.

She didn't know what an old man's body looked like yet. She didn't know what it said about what could've been or what she'd want from a naked self-intentioned botherer. Didn't make her attractive to me, didn't think there was excitement in introducing her to something new again and again. She didn't have the capacity that her brother did. Her innocence, her arrogance, didn't lust me to take care of her or teach her. The chances are slim in me. There was nothing good about it because there was nothing good promised. Can't sit in bed and creep in malcontent unless someone else is watching. It's not like that. We were completely selfish. I less so, in fact. I didn't hate her, forgive her—she's a bit stupid since. I told her: You'll end up talking about this all the time. It won't be a problem for me. That's why I took the photos. What you're saying is more complex than your ignorance can tolerate. Now, not then. It matters now. You'll have to see the photos and stop dancing like you understood what happened to you without them.

How did the police find out you were showing the pictures to your step-daughter?

I have two step-daughters.

Which one told?

The youngest.

How old?

She just turned eight. Her sister just turned ten.

How long did it take for her to tell?

A couple years. I started, the police say, when she was four. But I don't think that's correct. Truth is, her sister showed her the pictures first. So I don't know when that was. Or if it would have happened that way or whatever. I showed what I had when the oldest daughter was, I think, around seven.

You did that first?

Before I molested her? Yes. The charges are that I was grooming her.

But you weren't grooming her in your opinion?

Not really. She showed the pictures to her sister. She wasn't grooming her, was she.

Childhood isn't like that. She was learning.

It all just goes along until you're faced with it all being wrong.

But, you were trying to convince her to have sex with you.

Not from the start. No, I wanted to show them to her. I honestly thought she'd like seeing them. And I was spending time with her. She needed something to do. We were always trying to spend time together. I was trying to make myself spend time with her. It's work. It's a duty you're supposed to love rather than perform.

You started downloading images to your computer when? Before or after you got married?

Well, that's it, actually. At first, I was trying not to do anything with her. I saw her. I saw both of them. You can't... but, really, they were both sort of modest. And I wasn't their father and it wasn't like I grew up changing them. But we all played in the bath and I'd have to help them. You know, it's not easy.

What I'm trying to understand is did the interest in the material come before or after that?

I was protecting them. I had to do it. I couldn't be around her for awhile. So I figured I would do the least harm. It was a serious mistake in judgement. It only made it worse for me and her.

Both of them?

Only one. I showed the pictures to the little one, but that was, like I said, just playing. She didn't act the same way as her sister anyway.

You were experimenting?

No.

You wanted to see how they reacted—each one, younger and younger?

It wasn't an experiment. I don't know why I wanted to see what they liked or not.

You were convincing yourself, maybe?

Yeah. I was always seeing how far I could keep swinging at it, without getting too close to punch it, I guess. I was experimenting on myself.

Learning.

You aren't given plans.

You have to turn your thoughts off to get through it, to finish it finally. Not to let yourself enjoy it. I was stuck at the cigarette burns. Did he put the cigarette in his mouth and light it because he wanted a personal afterglow smoke, after that, or because he intended on hurting her.

I knew she'd get there. I knew she'd seen it.

Are you glad it happened.

Did it make you help people that also didn't want to say the same thing?

A film of her eating a cupcake. Just home footage of her eating a chocolate cupcake, not too big for her hands but larger than her tinier mouth. At someone else's birthday party. She was enjoying herself. I've seen it in other films as well. Children like her, sort of, blowing out candles and acting very beautiful.

Do you want to help her now?

No, not really. Not really at all.

Have you been told that you have to?

I can't have any contact with her.

You have to write a letter, don't you?

It goes through the court. They tell you they probably won't even deliver it. But you have to tell the truth because they might. You aren't told how your victims are dealing with everything.

It helps them or hurts them, you can't guess?

How can you? The facts in here are that they'll never get over it. Hopefully she gets enough help. But I doubt it. I know what's going on. Can't say that, of course.

I'm writing to the parole board, whoever they want me to write to is what I have to do.

Do you think what you could say might help her?

No. Let her help someone else. That seems to work for a lot of people. That's what I'm going to do. I'm going to find my life like it was is over and now I want to help others who've been like my victims.

You can help the other fathers.

Yeah. They seem to want it.

Fuck had a prerequisite. She laid down on the plush floor of his living room and let him in. She wasn't forced. He gave her everything around her and she didn't think once about any of it. Decline piled over the rags and frowns and charity sensations. No extra giving, other than near and pretty. This fucking hardon peasant didn't know where the faggot pits were in his neighborhood. Didn't have the web set right to the sites he could've used instead. You get to do something else. Have a huge talent, Doll.

You give her drugs, not money. Otherwise it'll be all stress and success. Drooped over a stupefied drawl, you'd ask for it if I didn't bask it in. Shouldn't be what I want either way. However, I'd prefer it if she wanted attention. Was used to it. Instead of being blankly mystified by it. She'd get less cute but easier to perform with.

I don't care. Using your plan, that I want more than air, something either physical or psychologically fraught, I can tell you: I don't want to fuck anything. I don't need to see you at your worst. I couldn't elevate or please or hurt you anymore. I don't think you're so fucked up to be beyond attractive or help. Not at this wonderful age, yet. I'm failing at offering or locating either. I don't have an evaluation. You're more than worth one, I'm sure. I don't believe you when you say I want to hurt you some more. I don't believe help is available. In any way. If you're going to demand that it's this bad and focused. You should apologize first.

I'd like to say this, regardless of whether or not I believe it. I know how it works and it'll be repeated. The snide talk will make it exist. Cheap, essentially anecdotal, explanation as key to blame. I know you're lazy, you only have to introduce an unformed germ so you can talk about how smart you are.

Everything I've done is stilled puberty after Thea Pombroek. She was the first name attached to a case I'd like to further. The glossy worm of the crime, now possibly sensationalist lies, started me where I ended up. I've been trying to get her unfucked for as long as I've ignorantly thought it was possible. Same as Lesley Ann Weston. But I'm jerking off to Thea right now.

She is not forgotten, she could not have been made up.

Spent maturity looking for her pictures. More now that I suspect she didn't exist. My degenerating history is less important than her carnival suggestion. All will be

destroyed if I'm going to plant what she started over what she always was. Dime a dozen came quick and her name can't be made more emphatically spectacular to me after I decided to pick others. Had Dutch, had heroin poor mum; don't make mistakes looking for anything less prettier or more fucked up. My trail became narrow, the wide mouth start sentimental portent. The difference in creating legal art over crime must be in the same space. The emotional defect in what I did, what I released, whoever I obviously didn't care if I hurt, who I was responsible to. Just as I found. Had to cook my way into hymnal. Like I do with cocaine. Found the floating tiers of facts are better nailed down into self-obsessed gratification. Decided to make her an ungrateful recipient of the rigorously thoughtful gift she deserved but couldn't understand at her tender age. She didn't need to be alive for it. Didn't fucking know her, couldn't pretend that I could have saved her from being 1: raped, 2: filmed, 3: murdered, 4: left. What I've been working with is twisting her ugly named idea from child pornography to child pornographer.

She didn't cry, did she?

Not when I was with her.

You know why I'm asking, right?

You want to know if I hurt her.

No.

If she was sad?

Yeah. Is that alright?

I never saw her cry.

Would you have liked to?

No.

Did you think about it?

Some. Not then. You hope she doesn't cry, doesn't ask you to stop because it hurts.

Did she?

No.

Did you think she liked it?

She didn't seem to care. She argued about everything anyways. Our relationship was like that all the time. I was always convincing her, working on her, trying to get her to act like she should.

Was that encouragement?

For her?

Did it encourage you, were you always thinking about sex?

With her, pretty much always.

What if she would have liked it? Did she ever tell you to stop?

She didn't want to spend time with me. She didn't like everything about it—she was kind of okay with taking photos after she saw them. That was encouragement, I guess. Seeing others. She wanted to be them.

She posed?

She asked questions. I could tell she wanted to.

She didn't say it was disgusting?

If she made a face, I'd explain it her. She didn't have that much of a problem. She understood what was happening. She's a very bright girl.

She wanted to?

She didn't.

I don't believe it.

I became the man I am right now by making sure that she meant a great deal to me. I tried to make that obvious. I've created no problems for myself that weren't caused directly by her. By my association and demands for just the two names she had. I am the mother and father and her pornographer and not her murderer. I opt to take care of her. Those who said she didn't matter by advertising bargain obvious emotions, who mouth down her image by flipping nature to cause, will know privately that she could've rejected them. My sexual history has been the unfair trade of loving her enough to beg she love me back. I've created mere obscenity to groupwatch minds the same way she has. It's her name that comes through when creeps masturbate. These nothings who want me to have made this obscene keep the pain in her body and her name. I don't believe in magic. The only way you can get at that darling little drug fried open piglet is to write about her constantly.

She wasn't alright. Better dead to me. Her worth won't be measured in how her name is remembered. How often it's recalled, how much memory is attached to a campaign. She's created nothing extra and creation couldn't matter or mean anything after life. I'm doing something for the parents. Talking to them and assuring them that getting better is not what they want. Stop forcing less to call emotions. It

does get workable, you will stop missing her. You're already thinking of her wrong. You've always not known what happened. I don't, in any way, want to help you.

I'm her parents, male and female fucked, because I've made masturbating significant. It isn't. I've repeated and hated the idea since it was given to me like the primate they couldn't evolve up from. They insisted so often, so fucking lazily, that I've been able to stuff the entire morass back into a single unnatural act. I know she's beautiful now. My understanding of aesthetics is more rigid than prurient because it is inadequate only in capture. This has been worth doing. This can't be worth much to anyone but me.

I did her hair in the morning. Put it up in a ponytail.

That was your first step?

No, I wanted to show that I love her. I moved in, we weren't actually married. I had to make friends. I wanted to. She thought it was fun. I liked it too.

You wanted it all to work.

It would've been nice.

Your fault that it didn't.

Yes.

No one else?

No, all mine.

You believe that, right?

I know it's true. Yes, I do, honestly. I'm the one to blame. I fucked up.

She's been through a lot.

Not as much as me.

You resent her?

Not any more. I don't care. It's all done with. I don't need to forgive her. I only told her that I loved her because she seemed like she needed to hear it.

You knew what you were doing.

I fell for it too. You convince yourself after awhile. Either it sneaks up on you or you won't admit that you wanted it.

Did you ever think you were lying?

I knew it was a lot of hard work. I got tired. It was easiest when she wasn't around and I could concentrate on what I liked. I liked fewer and fewer things about her. I'd have to make up things just to deal with her.

You showed the pictures that you took of the mother to her child.

That's what worked. She didn't care too much about the kids. That was for me. But she would imitate her mother.

She could see it wasn't so bad, maybe?

Everything had to be fun, nothing else but entertainment.

Thought it was fun to play dress up.

No, she thought this is what adults do, then all the rest couldn't be as bad as all that. I think. She might have wanted to prove to herself that her mother was as ugly as she thought.

You don't know what her mother did to her, psychologically speaking.

They gravitate to make-up.

The littler one did. I dressed her up. But they're not really thinking.

Make-up will prove that.

It's as much a sensual thing as anything else, I suppose.

How'd you convince your girlfriend to let you take pictures?

She wanted to. You just tell her that you want to masturbate later.

You don't want it to sound like you're a cocksucker.

That's true.

You are. Don't let it bother you.

I'm concerned about what I want, not how I sound. It's going to sound pathetic or brave or hypersexual, all depending only on what kind of cocksucker is listening. My mouth isn't the greater idea, I'm only worried about wanting only this. I don't like sucking on men or women, adults or children. I don't like the sentence. It's not all that much to worry about. It's not what's present in my mind all day long.

You don't like the sentence because you heard it from others. You know how they sound. Doesn't change what you want. Don't talk about it.

The parents under review are only ever talking about what's missing. They achieve an ascetic superiority due to loss and contemporaneous suffering. They're not excused of sense, they're pleading about emotions everyone recognizes, not as deep, but as current. Merely dismissed. Not much expected.

Are you sorry for what you've done?

No. It doesn't work that way. I'm sorry that it happened.

Your lack of control and the trouble you didn't see coming. Never too far off to imagine and prepare for.

She liked playing in water. It was the best way to play with her. I put her in the bath and ran the shower after the tub was filled. I could take pictures because she liked to pose while she was having fun.

You don't feel any sympathy for the little girls in the photos you took or the distressing photos you've looked at. That wasn't an emotion you felt?

I did. Honestly. I have to know there's a difference between the girls. I was moving from a bad idea to proving I was right. This sex stop between thoughts doesn't make the next image all that impossible. Everyone else is negligent before it gets to me. I never once mistook desire for steps. I've made serious mistakes. But it has nothing to do with what's happened to me. I have to put up with creeps who refuse to get past their own ghastly sounding lies and begging, my sensitive experience isn't uninformed.

You want me to understand what you've gone through, how difficult your life is.

No. I do, actually, feel sympathy for my little babies. I think you can learn. I don't think you mean anything real yet. Not right now. I'm not suffering, I'm no longer in puberty, no longer terrorized in mind by body. The self-disgust I self-digest seems the correct pitch. I'd like to have a nice way of feeling better, if that's what's available. I know they're lying, I only suspect they're wrong. I can't be certain.

The beauty of the children not available but fretted over. The title these dropped hole faggots give over and over. You insist that it be clean and pretty and you mar it again and again by forcing it to prove the lies you want to believe over kindness.

Every cunt wants to help. Every single ratfaced faggot and blubbery drunk pedophile. Mother, bereft dad, their children fucked or moving to fucked.

You're at fault. That'll sound like a nudge towards forgiveness. I don't blame you. I'm not sorry for you.

Fucking blameless, I'm lead to understand I'm sick. I'm lead to think I'm searching for temporary comfort. I'm destroying myself. While inconsiderately annoying complete strangers. I'm not apologizing. I'd like to, actually.

Who are you apologizing to?

The ones who deserve it as much as I do. One person at a time, culled from millions of replacements.

What are you apologizing for?

Being unable to control myself to help you. Malignant narcissism.

I tried, I can't do it.

I brought filth. I've made my life on your back. You won't believe this but I'm devastated watching you hurt. It's my way of coping with your, first of all, visually demanding pain.

You didn't make this happen.

I'm not being attacked.

Why let yourself be seen this way. Have your second rate effort to define rammed into timid publicity for lies. Come out stinking and mutilating you to sewage looking for one good video fuck and paid broad among the millions lining the walls of millions of adult store suckon shops. Become transparent. More wounded than camp. Why not keep it quiet. Why put yourself out there only to listen for the next thing to say.

I'm a coward. I spend more effort in hiding than I do in chatting psychotically. There's succor, I feel the effort has an exciting payoff since it hardly seems like effort. You'll know that I've had other men do this for me. When I found the images online, it was because I knew it. Because I knew, first of all, that I wasn't the only person who'd want to see it. I came before the industry. And it'll get worse. Because people have sent me their pictures.

This is all you have.

To do what with?

Make myself feel more comfortable in this real world. I'd like you to help me see how you're not sick, help me survive, set an example.

Stop asking for contempt. Stop asking to be hated for what you should be hated for. Stop crawling but asking me to prove myself to you and your halved self-absorbed concerns.

I can't see why. I can't see a better anything in front of my face. Reality is watching everyone look for a little sympathy. I think it's a nice idea too. I didn't do anything to separate myself from the disdain that everyone else has. For themselves, for me, especially for the ones they choose to help and the ones that'll die talking about pride just before.

Don't define helpless, don't define empathy. For once, try to define excitement.

Start here. The victims don't work as characters for fiction points or deep understanding, metaphor, for anything indulgently tragic. I've been trying to see what you have to offer and I'm apparently so frustrated that I've had to flit between plans and dreams. So you have to carefully imagine this instead. I have to make the victims real. Pornographic, prurient. And I still do that. That's all I have. The frustration doesn't come from anyone but myself, looking and finding the frivolity in conflict and human complexity and then attempting beyond sense not to reject them. I have to save these big titted, pud pulling fools.

You think it looks sexy that way?

Do you want to be pretty?

You are, you know. You don't know that, do you. You have to teach her to behave. The stumbling point before the schoolyard insults take sway.

I can make myself miss her too. Sounds fake, perhaps. Nonetheless, I haven't seen it differently for years. I can't think of any other reason that this isn't stupidly exciting any longer. It doesn't seem irrational, I hope it isn't inarticulate. I draw on Casey Williamson just as imperfectly but immediately.

Twenty-two years ago and Sara will know because she is my guardian angel, that her name will not be in vain and that we are going to fight and fight and fight for her and the many other children out there.

She wanted to know how she looked to everyone else. Show me your cunt, cow. I'm sick of you only showing your cleavage and a little bit of your crack.

I want to see you differently than what everyone else will get. I have to set you up and put up with what will eventually be released. Stop acting as if there's nothing extra between us. You can reject me after you've started to act more like me than you want to admit. I'm giving you more than what you're giving me.

You hope for genes under game, I pick chances for my little baby. It's what I see. Not what I contextualize. The perfect unmissable fact that I could show them to someone younger is a prayer. I couldn't manipulate the situation. It was the only thought present, the only exploitable impulse would be to move away from it.

I have to wait till you get the right pose. You don't want me to explain what the right pose is, do you? Don't you think it should be a natural photo of you? I can't sit here and have you expect more from me than you're willing to be. I don't know if you want to fool somebody. But I'm guessing you want to be appreciated for more than that.

Be an exhibit.

Show me youthful exuberance and timely disinterest in what old men will make of you. Own your future now.

Give me a small glimpse of lapse in judgement.

I am extremely proud of her. She is really my inspiration. And even though I lost Sara, I have Sayeh back as a gift. It's an amazing gift.

This is what makes it art, Dear. This is why it's more important than legal issues about pornography and abuse:

Jerking off to what you found wasn't what happened. You gave me the tape. I think you did it all for me. You wanted to be this, this it, that wants something like what I say is important to me.

It's not child pornography. Just because you want to show your big dick, you're still looking for involvement. Did you think I should say doctors have pedophiles do this for them or you're a dirty pig or you look hot on camera.

Why do you want to impress me?

Are you a pedophile?

Do you love me.

You want to be flattered, is that all I'm supposed to find for you. I like this for more reasons than I like your cock.

I know some of my friends here cannot share that gift with me, but I want to share it with them. Because I think it's up to all of us to really think hard what our kids mean to us and what we can do to help them. Just standing by and watching this happen over and over again is really not the answer.

Culture accepts you just fine, fag. It's only as an old man that I find the trawl romantically decisive. And the trading of this garbage is humiliating to me. I honestly don't know how to make it exist without writing about it. I don't want the secret, don't think it should be treated as insignificant. Sadly, I'm incapable of making it anything other than trite.

I don't want the disc at this age because of my age. I don't have the photos of the little slit that I can only say I was in love with because, when I'm gone, there'll be evidence. And neither of these people were that. I wish I could know that what I got from them was treated correctly. That I said thank you in the way that I felt around them. But I don't think they deserve what it is that I was going through. And I don't intend on listening to others validate it incorrectly. I'm alright with this. I really do want this.

As a father, she is part of me until the day I die. And she's always with me. I do get a chance to be with her soul, and I think that this ride gave her this opportunity to be with me.

In spirit, yes.

Why torture yourself, Doll?

She was very good-natured to other children. I don't think that child had a mean bone in her body. She loved everyone. She would steal you, is what I like to say about a lot of kids that you meet. They just steal you, and you just want to just melt right there at their feet and . . . just whatever they want.

The chances that I would have exploded into crime were much greater when I went through puberty than when I entered infirmity. However, recommending that I've repressed or acknowledged thoughtlessness as a drive, simple learning mistakes in shit design, belies the mental corrosion that I've worked harder to avoid always hopeful gluttony. I'm sickened by the experience, would appreciate to be sickened by the exaggerated push. I've been throwing away pornography ever since highschool.

I will never see Jessie go on her first date. I will never be a grandfather to her children.

This is how I want to see her. You're not giving me anything new, no information to help me understand responsibility or special. You did give me some photos and many details. Now I need to trust you. I'm sorry that I'm always asking for more from you.

I hope you hear her cries as you try to sleep at night. I hope you see the tears run down her face when she asked you to go home.

This was my last job with Jessie, to raise her, and you took that away from me, Couey. I hope you rot in hell and I hope you get the death penalty.

Help cure your rejection, reputation, your awkward to hated duration.

I turned coke into something I did on my own. Masturbate with it.

Making your words apologies for not thinking past proof and deduction.

You slur. I'm tired of it.

You need to get better, clear up, dust off.

Jessie's home now, and she's right here with me and all the parents out there. I know everybody does, but do it more often. Make sure you get that hug and kiss every day before you leave that house. I did. I got mine. You just make sure you get yours.

You had to stop drinking.

I've been offered therapy and medication as a curative to self generated criminal thoughts.

I think exclusively about children I've seen being harmed for sexual not social reasons.

Sobriety has brought you closer to a breakdown.

Drinking was effecting my health but not my thinking.

I can't stand the facts that I've turned into memories and can't quite understand exactly what I was doing back then. Not sure I recognize myself in some of the highly vivid situations.

I wasn't drunk all the time.

I'm driven closer to stopping everything just so these serious thoughts, when I asked complete slime to masturbate onto photos of murdered and missing children so that I could see it, quit finally.

I got—it doesn't get any easier to try to explain to someone who your child was. You never forget, but it gets harder to explain to someone because you're explaining something that's not in your life anymore.

It's not memory. It's not fiction. Not if I masturbate. Not if I apologize for it. Make it art to pornography that can't be tolerated without complaints to authorities to whom liable. Or mothers that I've fucked through strange men suffering the same fictional searches for hallucinogenic reality. I watched a young lady smoke a cigarette in front of me, naked, frank, and I wanted to masturbate. Confession or anecdote or the miserable loss of coarse recall. Please let me just have this, faggot asks.

How greedy can you fucking be, not to just hand over a few spare seconds of your time.

She's not here for me to hold. She's not walking over to the couch and telling me she loves me. We're not arguing over who loves each other the most. She was a huge help.

It's not about sex, is it Mom?

Tell me how difficult it was to make her breakfast.

When she was sick.

What you sacrificed daily.

When you're suffering, do you go back to one memory. Do you reduce everything that was whole and constant to one favorite or conflicted, sweet, difficult, memory. Or a specific image, a nice mental snapshot that can't give way as quickly as most.

I'm over fifty now. I'm still not always sure what's happened or when. What age was I when I first thought that I might want to stick my pigging tongue up a perfunctory or less confusing and more menial cunt. Her asshole. Watch the differences in race and age in faces. Ancient, painted, sick. Versus cared for, growing, learning and the same age as myself. They collect in filth, I visited for filth. And then again the same grade school. I can't believe this was never present, never not completely over my head.

I don't know what it was about that child, but she wouldn't clean her room, but she would clean the bathroom. We had a clean bathroom.

Preferred the older men eventually. Before I had a choice, old trolls were teenage replacements for advertised acts, anally inconveniently unspecified. I think I let an older guy suck my dick for a little secret because I thought it would feel good and I didn't want to keep ditching the near relentless and charming ego-aggressive offers for what I was trying to watch.

She wouldn't eat much, which was in my favor because I don't eat much. She liked her buttered noodles on a daily basis and mashed potatoes. As she got older, she experimented with bacon, and it was all over with. We could go to—we could pull up in front of our favorite restaurant and by the time we got inside they already had her food started. They knew exactly what she wanted, how she wanted it.

Poor dear. The best I'll ever come up with is saying how silly a little girl is. Because she believes in god to help her through the endless loss of her sister. Come up with a smug adult to prove an old man my age and health can enjoy what she's saying wrong. Don't know love because of rejection, don't believe in god because it's too cartoon. Instead of saying: It'll get better. Time takes care of you, more than god, but you'll get it. You just have to take care of what's practical. You don't want to forget. Because you need to keep her, you'll see, time will keep both of you.

A predatory paedophile described as "every parent's worst nightmare" has been jailed indefinitely for raping a seven-year-old boy and sexually assaulting his younger brother in a McDonald's toilet. Simon Archer, 23, preyed on the boys, who were out for a family lunch after attending church, when they left their dad to use the loo alone.

Bare-chested Archer went in after them and launched the sickening assault, raping one child and assaulting the other. The ordeal only ended when the youngest boy, aged four, fell to the floor in tears and Archer fled.

The stunned brothers did not tell their father, who was waiting for them only a few yards away outside with his other children. But the attack came to light a few days later when their mother suggested returning to the restaurant in Welling, Kent, as a treat and her sons became upset.

The police were called and an investigation was launched by the Met's Sapphire sex crimes unit. The boys gave officers a description of their attacker which they

were able to match to CCTV footage of Archer entering the restaurant moments before the incident, on July 4 last year.

A jury yesterday took just two hours to find him guilty of one rape charge and two sexual assaults after a trial at Woolwich Crown Court, in south-east London, in December last year. At the time of the incident Archer was on license after being convicted in February 2009 of exposing himself to children and asking them to perform sex acts. A psychiatrist and probation worker who assessed him both decided he posed a "danger" to the public. The boys' mother was in court to see him given an indeterminate sentence for public protection with a minimum term of seven years. The court heard Archer still maintains he was not involved in the attack and will only admit to being "in the vicinity at the time."

A predatory paedophile lured a boy aged seven into a McDonald's toilet and carried out a sickening sex attack, a court heard yesterday. It was the second case this year involving sex abuse at a branch of the fast food chain. At the time of the latest attack Dean Freeman, 24, was free on license after serving just half of a sentence for abducting another boy, aged ten.

He went to the packed fast food restaurant in Basildon, Essex, on April 15 and lured his victim into the toilets. Freeman, who was being monitored by probation and police officers, forced the child to perform a sex act with him. He spoke at Basildon Crown Court only to admit sexual activity with a child under 13 and breaching an order banning contact with anyone under 16. The order was imposed after the previous offence, for which he was jailed for five years and eight months in 2008. He had phoned a school in Rayleigh, Essex, posing as the father of a ten-year-old pupil. The brute persuaded staff to put the lad in a taxi he sent to take him for a "dental appointment." But the evil plot failed.

Don't talk about her like she's dead. Take away the missing tragedy: What the parents went through during the time they didn't know. And now that they can't hold her.

Remove the cloying, the tears from others, get rid of what you hang on to as the emotionalism that contorts itself into conversation.

Become a dirty old man.

Become a dirty old man sucking cock, crying when the drugs and lack of sleep get too much.

Every fucking time the word Parents enters my head, I know I'm more bored than excited.

Dirty old man looking for cock, mouth, touch. Looking for little girls to look at because cock's always there somewhere. I don't care, fair enough.

Just let her live with her father. Keep her small and as safe as you want them to be. Stay away from the slightest hint of menarche. Just have her without demands and favors and self-interest funneling. Don't stay with helpless either.

I can't make her safe, can I.

Take away the drugs, the neurosis, the lack of anything better in the unfashionable, wretched future that doesn't recognize your genius, your efforts, your monomania, your resistant difficulties to convince and encourage. Strip down the chaos that protects you from sounding black and white enough to gripe against everyone as unlucky and blustery.

No pornographic memories, not misting or formative delights, no search and disagreeable inconclusive voids. Don't do ruse, turn to linguistics; you keep your shattered experiments to yourself this time.

What is she wearing. What has been removed.

Is she a girl.

She'd have to be.

No pornography, no want. No safe blame of the cocksucker that put it in front of you, made it for you, for himself or the cunts that want to keep you away from it. No want. No need, ever is there? Don't meander, Sweetie. Land.

No build up.

Don't. Don't talk to mothers.

Her father, in this case.

No help for her, no history or absence of, yet to grasp and pillage. Don't construct supercilious wishes and little unlive purity jabs.

This time just a row of pictures from my files. Fuck files. That fucking cock contraption and the camera with my exposure and obscenity and a slow motion trail of black and white pictures of her faces.

Which child. Which smile. Which parent comes too quick.

None of that. No regression or desperate fantasy. No self-satisfied fronts or blocks with cheap insults and film studies.

Just my baby.

No one's fucking baby. No one's special anything. Nothing unique or loved and displayed adoringly. Especially no adult replacement.

Rejection from lost loved ones or soured first times and elongated missteps at yet more love and communication.

Now say: Don't hate yourself.

Get old. Get owned by something else. Not you, don't pretend it's you, your rights or your uncivilized dreams and failures. You're fucking too old to pretend, it doesn't look good on you for a start.

No intellect, no emotional courage. Fuck you and your imploding introspection and adolescent self-discovery.

Just her bones. I can't say I want to consume her, eat her, fuck her, it doesn't work like that.

Don't fucking make her a part of you.

Keep your repulsive tongue in your mouth and your aged lips tight.

No one did this to you.

No one did.

Divest the moral superiority, the humanist clowning and jealous, unrequited, invective.

The internal dialogue plus the listener.

More me, more self-important.

Minuscule, successful and received silently.

Tell her to stop wiggling. Tell her to quit standing there saying nothing and then ask her a question, just so I can hear her voice.

Tell her to touch herself first.

Where would you put your little hand.

Play that film, Moppet, that's what I've got. And I'm watching it every second when I'm alone.

No fiction, no veering off imaginatively. Don't sound mean to the air.

Ask her. See if she doesn't respond the same way again and again.

And then, another simple question, you're really not the one asking her, are you?

And where does that come from.

I plow into it and don't guess that making it more difficult to understand, just too complex, lets me walk away from all of it, preciously embraced.

She said No. And I heard it and it didn't stop one person of the three to quit what was going to progress from there.

Always.

It didn't happen that way.

How did she know to say No.

She didn't like what yet?

She just had something about her, man. You could walk into a store with this child and come out with a lot of things that you never intended to buy when you went in.

I think it's revolting, frustrating, to talk about this material and have murder or torture or jail in the heartbreaking foreground. I'm seeing what I see in the photos only. I didn't hurt your child. I don't seek to understand what these idiots broke down to make that idea physical and evidentiary. We are only ever talking about the exact same thing. And I'd rather not have you think I'm attacking you just because, when I consistently refuse to think of anything better or as often, that I'm only ever talking directly to you. It is what happens. You talk to the camera. I watch through it. Thinking I should be face to face with you, thinking that there would be some sadistic slip or inspiring shock of experience or even some great knowledge that grew out of putting two poor struggling commoners like ourselves together.

Jessie had just been at my parents' house. I went out with my girlfriend and—you know, I worked 80 hours a week as a truck driver, and I worked hard. You know, I just wanted a life of my own and someone in it. I never knew that what would always weigh on me was I felt, what was so important that I need to be with my girlfriend? Why didn't I just stay home with my mom and dad and my daughter?

I don't know, more prostitutes than humans. More black than white, thus more paid than worn down. A relationship signifies something altogether better and not particularly germane to my sexual or emotional efforts. I cum quick. I reassure them and try my best to respond accordingly.

I came home and her—Jessie was always the first one up. She's waking everybody else up. She was an early bird. I came home, and she wasn't up and her alarm clock was going off. I didn't think nothing about it. I just went ahead and got dressed for work, figured she'd be up in a minute. Her alarm clock—by the time I got my clothes on, her alarm clock was still going off, and I didn't want to open her bedroom door.

And I get left with having to not fuck children. Not fuck adults. I can muster a guilt obsessed jerk off and the tingling pleas of awkward, obvious, envy. Not lamentable if I don't brag, validate, humanize it all down to reading levels. Imaginary, all angles. What's that do to you. Shouldn't have stuck my finger through your hole.

I didn't know what was wrong. Her bed was pulled down as if she had pulled it down herself. Her clothes were in her chair that she would put out the night before for school. Her sandals were there at the door.

Explain what these things mean to me. Photos of you. Words that I collect from you. Do you honestly think that there's anything in anything you say that isn't about your baby.

She's done nothing wrong.

She's fine, just fine.

This won't hurt her.

You want to believe that. What they say happens is easy to discard. It's written by adults. And adults are cheap. They would have got that way no matter what they picked.

She's pretty. Pretty that way. Stay pretty.

Fucking slob.

He's not sorry. It's adults finding adults.

If I have an involuntary reaction. I've had it since I was a child. It is embarrassing. I'd rather not sound this way. It won't even come off honest or real.

I've found myself in hotel rooms. And I remember when I was a kid watching my mother cry. This is not something that weighs me down. I'm not doing this for a reason. I'm not sad about it.

I handle the emotional scenes as badly as I can. I get excited. I find myself that way. And I don't want it to stop. I don't want to masturbate to relieve the stress.

You understand, I'm not looking to find this shit anymore.

I started hollering for her, and it wasn't funny anymore. It wasn't a joke. She wasn't trying to get one over on dad. But I sure wished it was. I left the house and went through the neighborhood, up and down the streets, calling her. And what really sucks is that she could hear me, and I couldn't hear her.

She really is my baby. More than yours. I know you understand. I wouldn't be asking you questions if I knew your answers. I know that I don't want what you've been told to say. I know I have to make it up. I have to fucking make it up and fucking give it back to you. It's too important to both of us to make it up.

They searched for Jessie for about three weeks. You know, they start inside the home and work their way out is what they said. They accused my father. They told

me my father had my daughter's blood on his clothes. And they wanted me to go into the room and ask him what he did with her body. These are tactics, trying to get the truth from someone who doesn't know the truth.

What group are you in, darling?

I have so little to help me. I know this is bigger than what I can comprehend, contain. I believe that it is, I give you that but I don't think it comes as respect. Instead, I suspect, it's why I'm attracted to what you have to say. Why I'm interested in you and what happened to you, primarily. Otherwise, I'd leave it alone like I'm supposed to do.

You recognize you need help.

When you were young, did you suffer through a rejection from someone you were wrong about? That ultimately you had to decide that you weren't going to be able to convince this person of what you wanted and how good you were. You only knew you wanted to be with them. That's where the brainwaves lead and stopped. I can only recognize that part from here. And I know it's not good enough.

If you'll talk like me, that would be a good start.

What makes you suffer.

What do you want me to admit.

Tell me about what we have in common, specifically which images you've seen.

I wish you could start from the other side. Try like I'm trying. Even though you don't believe me. You're going to have to begin with how you say what it is you want to talk about. I think it hurts you. I know it does. All the time. I do think it drives you mad. I can understand that, it's constant and sickening. Physically.

I think this is your best coping technique. I think it's inadequate and brutally unchanged for all these years.

I think I wish it didn't happen.

I think you can see something else that you're missing.

I'm not resistant to the information. What you're saying isn't factually based and, see, those facts can't be delivered this way to begin with. Neither of us are at fault unless we exaggerate it.

You know they went to that house the first three days of her missing, they went to that house three times. And in three different police reports they wrote that that house was suspicious, but they never searched that house. In one of the police reports they said that on one of the three days they said that a person came to the door, openly nervous and shaky. But they never searched that house.

Where do you go?

I took her to my house.

Into your bedroom?

Yes sir, through that ladder you have.

Through your bedroom window?

Yes sir.

What happens next?

Then I sexually assaulted her. She's a very polite girl. She's very, very polite. I mean, I wonder why I done stupid stuff like that in the first place. I was going to let her go. I got scared. And I didn't let her go. I should have let her go and I didn't.

What happened?

I got scared. I mean, because you all, and everybody showed up. And I just didn't know and panicked. And I... The first time they came around, if they would have came in, they would have caught her in my closet. They didn't search. They said they searched the house, but they didn't search the house the first time.

Did she know that we were out there looking for her?

Yes, she knew. I told her you all were—you know, I told her you all—I said they're out looking for you and she seen it on TV, too.

What happened next?

That's just—I went out there one night and dug a hole, and put her in it, buried her. I pushed—I put her in a plastic bag, plastic baggies.

Was she dead already?

No, she was still alive. I buried her alive. Like, it's stupid, but she suffered.

Did you have sex with her?

Yes, I had intercourse with her.

Vaginal sex?

Sir?

Did you put your penis inside her vagina?

Yes, sir, yes.

What did she—how did she get her clothes off?

I told her to take them off.

You told her to take—she took them off?

Yes, she tried to put them back on, I told her leave them off.

OK.

She put them back on. I just—you know, I had intercourse with her.

Her friend is with her, right? School is out. Was she—had she started school yet? Was she in preschool or...

Oh, no. She had just finished first grade.

She had finished—at five?

Yes. Yes.

Not bad.

No, she was impressive.

Did you see her go out in the yard? What happened?

I was at work. Ken was at work. And Grandma was there. And Samantha often played in the courtyard with all the children.

And all the children were around?

I have to assume so. I wasn't there. Really, I don't even know the whole story because if it wasn't in a press conference, I didn't watch it.

Doctors show photo collections to suspected pedophiles and instruct them to remember specific details for questions immediately following the screenings. The images are semi-pornographic, alternating between men and women and children. Sometimes the suspects are asked to spot a reoccurring object that will appear throughout the various photographs. They're asked to note which way the object is facing, left or right, in every picture it shows up in.

Then in another police report they said that they had seen a man—the front door was open and they seen a man exit the back door of the house. They asked who it was. There was—they were told it was someone else, but they never searched the house.

The actual test is expected to be hidden from the suspects. Substantive results are compiled by comparing the lengths of time the suspect stays on each photo. Longer times spent on whichever photo seems more innately compelling, harder to separate the however desired image idea from concentration, simple task, will more adequately delineate taste.

They started showing his picture as a person of interest. During the investigation, neighbors had, you know, gave them information. I guess people that lived there in the house and you know pressed their own suspicions that took them three weeks to figure out this.

Is there a girl in there? He tried um . . . What did he try to do with his penis in your vagina?

He failed to register, lived across the street from my house. I mean, that they didn't hold him—if they had put him in prison the first time he done this for 25 years to life, then my daughter would still be there.

He tried to show me how men and women made a baby.

He—he tied her with speaker wire and put her in a trash bag, put in another trash bag over on top of her, told her that he was going to put her somewhere where her daddy could find her. And then he buried her alive not just out in the woods or in his backyard but right next to his back door, the very steps that you walk down, you passed by her grave.

But what did he do with his penis in your vagina?

No one in that house, no other person in that house, was ever convicted of anything. It's a 14 x 16 mobile home. You can hear anything and everything from one end to the other. These people knew that he was a convicted sex offender, and it was their uncle. He molested them.

Well he didn't really go in but he tried to show me with it. They were really . . . and then he showed me how they could have it but not have a baby by not using that. There are so many scenes, I know more examples of yes rather than no, where the women who've been moaning and encouraging with their smeared mouths open and tongues extended so that the plug can masturbate and aim inside. I see it less in gay oriented pornography but that's quickly becoming the chief requirement as well. It's not my job to talk them out of it or not fit to expectation. I tell them just let me look. They want condoms. Extra fingers. I'm just going to cum on your tits, your ass, spread it a little more, open up, into your pubic hair, putting my cock over theirs and jerking us both off. I don't want to cum in your mouth, on your face, you can cum in mine. You want me to lick the last drops of sick off, shine my head into the urinal. I'll get my cum out of your ass, don't worry. Tastes like shit, like heaven, like your beautiful body, cryjag testimony, xanax.

Can I have just a moment?

But yet they let him live in that house with their children. He—he may have buried Jessie alive. He may be the only person to blame for her death. But there are far more evil people than John Couey, far more evil. Anyone—and I'm not saying John Couey did Jessie any favors by not physically hurting her, beating her, stabbing her. He raped her and he killed her.

The tests aren't conclusive for many respondents. Especially since the tests are done with convicted criminals rather than self-reporting troubled. As a group, many of these men learn about the tests and adjust their show behavior. They learn to fake their responses, focus and perform like butch heterosexuals or protected, socially accepted queers.

John Couey worked at her school. He was a—a laborer for a contractor. And just down the street from us there's a restaurant where he was writing love letters to a fourteen-year-old little girl who worked—who worked in the—that either came into the restaurant or worked in the restaurant.

I could probably count the women I've had sex with who weren't hookers. I have no idea how many men I've had sex with or what counts as sex. You can't count men because there are so many brief encounters where hard crotch grabs and quick handjobs, exposure and tongues shouldn't really apply. The men I know who count almost always sound ridiculous. Every one of them pretended to up until AIDS. You end up taking care of people who are dying and the relationship has to feature some kind gesture every now and again. You get half way a lot. You don't give all in. I still see some men aging worse and worse, I'm sure they say the same for me. I take longer to cum with men but the sex happens quicker.

What brought you here?

He had been convicted two other times of molesting children, breaking into homes; at one point in time he would have gotten more time for stealing the silverware than what he got for molesting a child. He had been arrested 23 times in 46 years. No, was given 18 years, 18. So in 40 years, 38 years, he had been arrested 23 times. How many times does someone have to tell you they're a bad person before you do something with them?

That really is your fault, isn't it?

Jesse's important, she's very important. It's easier for me to tell you what's wrong with the system than to hurt you with the truth about what a wonderful daughter I had.

Is it possible that nothing was taken from you?

She was my life. I had plans. And those plans were taken away. But it's easier for me to tell you the faults in the system than to sit here and tell america what a wonderful child she is because she's just like your child, america. She's just like yours; the one that you would do anything in this world for. All of them are.

Is it possible that you shouldn't be here again.

She was definitely grandma's girl. Grandma was grandma. And sometimes grandma was mom. But she was very close with her grandmother and she was—she wasn't afraid to tell her grandpa that it was his fault if the pie got burnt. And he would accept whatever she said.

I've had people ask me to stop. A few different people have asked me to do them favors. You shouldn't always think you were the only one who sounded stupid.

Some sort of homosexual that can't believe he was either born that way or suffered enough bullying to find someone to give something more to. To stay away from the harder answers and legitimately challenge myself to rise to respect and correctly gain acceptance for the more difficult contributions.

Is it such a terrible thing not to be able to trust me—or is it that you need to be able to trust someone, anyone. Do you think you should keep looking and still pretend that you aren't finding what you really want?

Too chickenshit to get what you say you want. Reams of time that prove it, settling on jerking off as public instead of private. Too self-important to accept therapy. And disdain those who receive help for the issues I third grade into prosaic obsessions and massage parlor excuses.

Possible you don't know?

But it—I don't want to miss the part about telling you about who's failing, what we're doing wrong, and what can we do to make it right. Versus telling you things that you'll never really be able to grasp because you never met her.

They don't either. I swear I don't ever want to do this again.

My little girl didn't have to die. She didn't have to be murdered. He had no right to rape her. He had no right to be across the street from my home. Two weeks before my daughter's death, they came to that house to arrest John Couey on a warrant. Two weeks later my daughter went missing and then murdered.

Better to keep quiet, right?

Is it exciting to talk about it again.

Do you know who the first cop was on the scene? Same one that was there two weeks ago. But nobody knew John Couey was there. Why wouldn't you search that house? I know, I know. You live on a different planet than we do. But you don't. You are not far from one of these animals. And you are not exempt from being a victim.

What did you first experience—the sad experience of watching others removed to film or the disgusting sensation on your repulsive person? What had the more significant appeal. Is that an impossible question?

I take offense at both. Both experiences include me as audience. The first time I was aware of it was the following day when I was trying to find a way to ignore the girlfriend I had to see again.

Common doesn't quite get rid of it, does it? You're looking to encourage yourself.

I don't live in my—we all live in our own pain every day. We all relive it five times a day if somebody won't do something about it. So there's the deal. I mean, we'll live through the pain and tell everyone, if you'll just do something about it.

What do you tell the others; how do you get them to deal with their loneliness. Their boredom, rejection, dread. Redirected awareness, lack of public appeal.

John—John Couey was on probation, and during his probation time he wore a tracking device and he played by the rules.

What can you get to work for you and your girlfriend?

Here's their game. You put that on them, they'll play by the rules. Probation is going to come to an end, and they're going to run. In November, they took that tracking device off of John Couey. And in November they didn't know where he was at.

Seeing that she makes sense is not a prerequisite to finding her worthwhile to listen to. Her father believes the exact same stories; I don't have to think what is said needs to help them attract people to their body or their cause or renders them safe and untouchable or otherwise unpriable mentally. You won't believe me, but I'm not so overwhelmed. Reality isn't what I'm looking for, obviously, let's agree on that.

You're not taking drugs for those reasons. You're looking for relief, still, let's instead play that you're tortured.

I'd rather. The father's never going to read my notes.

Has he talked with you?

He's seen the pictures. Was jealous before that. How can I possibly not include his self-deprecating augury. Just before he makes some over-ambitious point regarding myself and my motivations.

You need some other options, Punkin?

His child was a better shot at a fourteen-year-old.

It's—well, I could really say a lot. Denial. Not knowing what to do. Not being trained what to do. It's not their fault. It's their fault—it's the government's fault that they don't have the money to put these small town law enforcement officers through the right training. You go to a big city, you compare these big city cops' training to a small community cop's training.

You know why your child isn't here, right, trash?

I have to lower myself to self-diagnosis. I've considered the vulgar public suggestions and come up with a different circus of waiting self-harm. When I masturbate, when I write that down, I'm neither victim, perpetrator or confessor. There's no action but the impure monologue of therapy and hatred. I'm a diluted, previously sucked on watcher. Fucking damaged troll. I'm, honestly, even in my fantasies, only as dangerous as a defensive peeper until I have a hardon that suggests I can end aesthetic experience with research. It's mostly diminishing return, idly luminous and pleasantly insistent, self-important. You see it wrong well. Not while I'm doing it. None of it is about controlling myself until I rework the memories out front. My little one tells me the memories don't exist.

Could the fourteen-year-old waitress have fallen in love with him?

It's budgeting. It's money. The sheriff and the higher-ups got to make their money, and they got to get a raise, but they're going to lay off 25 deputies to do it. Where's the irony in all of this? How does this work?

He didn't seem like a real bad feller.

I always knew he was a creep. Nothing bothered him. It was like he'd been through worse. He always put off this presence that he had these things to hide, and you knew it, but you couldn't get it out of him.

He stayed with whoever would take him in. He was like one of the strays in the neighborhood, like a stray dog. All he did was drink and fish. As far as we knew, he was just a loner when my mom took him in.

When I was young I saw a doctor of the mind. I saw many psychiatrists and they confirmed I have a mental disease.

She sat on my lap—voluntarily. I didn't force her to do it, voluntarily.

Personally, I feel prison ain't gonna help me. I feel that I need help for myself. I don't want to go to prison, I want help for myself.

Why did he choose the waitress? Take your daughter. How long did you tell him to wait? Second chances aren't any better than more desperate. He was expecting humiliation.

What do you want in a McDonald's bathroom sucking off boys for frantic life changing minutes.

Whose knees are on the floor.

I don't wish to be seen there unless it's a maudlin worry towards a breakdown.

They blend in too readily. I'm disappointed that I've asked men and women questions about what they would allow me to do. You get locked in. You think you were offered something but remain too smart or timid to accept. They are all very similar, comes off lonely. Since I'm not lonely. Or bored. I think it's only fair to see it in every crumb that talks more than digs. They also admit it.

I've seen photos of boys, tiny boys, pulling down their pants in the bathrooms of fastfood restrooms. Poor fathers, money hounded, not sex hunted, take their kids there. And businessmen take photos very carefully. Just stealing glances, very important freezing glances and angelic mistakes; these are probable occurrences and better lives.

I've peeked.

He went in shirtless.

I don't have children. I don't have any children that I'm particularly fond of. Nor have I formed or fostered any relationships with other adults specifically because they have children.

I certainly don't worry that the boys were harmed. Extend it to having to put your mouth on that little body part. I've had enough generational genitalia to get me past the dubious impulse. I compile the hardest bad choices I have not to become like them. It always comes back to sexual experiences. Not bests or promises. More than I can stand of both immaturity and fantasy. The dick wet, greasy men I photograph. They won't let me take pictures of their faces. It's always restricted to genitalia.

I can't fucking wait till they catch you.

You're not a hard criminal or a swollen father who knows better. Or saw her more.

I know what you've done. What you're capable of. What you're really saying.

Two kinds of faggots. One masturbates before he heads out foraging so he'll have less mind altering drugless pressure to fuck, less chance to lose himself in the all untouchable to enterable moment. That he'd prefer to edge up next to rather than suffer the similar infections of the storied luckless.

Number two saves his loads in the hope that when he finally pops on someone, the amount and consistency of his kid sperm will impress him and his socket. The large pool and touch drool of cum makes it more masculine.

Did you do all of this because you remember what it was like to watch her laugh.

You drop it. You're not stronger than this. What you're not capable of is the strength to curb your thoughts.

They said they didn't know. And I'll tell you one better than that. While they were still investigating my daughter and trying to find her, they were moving out of that house. They were physically moving their stuff out of that house after my daughter went missing. Are they moving because they can't afford the rent? Or are they moving because they had something to hide?

It's almost too difficult for me to consider. It's gone too far and I don't know if I could handle what you've gone through.

You have pictures of their faces.

Put your hand on your cock.

Why don't you suck it so it's hard and big.

Let me see who else you have in there.

Let me get one of you sucking my cock for your scrapbook.

My sheriff, he arrested everyone, charged everyone. And he truly believes and I do, too, that they knew; they knew she was there. But it was the prosecutors. It's the cost.

Come on, dad. Get exhausted.

I've got chances left.

You can tell me, I already know.

When will it be more convenient for you to say you can't talk about it any more.

Just stare, stay quiet.

I'm not sorry it happened. I'm not looking at either person for efficiency any longer. I'm not as intimidated by my little frights as you say. I'm uncertain that it's enough to convince myself. I've spent a long few decades looking for the photos and I've become less and less a collector. The search hasn't taken over, the finds haven't been precious. My only argument, that doesn't amuse me as much as I'd hoped at this point, is maturity plus exhaustion.

If I can plead with you, it only costs the counties \$15,000. These are just not even close to the right figures. But if I can plead with you, it costs the county \$15,000, I'm going to plead with you. Because if I take you to trial, it's going to cost me 100,000 bucks. So it's cheaper to plea. It's easier. It's easier to get a conviction if you plea.

What have you done for her.

The sickened mum of predatory paedophile Andrew Bryce Blair's latest victim last night told how she wants to stab the monster who targeted her son. Twisted Blair is facing life behind bars after he lured the trusting ten-year-old to his home in Glasgow then launched his horrific assault.

The traumatized lad's ordeal was the latest in a string of vile attacks by the fifty-six-year-old beast—who was still allowed to roam our streets despite vowing two years ago he'd kill a child to cover up his sick crimes. And last night the schoolboy victim's thirty-year-old mum said: "I would like to stab him in the neck with a fork. But I am glad he will be going away for a long time." She added: "Before what happened my son was really lively. Now he is a scared wee boy. I don't think he will ever forget it, but we are determined it will not affect the rest of his life."

Blair was freed from jail in May 2009 despite a dossier branding him a "very high risk."

The Scottish Sun told how officials claimed there was an "imminent risk of serious harm." And our investigators watched as he mingled with youngsters near a school.

After his release he was back behind bars in November that year for public indecency—just months before targeting his latest victim in August last year when he was freed yet again.

The boy's furious mum said: "It was a disgrace releasing him. He should have been closely monitored. If that had been done then this would never have happened."

The High Court in Glasgow heard how the boy—who can't be identified—had been playing with friends in a park when Blair invited him to his flat in the city's southside last August. The scheming fiend claimed to have some items belonging to the lad and handed him a bag of goods then walked him home. But he asked the unsuspecting boy to return to his flat, promising he had more things to give to him. The boy, who bravely gave evidence during the trial via a video link, described how Blair had demanded he strip. The lad added: "I asked if I could only take my top off. He took a couple of photographs. He told me to smile."

Blair then made a vile request to the boy before pushing him down on a bed he kept in his dingy living room and lying on top of him. After simulating sex, he gave the child 50p and ordered him not to tell anyone about his ordeal. The petrified youngster escaped by clambering down a second floor balcony as the pervert shouted after him.

Last night campaigners and politicians claimed the case proves more must to be done to protect kids from beasts like Blair. Margaret Ann Cummings, 35, whose eight-year-old son Mark was killed by a paedophile, said: "He should be kept in prison—especially when he's made a threat to take a life. He should not have been let out in the first place. It's scandalous."

I'm not knocking all prosecutors. I'm just saying, don't be so—in such a big hurry to pat yourself on the back when you decide one day to run for office. You think about how many real-time sex offenders you made plea deals with and you think about that boy, that Romeo and Juliet or other things that can happen. And you convicted them like he was a heinous crime sexual predator deviant, because it was an easy prosecution. I've seen them do it. I've seen them do it.

You deserve what, kid?

You had 185 pictures that carried charges. Why only 185?

They have to itemize all the pictures you kept. The ones that are clear matches to the laws are the ones they use to charge you with.

You had more?

I don't know how many I had. I think the legal definitions are pretty rigid and I had a lot of pictures that might not have worked as well for them, with what they are looking to prove.

You had pictures that wouldn't be seen as child pornography to the court but were obtained from sources of child pornography. They were child pornography, however. We have to agree on that.

Not because of where I got them.

You had pictures of little children from other sources. You're a pedophile. You love, or were used to, looking at children in a sexual manner?

The more innocent pictures were innocent pictures made less so because of what I'd seen. Not what I was in search of. I'm not a pedophile. Not at all.

This is where you ended up?

I gave up. I don't know why. I wish I had been stronger.

Your sexual orientation—are you heterosexual or homosexual?

Might as well ask if I prefer mothers or fathers.

I'm guessing mothers.

I only had pictures of little girls, that's why, right?

What couldn't you get?

Here's—here's a good one for you. The state of Georgia wants to take 17,000 people off the sex offender registry based upon what they were convicted for. How many plea deals were there? How many guys literally raped or molested a child and pleaded down to sexual misconduct?

Do you enjoy what you've done?

You can certainly understand where I started wasn't great, before I got it all wrong, but yes, I've made the right decisions for myself.

You changed?

I went through the gamut of possibilities. This has been something that's provided me with more than the confusion, than the self-loathing, I was being taught by others.

You've been taught to hate yourself?

Unsuccessfully.

The women, mostly, you've masturbated in front of were paid to watch. The men, compulsively, you've masturbated in front of brought themselves to a place where such activities were permitted and promoted. The children, protected, you've masturbated about, were not allowed to see you. You're not looking to expose yourself, you're looking to hide. Everything you do is only about cowering.

I pulled my shirt down. I've crouched in alleys. I've become uncontrollable only in my mind. In fact, I was controlling myself quite well. I'd let the children I saw on the street decide whether or not I should only go have sex with an adult. It's all about controlling myself, not hiding, all about how foolish a confrontation of any kind would be in any instance. I've watched. I've objectified. I couldn't give a fuck about exposing them to any sort of worth.

This is not about being soft on internet paedophilia. This problem is far bigger than the authorities can cope with. The police and social services are struggling to deal with those cases known to them. But there are thousands of others out there and we want to reach them before they turn their sexual fantasies into reality.

This proposal is aimed at people who have knowingly downloaded child pornography but not distributed it or abused children. The intention is to encourage those who know they have a problem to come forward by sparing them the humiliation of a court appearance. They would be assessed by a psychiatrist, a psychologist or a probation officer while the police would investigate their computers.

Try answering these questions for yourself.

Have you ever felt a sexual attraction to children or underage teenagers (a boy or girl 16 years old or younger)?

Have you kept secrets from others about your attractions to children or underage teenagers?

Have you looked at or purchased pornography that showed children or underage teenagers?

Have you ever secretly watched children or underage teenagers or exposed yourself to children or underage teenagers?

Have you bought children or underage teenagers gifts, or given them money, in order to get them to trust you and like you so you can touch them sexually?

Have you shown pornography (or material of a sexual nature) to children or underage teenagers, or intentionally left it where they could find it?

Answer these questions honestly for yourself.

Have you ever told yourself “he/she is mature for his/her age” or something similar to make yourself feel better about your sexual thoughts or behaviors toward children or underage teenagers?

Have you ever wanted to stop fantasizing about or touching children or underage teenagers in a sexual way, or looking at child pornography, but did it again?

Do you find that romantic/sexual fantasies about, or sexual behavior towards, children or underage teenagers interfere with your relationships at home or work?

Does your sexual attraction to children or underage teenagers conflict with your spiritual beliefs or moral values?

Has your sexual attraction to children or underage teenagers ever left you feeling worried, frightened, ashamed, hopeless, alienated from others or suicidal?

Have you ever felt that your life would be better if you were not sexually attracted to children or underage teenagers?

There’s no reason for these people to have their hands on these children. Why are you pleading down with them? Because you don’t want to put a child on the stand? Do you know how many child—children—I’ve met that said, “I wish they would have let me testify”?

How old were you at the time?

More than twice her age.

How old was she?

Very small. I don’t know.

What kind of sexual behaviors took place?

Rape. I raped her.

How many times does someone have to tell you they’re a bad person before you do something with them? They mock the system. They laugh at lawmakers. They laugh at legislators, and they laugh at us. Because they’re going to get away with it, and they know it.

She was being raised wrong. The neighbors were talking about it just before they took him away.

The photos they found were on his computer. He didn't try and hide them, he didn't think he would be arrested.

How old were you at the time?

I could guess that the youngest boy I ever had sex with was about fourteen or fifteen, the same age as I was when I lost my virginity.

What kind of sexual behaviors took place?

You teach. They want what they've read, what they've been thinking about. You simply present easy access to the information he wants. I told him that it didn't matter if he actually liked it the first time. He'd have to rethink it all later anyways but he'd have some information he could use and, since he wasn't anything but very cute, he wasn't going to have a problem. I told him he could decide to do it or not but that I wasn't going to wait very long. You're only thinking about dick, right? Do you want to fall in love right away? Do you need someone as attractive as yourself, are you looking for a twin?

And I am so sick of hearing about, "Well, we have to lobby for this or have to lobby"—not sick of hearing it from these guys. But just sick of knowing that we have to go lobby for this. Why are we politicking our kids? And why are we debating their safety? Is this what you would do in your own home? What would you do, Mr. Legislator, if it was your child?

Perfect or imperfect. The way I choose to explain what I'm looking for is perfect. As in my perfect baby. The fathers don't produce enough evidence. They create enough facts to change pictures from sacrosanct to hamfisted. I have to listen and trust them. Indulge them to get more. The reasons I don't touch anything anymore, adults especially, is I've worked through it. I'll have the past and on the weekends after, I'll droop to the level where any other form of pornography is only a stand-in dilemma for what's keeping me away from this already twice-removed material. It's true, not much of a struggle. The bother of clearing my mind of it now and again. I'm always happiest when I'm giving in and not keeping women looking ugly sucking men, men sucking anything.

There is nothing else worth thinking about, frankly. I fantasize about child pornography more than child sexual abuse. I'm often gently forced to masturbate and I always simply close my eyes and think about what I've seen. Do this too much and I start to think I need to see something new. Which is what I've been avoiding so far successfully. That's why I started to take photos of men. I look at cretins and try to see homosexuality as pornography to get me through what I need to get through.

There's nothing sexually attractive about children. This only works because of my age. It gets more dramatic as the differences get greater. I'm not helpless. I've tried to imagine it.

That's the hardest part of all of this, is to, every time you talk, it's like being back at that first day again and to see her picture and to be around other people who know what I'm going through. It's hard, but I'm willing to carry that load if it's going to save one or a million.

Teens aren't suggestive of prepubescence any better than mothers. I'm not looking for prepubescence or any tiny, less tiny, age group or style. Nothing ever before puberty, during or just after. Mothers. Crying, struggling, insisting. Unburdened with daily crime reports and press conferences, look like they'll sound. Full to the gills with hating themselves second chance after haranguing me as soon as they get told.

I don't believe it. I still can't believe it. I can't wake up. It's just a bad dream. I just keep thinking, she's just somewhere and she's going to come home.

I'm drawn more to young boys than young girls, the opposite is true for prepubescence. When should these fantasies have stopped. When should I have put them in order and out of our life. I don't know that the mere suggestion of a fact or report starts a fantasy. I'm willing to believe speed of thought contains more vivid data than I can retrieve. Though I respond fairly quickly. Sociologically, this is more unnerving than the blurry pornographic replays. I'm often left with wishing they had cunts instead. They most often look too much like girls. I can tear apart something best as I can, just to be rid of the examinations and obligations.

Thank you, though, for keeping her out there in the media, because that's what matters. As long as people think about it, they'll be more vigilant.

Exhibitionism in particular. I hold myself in. I liked that they wanted to see my dick and do more with it than see it. I like this idea being explained. Still. These monsters will suck anything. Fuck huge garbage bags of lard and cellulite, unopened holes on the verges of passing out and blurring back in, mouths not enough like guppies even, limp cock's still a cock, soldier.

Kept sucking on me in his backseat, looking up and telling me everything he was getting out of making his face wet around my hard dick.

This is what you like.

I reexamine myself there to make sure I look even worse. As settled and childish and mauling as he is, I'm doing the same. I wish it felt like an addiction that I could say got the better of me. Every single time I see it. I think my life is shortened, dad. I don't put myself in the picture without serious struggle. I don't even want to consider how grotesque I'd have to be, seems against the initial praise in the shot. Brushed off as lust by garbage pickers. I see it if I come across it. Avoid the formalism and context. It's purer and brighter in the direct, illegal vending. You can't plead that there isn't a physical component, but second to the sheer stupidity that'd follow it. My life isn't out of control, my health is. Ignore the baseless arrests and stomach scars.

Very young. It made sense to rip myself in two, as violently as possible. It wasn't self-flagellating, more like autogynephilia. I worry that I'm far too easy to convince.

That first time, Charlene came back and said: 'He raped me.' I said: 'What's that?' I had no idea. She had to explain it to me. That's when I knew what was going on.

I wasn't all that young. By the time I went to the backs of adult bookstores for causality, rather than masturbation, I was probably about seventeen or so. I wish I remembered, I've been trying, you'd think I'd remember my first time even. I first started going when I was about fifteen or sixteen, old enough to know that I wanted as much from those places as possible. I wanted to see what happened there and keep it. Not so illegal, disturbing or overwhelming to want to give it away to sum. Hiding what broke, amid the cowering and desperation of what sex could mean, clearly was, made sense.

Rape, the pleasure that I was supposed to be moving towards and reassuring myself was possible through the violence that started at someone's begged body was adolescence. I saw what I did as learning, of course. Quicker. Then wholly different. Discordant. However, if I proved one side as impossible at logic, then another angle where I did eventually droop myself was also going to add up as shit. I was excited by being so close to human shit. Children get excited. Hid there, as well. The holes men disappear into and behind to reduce what happens in sex to what had to happen by sex didn't allow the tedious struggle to take hold. Always treated it a bit too much like an aesthetic problem where anything engaged, or was instigated even, had the split personality of viewer to art. I wasn't gawking, struck dumb for too long, washed over by the glory or celebration or spreading beauty. I wasn't vibrating or simply critiquing. Took from them. Snide, silently, to a point, somewhat safe. And when that became reflex, I still couldn't find the necessary confession triggers to readjust the steady freeform appeal. Morality wasn't an issue, nothing corporeal was too revolting to draw finite lines against and, except for my stubborn prejudices against understanding it as human, transcendent, comforting or ecstatic, I stayed at watching them hang and brag in equally sick confident numbers. I've tried to see it differently. Walked away without a speck of real appreciation. Didn't let myself down or build myself up. Didn't suffer deep enough to forgive or change. Still aren't bored. You're the ones that are dead wrong. I still don't believe that these punks are telling the truth. Certainly not enough to convince me that what has happened is experienced in the way they use their stupid mouths to fuck up thoughts that are beyond excoriating grasp. They take dog chances. Come across louder than honest, dumber than aware, jaded and proud of her last dose of special sympathy. Scurry and gnaw like flea'd rats. There's nothing good about going primate, honey, you look like you're being primate, for example.

It used to go on for hours. I remember looking at the clock going round from nine till eleven in the morning.

I've been doing it for thirty years or so, more than that. I remember when things started to change. About. But what happens is that's also the age you start sucking in on slobs because you start to realize it's better than repeatedly having these bores and poors just mouthing you again and again. That's where you start fucking babies.

Get sick of being a baby. Turn to children. Getting snapped and smashed to bruises and welts. Times seemed to change along with my own thoughts and running performative history. More started being demanded of me. These animals were hogging greater and faster, hands replaced mouths as the sensory focus. Faggots started to believe there was a difference between old and gay. I'm not sure if it was because of the maturity I was bending or the gnarled acceptability of comedic gay culture. I got used to what happened, no question, and didn't think I could stake indecent or physical differentials. I tried to enjoy hurting them just by giving them what they wanted, let me try, letting me be the idiot. In discourse if not in nature. The pain was nonexistent, frankly, I gave into fucking just fucking. Let me prove I don't hate you, let me tell you that you're worth knowing and I'll learn from you. Take on different characters while you alone write all the parts. Let me tell you I don't. I've never stopped going. It's been one of the many constants in my life. I haven't stood resolute against all apposite evidence. The only time I sound like I loathe myself is when I involve myself with what you're saying and not completing. The fecundity that I'm mired in comes in giving you a stance. Double-crossing myself. Assuming that I might have missed something from what I get, not got.

After he'd done whatever he'd done, he said: 'Right, I won't do that no more. I'm a bad man.' But he always did.

Self-despised homosexual, tits and ass fixations. You sound like a salesman. Wasn't a bag slave or queer hustler. Not so needy. I never did it for money. I had greasy old flabs suck and lick and chew any part of me because I got a look in. Name any other jerk-off game. Inconsiderable sickness, funereal grieving lies and pointing crybabies. I wasn't doing anything to them but what was going through my fucked up head first. Before I let or did them. I'm taking small bits from myself. Getting never closer but further away from thinking it has some worth. It isn't action. Consistency isn't where you judge. Just as feckless as intention. Persistence is the way you sleep, only. What you are, not what you think, not ever what you see, never ever what you touch, can touch, finally, or shouldn't have ineptly decided to, penetrate. Stop yourself. Stop him. Hold. Go backwards, make that up.

I'm not a documentarian. I don't want to color in the drudgery of the paperwork and phonecalls and office power relations in the sex crime detective and prosecution units. The communal way women handle harsh concepts so nonchalantly that it depicts human resistance and resilience. The salient definitions of the words they use like cheap quick peeling plaster over crumbling buildings, not walls. Like pride and respect made to sound hollow when they first think of it, before it even makes its way out of their lipsticked crowded mouths. Insulting in its head lowering nodding approval. The ones who get help when help is that fake. Slides off of someone bloated and paid and weaker than their bosses and more fucking paper shufflers. Fool yourself, nigger. Went in chickenshit and worked on getting worse in a sanitarium designed for chickenshits to get worse.

You matter.

You count.

Don't work on it so much.

Are you ashamed?

Yes. That's what the partition is for. Embarrassment, shame, disgust, self-disgust. That's where it started for some; others took the chance to settle for half-way. You don't have to think about being watched, you don't have to consider getting watched. You can take the smallest focus and miserably exploit it devoid of any other context.

You dress it up in the best cases. You should be humiliated. You could act puritan. You can't hold your stomach in forever. You shouldn't be quite so flattered so quickly. You'll get unexcused just a little later, just wait. Screw in love, push out nature, pick one or the other.

I love you and understand you. We do the same things. I'm sure that I exploit these children. I make my art on their backs. If my hatred is correct, then the parents come in just after. This is where I go, not where I ended up.

I'll hide your face, no worries. I won't look. You keep your sad sexuality to yourself, no one will tell.

He'd say: 'At least I'm being gentle with you, not like other men would be'

See it time after time. No difference what we've told you. How much extra you keep from gossip but fail to add up. How much time I'm wasting on figuring out the widening and drawing lengths of space between what I want and what you say I'm really doing. You only want more secrets. And I can't say I've run out, not yet, there's more work to do, even at this age. Took to redoing past and favorite diminishments in perpetuum. I can't even make it sound like I'm enjoying it any longer. Though that seems to be the case as the days get shorter. That's the truth that you keep needing me to admit. Didn't deny it or tie it up so dreadfully bad. Only barely lost in making it sound like bullshit to the other liars. I've taken the thought out of it, damned if I can find the pleasure that's supposed to relate the ecstasy of your exclusive moments too. I use every quote from these little specials, fuck me, they're unquestionably adorable and alluring and spread open, nothing like a question to begin with, nigger, and let the next sentence wipe them out. I started doing it with what I've written previously. Wanted to see how those bad memories added up and rechristened me as one of the roaches that I used to watch slither over floors as fantasy in their own heads and repulsion in our own. I knew I got close to fucking up. I knew I made the wrong decisions. Also knew that nothing I've done was as bad as it was going to be described. You know why pedophiles that are dedicated to boys rim. The same way I've done with strangers only slightly less strange since we entered the same construction site. The simple way you can put anything in your mouth at all and not be changed and challenged. In your ass and your fist. Feel yourself, see if you remember the skin slide and gristle lobes. Its just really not a statement. You don't have to take a shower. I know how those bits work. You show first. You show me that the extremity of what you go through can accept the small place where I organize. Show me that you've taken all this in and can see the slight beginnings of the great animal you. Worm. You fucking girl.

We honestly thought that this was it for the rest of our lives. I thought that this was going to be our home.

Your body is going to get sick, cunt. Your mind is going to have to deal with it. That's the split. It's not an artist's conceit. You're privileged up to point. Is that what it's like? Is that what you miss? Did I get that correct? Does it still sound like I'm minimizing your ordeal, untouchable, princess, sharer? You know why pedophiles who only lick girls, choose cunt over asshole. You know the guesses that they might like it more when it only sounds obscene. You know how many faggots I've heard tell me that it felt good to have their older fans lick their assholes and cocks and then they became, at once, disturbed by their reaction yet magically inducted to wanting some more for the next sixty or so years till they had the time to just talk and memorialize it on paper finally and freely.

My fantasies are wanting it to stop. I'd not be bothered if I didn't dig in so deeply. Force the images and results forefront. This doesn't work well. I'm not doing it to expand upon anything, the reverse of how it's presented. Which will come off as moaning, self-pitying. And if I guess that this is enjoyable to some extent, that doesn't make it so. It's encouraging that I can whine about how difficult it is to enjoy what happened to your child. That my limited and evasive brand of honesty would be so damaged that, as art, the best I can dish out is still better than the assholes who support and console you. Support doesn't exist in remove. And what I collect and slime back to you and all the others, basically equalling honesty, is twisted below any other emotionally grand palsy gesture. Or helpful complaint.

I know all the same pits. And I have a close friend that I still talk to about how often we used to go to all of them separately. Old men good time tracking the farms that've closed and what each one ranked and what stench of floor straggler tended to slump there. He started at about thirteen or fourteen though, he's exactly one year younger than me.

He was laughing, looking right into my face. Then he just said: 'No, I want you for one more day.'

Kept you alive for all possibilities. Plus extra ones neither of us are smart enough to figure out yet. Close your eyes and let me put my mouth inside you, see if I can get my tongue further up than my animal prick or my arthritic dirty finger. He didn't fall in love with you, give up the rest of his life just so you'd be able to put yourself back together. If that doesn't sound right. Then stop telling everyone about love and the baby you had and the nineteen-year-old father you made and the family you split up and the job you got and what little you're only willing to ask of the world and its potential audience. He sacrificed all of what you're not miserable keeping. How dare you. Think like that. Don't admit you don't know what happened. Nothing happened. He made the mistakes before he took you. You weren't his last chance, you were under him giving up. Nothing, not jail, not you, not the rage and honor he'd plea in court, not your rotten rearing and trailed nothing else's but felicity, were worth fear. The body's incredible strength and god-crafted restoration. This wasn't the best or last story he would choose.

I'd like her to compare me and make dullard suggestions. I'm hopeful. That there won't be a lasting impression. It won't make a difference. Not now. You

won't have flashbacks, if you do, treat them like drug tracers. It happens and you don't have to pay it as much mind to really get out of it except during it. There's a part of your multi-faceted incomplete brain that'll let you pull through it without, for example, explaining it to me. I'm no different, just as ugly and wrong as all the others who've invaded her life, walked up the stairs and talked with the older versions of now unfuckable to negotiate price, instructions and kindly desire. After I saw the red light from the street. Nothing real was going to happen. I went in looking for something to masturbate to. Look to cum. As if it works that way. I'll end up in a room with men trying to do the same. Somewhere this is a proper way to act and dismiss. I'll also end up in a courtroom where further amounts of troubled time will be lived through various men and women telling me what they think I masturbate to and how they can prove it. I'm forced to reduce what I look for everywhere else as degenerative. Every artist and teen pop performer eventually becomes something I can masturbate to, should masturbate on, turn pornography onto it all.

It was about the worst thing they could have put me through. No one understands how horrible that was.

I couldn't look at these men elsewhere. Not see them like I understand the placement. Aesthetics played a much bigger part in my life, oddly enough, because I didn't have the required aesthetic dent towards available. I went there looking for things that would drop and lived lives like this, didn't go there looking for men to have sex with because they needed to have sex with men. I look at hefty bags the same way. I wasn't ever moved to masturbate because of the way they stuffed. Because of the way they were presented, shadowed. I didn't see anything like a self-possessed sexuality or right or celebratory affirmation of wonder and freedom. I liked the way they treated themselves wrong. And I took the gifted homeopathic poison that sex was necessary. Didn't push the distinct lack of contrary information.

I'm most excited when I think of him having her there and him taking off his pants. Most excited meaning as good as I can see for right now. Working up an erection that doesn't need to be touched or employed or thought into action and possibilities. Essentially walking behind it, giving up, you have no idea the huge amounts of forgettables I've seen this from. Truly without any personality or distinguishing features outside of the briefest interminability in exponential coin drops and chair shifts. What happens next, doesn't ever seem any different. I'm centered in these joints when these mountains and decades of men grab their own sex and move it towards or away from me. Everything about it now seems foolish but lucky. But, honestly, like a part of me that points back to when I was making what came off as desperation and mental sickness, or at least whiny instability, it was best commodified as art. I had taken the wrong lessons too seriously. I was creating tableaux, rituals, representations that have always repulsed me. And the opposite was that I would have been giving into myself like I knew wasn't only not allowed but utterly foolish. That would've been the real me if I hadn't stopped. I got lucky like Ed. Self censorship sunk in so insidiously deep that I figured I was above it completely. When it has formed every stupid sentence out of my grumpy contorted automaton gump. Found that I could enjoy it; avoid the freedoms and

pronouncements and frustrations and still pick apart the rummy incidentals in extraneous failure.

If someone said you can take it back, I wouldn't take it back. It has made me so much stronger. It hasn't brought bad out, it has brought out good. It has made me appreciate things.

I think this will sound convenient. I can tell you that I would prefer not to keep supporting tastes I chased when I was a teenager by how I see it now. I would like to think I was wrong and have learned from the experiences into a more well rounded and tolerant person. Which is, of course, how you learn to act. I'm not an advocate for anything, wouldn't look to me for anything close to a voice. Then too, I don't think that I've resisted letting all these creeps soak me into sympathy either. I still don't think it's a good fit for many and I am more often revolted than entertained by faggots sharing faggot stories without crime and renewable consequence. I don't see enough of it. I haven't fucking seen it all. I have to make this swill. I keep acting as if the writing is beside the point, that this work doesn't happen. That sex and regret does. But this isn't secondary. More real, more constant than divestiture or denial or block or therapy. This is actually what happens. Not what is left behind or given to someone as record. And it only involves me. Do this instead of masturbating. Not to cure or cease or gird. Not to figure it all out for a less than important minute. So that the decision is correct or purifying. Can it be prurient if I distinctly make this in place of masturbation. Is that going to elicit such base responses in others. My lapsed responsibility. I was letting these older guys suck on me since I was still in my teens. The adult bookstores must've loved seeing me go in there. Which is why they let me in. I didn't know anyone. I'd go to different places. I priced out the shekels, hated the men. They must've been bragging about ripping me up.

I just feel normal, like nothing's happened really. I don't think I'd be who I am today. Sometimes I feel selfish; people expect us to be crying in an interview like this because it's getting to us. Sometimes I feel people are thinking: 'Why aren't you more emotional about this? Why didn't it affect you so badly?' You can either go one way and everything's ruined or you can go the other and put it behind you. That's what we did.

I saw events play out, extraordinary things that I wouldn't have seen elsewhere. And I'm glad I saw them. You'll have to understand, I went there for exactly those sorts of things. I've seen so many breakdowns in my life. Truly sick people on too many drugs to already bad mid-brains. Young men simpler and crack psychologically where all you could do is lie through your teeth and wait to get away from them. I dealt with whatever happened, managed it as if some caring person would've, put them first every time. Never thought I wasn't putting myself out for no good reason, however. I kept what I was listening to and as much as I'd have preferred a more controllable situation, I knew what kind of dogs were circling and unspooling. It was a subtext that was there, without question. Didn't define the place. The unstaidly liberation shit was advertising that continues to draw suckers in. Cultural rejection and human rights didn't gel with the mother loving healing history from the front windows and police reports. Parents, male and female,

stupid and cloying and desperate to convince me of worth that doesn't possibly exist in what they're saying and how they say it. Fucking sexual, sexualized lumps of breeding or not, spewing and swallowing unapologetic cum. Not their own. Not unavailable, not fibbing better than outright lazy. The entire life is an index. Filled with names and places to go for more research. More faces with names that I think about just as much as I can. You don't force me to remember what happened, not at first. I'm not supposed to use them but one way, the way you think everyone does all the time except for the monsters and you're not always wrong in what you think, always right in what you say. It's allowed for crying emotionalized cretins to call me pedophile with authority without evidence or science. They cite convictions and stats when they don't understand what—any of it—means.

They shoot their mouths off.

Sound familiar?

I've been saying this is all about adults. I should have said: It's never been about kids. My limit got filled by adults. The first fucking words I ever wrote, sadly, were about that. How about acknowledging that I had to write it out to get it.

You haven't been avoiding children. It isn't control you're talking about.

It's rape. Everyone I've ever had sex with has been as close as I can get to rape. Transference, mottled moments inside search, amateur body relief and practice. I have always approached sex from the point of view of vicarious suffering. It's negligible but not intellectually inconsistent that I will have taken that point of view internally eventually, by design, I suppose.

They deserve it, you want to know how.

I'm looking for sympathy. Where they stop asking for it. Where they've fallen for the bad truths they accept to get this done and forget about or push them to more. It doesn't build. When you're alone, it might. When you don't have distractions. Like cognitive behavioral treatment. Just don't put yourself there. Where you think you deserve better. And better puts you on camera looking like a nigger. And you aren't really like that.

Perhaps in some way I blamed Lisa for what I went through, because at one point I could have run away from Hopkinson, but I didn't out of loyalty to her.

I made her life hell, which is something I'm ashamed of. Also, I suffered far more at the hands of Hopkinson, and that weighed heavily on me after we were released.

In the months that followed, I thought for some reason that Lisa was OK, even that she was happy. And because I was desperately confused and upset, part of me wanted to take it out on her. I used to call her names at school and encourage other girls to do the same. It was the only way I could cope with being around her.

I kept it quiet. I was buying pornography when I went into these stores. My intention must have been to buy pornography at first. To masturbate at home, with

something I preferred. I was never looking for variety. Wanted someone to shelve what I suspected we shared. Learned quickly that children were being sold there. I would ask if the wetbacks and conspiratorial queens had anything under the counter. I knew there were women sucking on huge unworkable horses and pigs and cows. All this was far more sexual to me than looking at tits or muscles. And the women were typical back then. Took the pornea to make this shit, not models. The gay stuff was even more concerned with physique and none of that appealed enough to spend for. Then I followed the offers to masturbate in public and down to letting the men who watched me perform as half-human pistons. The glory-hole booths worked the way they were supposed to; needed to be manned. I was looking for various forms of harm and hurt and never thought to talk to the scum who wanted safety from me.

I felt I'd lost everything. I blamed myself for what happened with Hopkinson and thought that it was my fault that Mum had left, too. I was in tears the whole time. As a result, I was very quiet and introverted at school. And to have my best friend turn on me was the most awful thing in the world. I used to look at her and feel nothing but contempt.

We were thugs and criminals when we were younger. Seriously stupid kids in army jackets and miraculously unaware of consequence until we were all going to jail and hospitals too much. It wasn't a deep thought down to looking at these guys and pigs as anything but fodder. The books I was reading are treated as gay cries for tolerance but I was reading them far more correctly. The interpersonal violence was central, the humanity was not, in fact it was divergent. I glanced away from my friends and my family. I wouldn't have thought that stooges would mistake me as still from the same midwestern citified ghettos somehow. I didn't choose a career or a lifestyle, whatever I ended up doing as an artist masking pervert was prima facia miles from authentic damage. I wish prurience were possible. Delays, I could excuse, excise, ignore. But obscenity doesn't work that way. I keep looking for easy instinct, using prurience to pull apart itself. I act as if it's completely foreign to my walking around wherever, all the fucking time. That it's a conversation between two sides of my head when, look, it's the only sound I make. Single, unwise, removed. Primitive only in that it lacks the convoluted experience that lunks fucking lost to it don't complain as much as brag about. They're going to grow up into transsexuals. I don't think gender dysmorphia is a particularly good look and a terrible waste at that. They're so sweet when they're not bitter yet. So nice to see their selfishness spoiled and protected. I do this with adults, if you can convince yourself you love it, you'll see what a pig it is only later when it leaves.

Lisa was going red she was screaming so much. I could have got away, but I didn't want to leave her alone. Next thing I knew, he turned, picked me up and threw me in the boot, too. It was pitch black and Lisa was sobbing. I remember stroking her hair and trying to reassure her, even though I thought this man was going to kill both of us.

I want to help her too. I want to help all of them. The ones who hurt her and the ones they hurt. I'm not picking fantasies apart anymore. I'm not assailed by thoughts, my routine doesn't grind practicalities over symbolism.

The new ones keep giving me photos of themselves. And films of them jerking off so I'll be able to do that too. Either with them or when I'm not with them all the time. Help is when you masturbate. Help them get back to what they really want. It always comes back to shimmying and giggling. The scrim who talk about anything else; community, charity, growth, phonelines and political essays. Can be taken down to human depth when the uncensored and not photos come out, the gossip about what you really didn't know, that you wouldn't expect from what they do in service. Every quick keepsake of younger and reassembled ladies who point down. Push out. Teenage hand over nipples. I listen back to it when their greasy fathers talk about love that went physical by their mistakes or by other's unnatural evil. I'd rather not have it stop. Have it register somewhere other than my dick. Or my brain so that it only festers till it eventually gets down there anyway.

Even my defenders contend that what little I did was accomplished unwittingly. The postmodern inclusions that sideline me as delightfully and darkly inconclusive. Always as ankle deep as their own resistance preservers. My conclusions are there. And the forums that demand that I'm challenging ideas rather than discarding them allow my detractors and my defenders to come alike, all agreeing that masturbating is central.

He took me into the back room, stripped me, tied my wrists behind my neck with a pair of tights, and asked me my name and details, which he wrote down on a notepad.

Then he attacked me. Back then, I didn't know what he was doing. Even when Charlene said the word 'rape' to me afterwards, I didn't understand.

Since my teens, I was looking for child pornography in these joints. You want to know the difference between me and the old world mud that covered me from these holes. That's it. I was looking to see these children raped and found those rapists very attractive in what they had been driven to do and produce afterwards. I never fucking once thought I was in danger of doing anything more blurry than simply seeing these beautiful children that I stared at and ogled and memorize well enough to cum over whenever I had a lone or publicly framed divot chance to. I only found these lumps of small age sexual in sexual situations. With men on top of them or behind cameras. Talk to the ones who're paid to police you. The ones that say I don't do enough but it's too bad already. Women get raped because of alcohol and simpleton reductive genes. The exercises you give for rage are the compliments they'll believe. I haven't dragged some beautiful child off the street or some lumpy cow into a hallway to bend over a railing and stick my dick anywhere necessarily inside. No off-white bravery here, then. You can spread your legs, back up on the bed and look straight at me like I want that still. I'm understood to be aping consent and concern and pleasure all at once without thinking you deserve less just to start. The definition of rape, this is perfectly true, comes from extending what I've been doing with men all my life. I'm not expecting any other reaction but the one you expect. Which is to character study maturity. And not find you overwhelming. Which doesn't help in seeing the act you're dumb enough to want to engage in as particularly appealing.

Consent is nonexistent. I can't find it in any single memory. The concept that someone would think that what will happen will be what they want is always mere percentage points away from sap. The men who go to my favorite joints, the

children snatched off class, the boys who want to get laid with more love in their head than sex. You're going to get it wrong. You don't have to regret it. You'd have to be an imbecile to sound like you enjoyed it. I have the photos, I have the proof. Even the prostitutes who take my money, I'm told, have settled for less and get their pulses taken by age and toll. I didn't want this, after all, did it for the kids.

We both remember sitting on the sofa on the first night eating the packed lunches we had with us for school that day, and just cuddling each other in fear and despair. Then he'd take one of us off to his bedroom, where he would assault us.

You're going to find it exhilarating eventually. You're going to find yourself, drive yourself there, I don't know; thinking about it so much. And hating the rigor of only thoughts nonstop. The sleepless nights and wasted working days and stolen mornings and quick sneaks into the bathroom necessitate you despising it for a little while. Wait till you start thinking about how it made you. Troll. Caregiver. Caregiver with a slight issue about the tangible expressions of mental comfort. The needful favors of others grasping and taking up your time. Tireless wonder. Coupled with where you belong. What you'll want is sacrifice, justice, pleasant dreams and trophied hopes and prideful accomplishments. And what you'll get is it was better than now. Something so monumental that others listen to your drab stories and homey conclusions. You get a gallery show, a painting you have to explain, captures the feelings rather than dilutes them, a magazine and a super 8 spool you bought and ran home with. Quick stop at the grocery store. A good riff, tag line and a nasty blog. I started watching and ended up watching. Certain things I had to do so I could keep track of what I was seeing. A young man who was very cute, very vulnerable and now I recall begging for little more than being put out of his concurrent waste, was murdered and thrown into a dumpster. This boy, I wouldn't suck his dick though he'd wave it around enough. I started masturbating to him doing just that, looking at the cock I could have sucked, should've sucked, after he was slaughtered. I've always wanted to see you jerk off. Tell me what happened to you. I pull out and ask her to tell me the truth. I figured hookers like you wouldn't want to. I wanted to hear what you'd make up.

Your father didn't really do that, did he?

After what you've been through.

This doesn't seem so bad, does it?

Statistically, you're not lying.

All of this to one side, I'm a creep no different or worse than everyone else who acts out the same cliches. Has the temerity to ask for a little more duty for his money. It isn't your fault. But you wouldn't think it ever was. You'll have to learn to say it. Won't think it, you know you had nothing to do with what happened. It won't be bad, don't let them convince you, you'll know exactly what happened and the little why and, even better, what little both of us did. You're going to grow into making it more important than it was. Every retelling will remake the stories, not the memories. What we shared will not be what you share, with others, what you'll

sell and pander to. Promise me. No matter how you sling it later to those who're giving you what you like. That you will try not to let yourself be, rather than act, convinced.

I remember him hanging me off the cliff and thinking: 'This is it now,' I could see the waves and rocks below me and I was sure I was about to die. I had no feelings and no emotion at this point. I was numb with shock and fear. He then said he wanted to keep us for one more day and put us back in the boot. We were both totally resigned to our fate and didn't even put up a fight when he took us to his room to abuse us again.

This is actually worse. More real than any conflict or threat of explosive replicant desire. Look how you are. Look how you live. You've chosen to be here but that never, I swear, makes any real difference. Don't blame me, however. You sound like you're lying. That's what you've come to. Just lying and getting paid or unpaid to keep your prettier secrets to yourself. I don't want to help you achieve. I don't expect us to change when we leave here. And it isn't what you're going to imagine for me. I'm not trying to win. I know that you don't have any wishes that will surprise me. The damage or normalcy you both covet. Makes you the old joke. I have no other recourse. I don't fuck the women I look at pose. They understand through payment that jagoffs like me will want to see how they act. I don't get to hear what it's doing to them in their lives. Don't want just their bodies that they're either unembarrassed or proud or too stupid to know about. We should be regressing, trading histories, building temporary egos. Don't do this, the only place you don't have to accept less. Let life be your compromise, not your art. Don't sell precious to an audience unless it includes you. Let yourself get published in black and white instead of color with someone else's words all around it. Know that's what's going to happen. Don't expect it to be a message, a device for attention, thanks, don't be an amateur. You know what you do and for whom. I've heard every cunt admit it's a plea. And I know all about you, barely, from others letting you talk as if they knew more. I didn't mind at first, if I got sick. I still don't think staying alive is the point of all of this. I stunk that I had to find a difference between us. And I'm sure that what I've come up with is always wrong, always transparent, always silly. I put it down to their defenses more than mine, of course. I've never thought the acts themselves, by the way, were all that hideous. I've found that those judgements, personal mind you, were never all that hard to explain back to myself.

Look at what I've been through. I'm not asking you to understand that. Not as much you demand it of me. Mine line up. Never struggled with hurting from what people have taken from me. Not as lonely as you, never been one of those naturally attracted to pity. Tell me to find the dearth defect where I can connect with you on intimacy. Doesn't change what happened, what I do with your interviews and the photos others didn't work on so ungratefully. It's just small and bitchy and there's better pieces of performance to view. There were other boys my age there. I went with older men. I'm surprised these men didn't want to live with me for a little while. I wasn't a child. And I wasn't being raped. I wasn't fatherless. I liked the pliants. I don't remember the first one I went to. I remember all the different places. I recognize some of my problems. One of them is that I take what you've gone through and make it simple. Enough, hopefully, to treat you like you want. The decision to make this political, draw sides and issue declarations, also allows

me to act compassionate enough not to admit that I'm the very sick man I seem to want to pretend to be. Doesn't sound abrupt enough of an answer to dismiss. Seems to work perfectly, for me, coming from you.

Then reality began to sink in. For the first few months, what had happened was inevitably on my mind constantly. I had terrible nightmares about being attacked and I was terrified of the dark. I also thought I must have done something wrong to deserve what had happened. Things went from bad to worse when Mum walked out a few weeks later. I was too young to understand that my parents' marriage hadn't been working, and I thought Mum just wanted to get away from me. Perhaps the agony of those days without her was the final straw. I remember crying myself to sleep every night because I felt so alone. Even now, though Mum and I are close, I don't think I've fully forgiven her for leaving me at the very moment I needed her most. I had a couple of months of counseling, which helped a little. But really, it was a terrible time for me. I retreated into myself and lost all my confidence.

I don't know much about this, frankly. I know that I like writing over these pigs' words. Only words. And then their pictures. Like some autistic prat. That appeals to me, to hope that I can draw more from the bombardments that I seem to care about more than anything else. I'm rending, teaching a retard to point. Otherwise. And then again, still. I'm certain I can't do anything as good. Until I see something closer and it's not usually the rare times when someone bleeds out louder and brighter than before. You get newer cutie just because you haven't seeded it before. The very first time, get a selfmade fuck replicated, if not expanded, with every new shot that comes your way. So good, in fact, that it doesn't repeat the first experience but replaces it. There's the sentimentality I've been missing when I cooperate with these rats' names and utterances. I find some sexual excitement, which sounds cheap, but is properly adequate before I take the chance to ruin it all by rumination and effete speculation. I do find the censorship arguments, that hit me from the side, create the necessary conflict to feel each and every girl as their parents present them. I get that gift. I get what they want to convey. I just don't see it as adult conversation and I know that's their intention, first. I'm lying through my rotten teeth. You should see me jaggging off to kid's shows. Listening to the way they talk and begging for a quick saturday shot at the curve of an ass underneath a bikini bottom or a tight crotch shot. All the masturbating I do is done this way and it's done a lot. Worse images, more frequency, as I get older and older. I coo and cum after their small naked and nakedish bodies, specifically their genitalia and that's it. Don't worry about all the rest of the bullshit. I have favorites. Fear of being discovered has also helped my compassion lessons. An aptitude at sympathy and affability proved the faults in those who needed it. The bad, unbelievable, level that they'll accept for attention, flattery, then sex. I won't look. Shouldn't prize any form of honesty as pure and central. I'd have to be as sick as this. Just to get by.

After Mum had died, I'd learned to put a brave face on things that hurt me. I did the same after this. I wanted to show everyone that what had happened wasn't a problem to me, but much of it was a front and inside I was bereft. I had a year and half of counseling, which left me more confused than ever about what had happened. At that young age, I just couldn't find the right words to express how I felt.

Opprobrium fantasy, jail, should come second. What I've seen can't be re-thought as beneficial. I'm moved to talk out every single reference and call that the best in art piques. Doesn't seem contentious to me. Whoever it is that I've exposed myself to, has been forgotten. Whereas what I've done just hasn't. I hid again. There's a rich history of alleys and covered laps and loose zippers on the street. I've had to run into places where I could masturbate, as the thoughts get too loud and busy and dangerous in public. As close to couey as I want to come ever again. The restroom beat-offs and adult bookstore rapes are evolving mistakes and lucky escapes. I didn't care what I had in my mouth like a baby. I couldn't stop thinking about how ineffably perfect one or a particular one was, changing often enough. Anything sexual that happens between myself and an adult is only considered sex out of anecdotal convenience. The disgust that I share with those who see my bothers and releases as infantile don't seem to share the same belief in their own actions. Having them like or trust me wouldn't be what I wanted. I wouldn't do all this mind scaring nonsense if I thought it was leading up to being somewhere with someone I wanted to like me. Acting like the concern I show everywhere else is completely the opposite of what my sexual fantasies are. I don't introspectively cheerlead the monster who films himself fucking his sons and daughters and showing me what he's done. I prefer to avoid the care that ruins the acts, obviously. Statistically speaking, there are fathers talking right now about how much they love their children. Marc Klaas didn't have to get done what Polly's murderer said he did. Nonetheless, statistically, there was a better chance of that happening than Richard Davis guessing it. Statistics only means less likely to happen by chance. Nothing definitive. The compulsion to do only this is upside down. I've not looked for harder, more violent material. Nor have I tried to peel cause from effect. Only the notion that I'm stuck on a congenital meter, an obsession of function and style over dismissal and discrimination, requires me to isolate my past into loathsome self-doubt and hallucinatory ignorance. Simply stated, what I've done with the photos and strangers physically, sexually, contextually, is all vague criminality in light of the extant specifics. Isn't legally dubious by dint of it involving only myself.

Everyone knew what had happened to me, and some of the girls used to tease me by saying that I'd enjoyed it or had asked for it. They also used to look up all the details of the attack on the internet and then read it out loud for everyone to hear.

I can understand the question. A way to produce a reaction in the child that would then have to be addressed or slipped in through a mesh of ignorance before decisions can be made from testable personhood. Naturalized erections need to be excised from profitable evidence. I'm working with something that's more important than you and what you're stalling at creating. I have to take the opposite side to make it art for you. I'm looking through the difficulty, not settling in the repetitions of the middle grounds.

Whist popular perceptions of whether material that amounts to child pornography can be shaped in context, the legal question of whether such an image is indecent is not answered by considering the context in which the image is viewed or the intention of the person possessing it.

The day my mother and father were questioned by the defense QC was the worst day of my life. It is hard to believe but it was worse than when I heard the news that the remains were that of my sister Milly. The way my parents were questioned can only be described as mental torture. Have they not suffered enough? I will remember that day for the rest of my life—seeing my mum collapse in court and having to be carried out by my father and our family liaison officer. I was waiting to give evidence, so couldn't even comfort my own mother. The way they can portray my lovely sister as a depressed teenager has shocked me terribly, the worst part being she isn't here to defend herself. To have to listen to that was emotionally scarring. The scales seem to be tipped so much towards the defendant rather than us—the family who have suffered an almighty loss. It feels like we are the criminals and our family has been on trial. She was the best sister anyone could ask for. She was a shoulder for me to cry on, a fashion guru, a person who could make you laugh even when you felt sad and she would light up a room as soon as she entered. She really was a star, and on dark nights I look out at the sky and there almost seems to be a star shining brighter than the rest. I am sure this is Milly watching over me. No real justice has been done. He took away my beautiful sister and will spend the rest of his time living off taxpayers' money.

All my classmates knew Charlene had been there, too, but because she was bigger than me and much more confident, no one said anything like that to her. Charlene never got involved in bullying about the actual abuse, but I often wondered if she'd encouraged it. She'd call me names on a regular basis, tell other people that I'd been rude about them behind their back, and she never stood up for me. I used to dread going to school and nearly left before taking my GCSEs because I was so unhappy there.

I've saturated my mind with this life. Apparently, I've never once thought I should do less. I know what I've looked for and think this is more than a search to moan. I'm not as disturbed or conflicted by these thoughts as I should be and that, of course, should disturb me further. But I do understand how important those conclusions are to how I live as a relatively stacked up troll. Nothing designed to be appreciated after I die, after the thugs come around in their thinking. Incorrectly dismissed as footnotes of the simpler, dumber decades. Responsible parodies of when fear for the parent's rights reached sexually psychotic levels so loud that it became language. I've turned what may be seen as torturous thoughts and a miserable waste of time and access and deeply depressing low expectations into a monotonous skip rather than a brave sisyphus transcendence. I also know what I've been doing. And scribes will smirk that I should have been raping children, not imagery at least, that I've not been raping men, I can say with absolute certainty that what I've truly avoided is making art that would exploit the ideas that had me thinking I was getting something less tangible. Something better out of what it is I prized too grandiosely. You don't have billboards with children's faces on them. You don't have gallery placards with quotes from the mothers. You don't have the research compiled into chapters that can promote even more radical homespun truths.

Troutman is accused of taking Skyler into the basement of the Souderton Gardens Apartments on Chestnut Street, raping her, choking her and beating her head

against the concrete floor until she was dead. Police found her body wrapped in a comforter at the bottom of a trash bin in the complex.

Three weeks before the murder, Skyler and another girl had apparently used Troutman's bathroom. Court records suggested Troutman had locked the girls in the apartment and asked if they wanted to see his "bird" as they left. An official familiar with the murder case and the earlier incident said the girls locked themselves in the bathroom, and Troutman asked if they wanted to see his "pet bird." He is known to make birdcages and feed the birds around the apartment complex.

It isn't pleasure you're talking about. It isn't pleasure that's there.

I wouldn't talk about pleasure in that way.

The men you need me to see as whole are not defined by how little they ask for or how difficult that is to experience.

It's a crime scene.

Evidence is handled dispassionately. Stop acting as if that's impossible to process or comprehend. Don't try now to convince me you need help with the job or that you'll need help afterwards.

I have never had a single moment of selfless delight come from a drop in need to body.

At the time, he seemed so big and strong. But I'm sure if we saw him now, he would seem small and pathetic, and we'd be the strong ones.

Wrong way around. Going backwards starts with the present. They are adults. You're not looking at child pornography or even children. You're a teleiophile, more than that, you pretend to be teleiophilic. Look for Dad. Find Mom. These men you fuck and gorge yourself on for frighteningly brief seconds. You're a creep, an old man, sad and lonely, rejected into closeted rape and fantasy. Find heterosexuality to keep you away from homosexuality. Or vice versa.

And what am I hiding now?

You can find compassion for them, you have done for nearly thirty years.

Juries don't expect you to feel as much as suffer responsibility. They take a small part of ripping vague seduction and make it their own littler household friends. They build it up to make themselves worthy of limited experience culled from larger fantasies. You had to watch that greasy young soldier in the philippines put his mouth on her again and again as if she was supposed to enjoy it. I can't let that happen to anyone else. I can't go through it now, let him do it to me, I can't get it out of my mind. All I want is her to be safe. She doesn't know that she deserves safety yet. There's something there that comes from somewhere much deeper than her having to ask for it or expect it from me. She's a package. She's been doing that to me since she was born.

You have proof that she wasn't safe.

You now have that fantasy confirmed. You also have the chance to never put yourself in that arena again. Please don't think this is too big for you to handle.

You don't want adults hurt. No more lonely stories. Waking up after a hardened night with her facts confused and her vagina scratched and your friends embarrassed and calling you.

Put them in a playground. Into play, exposure. They have their own world. You'd have to invade, ruin it. Before someone worse does.

We want him to know that we've got lives, families and prospects, and that we're happy—that for all those hideous things he did to us, he didn't destroy us.

I can't wait for you to reach all that potential. I'm so desperately happy for, and jealous of, you and little darlings like you.

This will not be what fucks you up.

You'll have so much respect from all these others who'll regret what you've gone through and tell you you're right. You'll have so many more chances to talk about it. You'll get to repeat what I've said and muck it up so badly that it just comes off like gossip if you think about it a minute further. Count sixteen seconds for a toddler.

You shouldn't treat someone that's had such a huge impact on your life that way.

I can't imagine you don't think of it every now and again in slightly more real terms. I can't imagine that you wanted something else other than this. Fuck, it's not the adult I was trying to reach. I wouldn't have done this if I thought you'd hand it over to these men who look around dark corners for places to stick their dicks. Women who dress like that and share photos when they're not nearly as captivating as they once were. I'm trying so hard to look at you with the admiration all these other stains say you get automatically.

Sometimes I dreamed that if I owned an axe, I would chop his head off... I promised myself I would grow older, stronger and sturdier to be able to break free one day.

It means everything to me. It's obviously what I've been put here to do since I've ended up in this nightmare. It's the most important thing to me aside from taking care of my family. I want to make sure that nobody else ever feels this way. I know that may not be possible, but I'll do everything I can that's humanly possible to help the children.

I've never done this. Taken close-ups to edit out the identity that surrounded it. Mere artists have. A close-up of the hand over her tiny crotch could be allowed. To show the violence, voracity, the callous power differential. Finish what was

correctly planned. Pathetic and huge to one and tiny to another. Her face looking up. The small of her white clean back. Peeled off shirt lying by the radiator or crumpled up in a corner. A blurry photo of her cough medicine on the shelf behind her, exploded 200 times by the FBI to discern pharmacy information. Her shoulder blade as a seductive sad angle within frame. Her small feet on the floor and the pronouncement that it must of been cold rather than comfortable. The little hand rested on her comparatively thin thigh as she squats. Face banned so that any flesh denotes sex. So you know she's sitting on the floor putting some guy's penis in her mouth.

How many people are here that would actually hurt someone for hurting a child? Who would do that? I can't hear you. But then it's too late. Why not educate the child on how to avoid these kinds of situations?

I've searched out nearly every battered recess and still masturbated over the phone with people I've had sex with. I stopped going online for hook-ups very quickly. I realized how important it was to have the places around me—from strip clubs to gloryhole war zones—reflect what sex could become if you didn't pretend that self-respect was essential. Everything reads performative. Though I'd argue I wasn't looking for natural truth either. The people that crawled around the floors of these places had to go there suffering if only mildly or completely faking.

Don't let the next day get worse. Don't wake up ill.

I've always worried that this would happen. Hoped I could let it. Not get in the way. Suspected it was fake all my life but figured I'd better not feel too comfortable there. Made me happier than I needed to acknowledge. I've stopped, I didn't apologize for it yet. Not sure that would convince. Genuine to anyone but me. Won't contradict proof still making its way out years afterwards. You've got it wrong from the start. The record will have my name on it, not hers. She could've just stayed the fuck out. Jane Doe fuck. Just don't have to worry anymore. I don't have to.

Well, I think when we were all together we were thinking, how are we going to get the word out about crimes against children? Because I think all of us have been unfortunately the victims of it.

Why don't you just take your other children and stay with them. Don't dedicate your life to others' sicknesses and speeches. Instead of trying to find the protector inside you, get yourself to stop hoping you won't run into someone smarter than you. Who'll figure it out for you. Tell you before you're humiliated by time and fashion. You want to be with your kids all the time now; that's what you're talking about, sad sack. We already did the collective sorry.

Convince me that you want her as much. The one you had. You fucking immigrant. Filthy family man with a fat dunce at home to pay. Show me the engineering lessons first. Then talk about the job.

And crimes against children are a silent crime. Nobody wants to talk about it. Nobody wants to hear it because it is not easy to listen to what happens to a little child. It's not easy at all.

You told the police you were drunk.

It's always worked in the past.

You weren't really drunk?

I was. I didn't know I was capable of it, the drink let me find out.

You had a blackout?

No, you get to the point where you know exactly where you're at. You only get sick of denying yourself. You owe it.

Were you mechanically correct—physically, mentally—or was the drink a hazard? Between what you wanted and what you could accomplish.

I knew exactly what to do and I remembered everything. There's no excuse. I was hoping the cops would believe it. I figured they must hear it a lot. They could sympathize as men. As humans, as men, who've heard it a million times before. They must have dealt with creeps like me so often that they could see it as slightly different than the people out campaigning.

Cops hate people like you.

I don't believe it. They mimic as well as the next guy. It could break at any time. Add a little compassion. They get to see the photos. They can't say any less. I was hoping they'd admit it, finally, to me.

You started out by lying.

Lied throughout. They should expect some lowering on their part to raise me. Halfway, at least.

These men have children. They want to protect them.

I'm not a threat to their children. They are. They have exactly the same capacity as me to refuse any temptation. They might not need to. Because of their history of exposure to details, I think they'd have a better chance to offer me and their children something more workable. A deeper understanding, an explanation.

They have to cart the kids away from you. They have to listen to them cry when they're pulled away in the middle of the night. They see them clutch anything warm that moves to give them a hug. They have to stop you from hurting the children that you turn into that mess every night of their job if they're unlucky enough to pull the bad abuse shift.

Drunken daddies, white trash over niggers, kids without a chance of knowing they deserve a wider look in. I was trying to appeal to their protective instinct, believe it or not. You have to let them know you're the same.

Well, you're absolutely right. If you teach a child to run if somebody makes them uncomfortable or a grown-up they don't know approaches them and starts asking them questions, to immediately run, their chances of survival increase over 50 percent. If you add to that yelling and screaming, "You're not my dad, get away from me," their chances of escaping an attempted abduction increased to over 80 percent. This is according to a recent study by the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children.

I've never had a sexual interest in children.

You tried. You've developed a sexual interest in children. You've come away with a relative response.

There's no danger. I'm not owed anything.

Talk about foundation, explanation.

I moved to hating the first thought of it. I could have talked myself out of the taste rather than into it. The trouble and worry I cause only myself. You'd assume there'd be a point where it became too much for me to keep plugging away. Instead, I moved the other way. Developed a genuine fascination in raping children. Based, of course, on your understanding of flaccid consent and psychological maladjustment.

I'm a sex offender by law. Nothing we're talking about has a drive. I've careened to homosexuality the same way I've moved away from boredom with form. Idiots praising the provisional earth. My experience hasn't been quite as desperate as it has been sickened. More comes from regret. I'm not a product of choices and I'm still not complaining. I'm not looking for understanding from outside, in any case. I've never used my sickness to figure out what's bent or fortified wrong in you. Never once thought it was a tragedy that I was only looking at photos incorrectly.

Poor dear, no one wants to help you.

I've convinced myself that I have a sexual need to explore children who don't present themselves as sexual or needful. Maybe. I got the cues wrong. I don't care if it's KP or run of the mill, you can't help picking out the old ladies, bigger and smaller dicks, grunts and bad moves.

And it's all based on giving children the confidence to know that nobody has a right to hurt them and to train them physically to be able to stop an assault and escape.

I keep telling myself that fantasy is healthier but I need the names and pictures and then it feels like I'm cheating on cheating. I really don't intend on being successful at it.

For how long?

Months, maybe.

I want him to stop masturbating to begin with. It doesn't have to lead to crime or even more frustration. It's infantile. What's important is to see it as unimportant. He must have looked around the courtroom and knew that this obsession of his had reached a very sick, powerful, unconditional level, no matter what he was only doing to himself by himself. All these people staring at him, talking about what he was doing.

You know, when Samantha was taken I learned a lot about crimes against children. And I was stunned to learn that every year there are over 58,000 non-family related abductions. And I could hardly stand when I realized that 115 of those cases were in 2002 and only a handful of them made it onto the national news.

I worried about him. He kept getting closer and closer to forgetting where he was. It caused a long schism well before you ever saw the sad results. I knew he was troubled, I suspected he was going to be dangerous. I was hoping he wouldn't hurt anyone else. But, yes, I was preparing myself for it.

They're not sick. They just have issues. They have problems. They want—this is what they want to do. They choose to do this.

Is it possible that the pictures don't work the way I think?

The photographs are encouragement. But they are incomplete.

It's sold as, consistently, the best thing you can do. I don't particularly want to masturbate at all. Unsatisfied, always.

This is not—we all go through our own trials and tribulations growing up. And you have to make the decision to stop it yourself because if you don't stop it yourself, no one else can stop it for you. No one can stop anyone from—I couldn't stop the monster from killing my daughter. Why couldn't he just do whatever sick thing he wanted to do and let her come home? Let me be lucky like Ed.

Let me be fortunate.

And angry.

Happy for who first?

But, no, instead he decided to kill her, seven years old. And throw her in the dumpster like she was nothing, like she was a piece of trash. He's not sick. He's just wrong.

A tight pocketful of the photos came from a father who said he was sad that I wanted them. He finally had someone to talk to, who didn't judge him. Reassured me that I shouldn't do what he did. His snide way of bragging. But not with his daughters. Not particularly smart. One of the scum that effortlessly use the word spiritual when they mean dunce. I told him his daughters were beautiful.

You're not worried about them talking? You felt you had to take pictures.

Said there's lots of reasons not to do any of what he did. Also said he knew he was homosexual when he had the kids in the first place and that he was always torn between what was expected of him and what he really wanted. Retard figured up the photographs actually let him know that he was doing the right thing. The photographs, when he'd look back at them, had more life in them, in what happened, in what he planned, then any other experience with his babies would.

Is that your cock?

You can't tell?

He knew how to take good care of them. That he loved them. Of course.

More there than that, yes?

Cocksucker slurred that love is hard to express. It's important. You have to believe in love just like any mexican.

I think what they do, they make a conscious decision to bury their human spirit and become this inhumane monster that they can take a child's life. That's just beyond our imagination because we are human. We still have our spirit. We would not harm a child.

I liked that he didn't fall in love with me and, for once, I didn't try to make that happen. A truly repulsive man with a crooked drunk face almost always. I asked him for copies of the first pictures he showed me again after he said no. He was trying to prove a point, was disgusted at my loveless reaction. I'd gone out to his car down the block from the bar to get some garbage meth. Tonguing and rubbing like private lucky scum. He told me again he liked younger men than myself. It didn't always matter. I was drunk and he had enough noise that I didn't care what I said to pigs like him. Stunk less than personable first. Types regressed, situational, not fixated, highly developmentally delayed and only mildly addicted as needed. I told him I liked boys too but very young boys. Not men. And the only females I'd ever been attracted to sexually were very little girls. Even younger than his darky daughter. I was fucked up enough to hope he'd tell me to fuck off rather than bite and scream. Hardly happy enough to let him suck on me and speed on and off in the back seat. Asked me if I had any kids myself.

No, I'm gay.

I know. But not really.

Just like half the old faggots in these bars, he had two daughters and that he was always sexually attracted to them, even when they were small. But that he was always very, very horny too. That was his biggest problem. His cock was always rubbing against his loose work pants. More than anyone you've ever met. Made mouths better or something. Much better means that there was enough speed and enough violence and very little caressing. Cartoon male, I suppose. But it was quicker and uglier than usual. Basically gave him a few chances to treat himself. Wouldn't let me look at his kids while he yanked and mewed me.

These folks, they have decided long ago that they are going to do what it takes to fulfill their desires. And it has nothing to do with humanity.

I think of them anyway.

I'll change your mind. I'm a very good cocksucker. Because I like sucking cock so much.

Told the chub waiting near the restroom: Better be careful, these guys all seem gay but none of them really are. Or some such early morning nonsense. She said she was with her husband. And liked to watch him suck cock.

He's a good cocksucker.

Does he like to watch you?

He doesn't like it as much as sucking on cocks in front of me. You want to go home with us?

They didn't live very far and he likes to get pissed on and everything dirty and good and fucked in the ass.

Does he wear your clothes?

He will.

What's it do for you, Doll?

I like everything.

I'd rather watch as well, frankly. But you have to come here by yourself. Wouldn't want the scumbags to think you're only here because it's only your husband that likes it.

I think the best person to hear it from is the survivors. When they have enough guts like this little girl does—of course she's not a little girl anymore—then they need to be heard because they can tell you what's best from where they've been.

It's obvious what I do. I take the pictures that aren't illegal. And do what the court says I'd be doing with what would be expressly created for such a stupid act. And you fucking give me the photos and you tell me about them and you paint them up and leave out all the details that might make it just a bit less appealing or mundane. You talk about her like a model. Flat.

I met Alicia when she was probably about 16 years old, and I'm having a real hard time grasping the fact that now she's a senior in college?

Depends what you call sex, I suppose. I use them to masturbate with, only when it's a situation that seems impossible to get out of. I don't feel guilty. Not for a second. It's not there. It's clamor from outside but I can't locate it, not at all.

My daughter took one breath and couldn't take another one. Her fingers were sticking to the plastic bag when they dug her out. The recall is what I'm stressing. I think of other things, draw up different private memories. But that's not for you. Until I decide to be indecent, obscene. The fact that I see that first off, every time I think about it. And I think about it constantly. I can come up with something you'll appreciate. You might not believe me but that... what I'm saying, the way I'm portraying it, the fucking disgusting inhuman fucking way that I have to fucking dish it out; that's what comes to my mind and that's what comes out of my mouth. The contempt I have for the rude insulting recall, the minuscule words, the thoughts, the image and permanence of the petty interest on your behalf and the confusion on my part. The girl I lost my virginity to, told me about being sexually abused by her dad. She wasn't looking for sympathy back then. Instead it was just a way to get me to have sex with her. She was fifteen and bragging about how she knew what to do. I'd watch girls in boxes. Behind screens. They'd just stand there naked. Some would ask for a tip. They had to do something. Or not. They'd act as close to sexual as they thought would work. You were staring at her body. These magazines of children, they're not getting unfixed or fucked. They're stripped. Those are the best ones.

Do you ever use pornography (sexually explicit pictures, videos, or text)?

Yes.

How often?

Always. Constantly.

Since what age?

As long as I can remember. Ever since twelve or thirteen. All the way to now.

What kinds of pornography?

Children. Solo shots of adults. They provoke me in almost every instance.

Every child that—every victim has their own journey to recovery, and there is no box that you can put them in and say, this will fit each one because everyone has to find their own way.

It would hurt, yeah? It would hurt and then it would be over. She's dead and that's over with. There's no good in prettying her up any more than the end that stopped everything. You're no teenage cunt. You don't want to let it go, don't. There's a fucking lot of interim out there made just for you and all the other worms on top and next to you. Nice poems and songs and daring movies and, most of all, confessionals. Perfectly honest confessionals where the context for the past cannot be mistaken, mom. You take your pick. There's lengthy schedules. Dad doesn't want to talk unless there's an imprint. So he picks his daughter as a prop for the lines that idiots can fill in for themselves.

More disturbed by the thought of yourself coming to harm or someone else?

Because I sound like I'm worried about what might happen to me?

Not completely. But basically.

Harmed how?

Get excited as soon as you get something new. But sound like you hate it. Another cloudy interview with another shredded parent, another dumb cop, another uncontrolled slob, one more sweet child that was saved late and sadly had a microphone placed under her chin.

Ornamental nudity versus the appeal of vulnerability.

Not get an erection while you hug her. As soon as they start to cry.

The parents are fantasizing. Why not complain more about their desperation? How do I get that excuse?

Dogs, ratters, spinning in circles, trying to get rid of its breeding one way or inconsequential other.

Jerking off over a body, very small, uncomprehending, instead of a photo. That baby didn't know what being naked meant. Didn't care who washed it or why it shouldn't be dirty. Won't even remember the times you so-called attacked it by spitting on it, wiping your dick over it while your soldier buddy took photos of delicious untouched unopened cunt and masturbating ideas over sex accomplishment.

Had to be her parent. Had to be her uncle. Behind the father holding it upside down.

The family it had around her.

Do you blame them too?

I rely on them.

Start by using their individual names.

I wouldn't be so vulgar as to reduce the amounts spent down to price. I spend much more in time than out of pocket. It'll be a complete life eventually.

The intention of the person possessing it is to get more. Irreducible to common fleeting masturbation, not to everyone's pornographic solidarity and use. It doesn't work like that. He shouldn't stop. It shouldn't be my job, my interest or my place to try and get him to stop. That's the mistake others, others that I have no interest in, that I won't accept as legitimately worth my hardly precious time, make. Bad art. Typical. Shortsighted. I've done my best to stay above that brave, deepening level. I'm trying very hard to get more. So should he. Why wouldn't he? She was a nice kid. She seemed excited to be here, to learn, to find things new and see the joy in that. That would have left her, hopefully, as she got older. When I'd stop having to teach her. She'd find her own worth, I wish she would have, I wish she would have had the chance. But to say that she was like other kids at that age is obvious. It'll all sound intimate. It is, it should. To the popular perception. She's nothing special, but to those who knew her, let me show you.

And I think that one of the—the most outrageous things is—is that we are unwilling to acknowledge how frequently it's happening. We don't acknowledge that these children that are out there being abused don't feel like they can go tell someone because either they're going to be looked on by their family as being the one that took daddy away, the breadwinner away. And instead they have to live with that or they have to live with the—the horrific issue of the persecution because they put their—their father away.

You're not some fucking housewife now, still, are you, you fat beer spluttering godfearing fuck. Not after all of this. Or the one before. What could possibly be not working and then not working again and on and on for you to keep doing it all the same. You see, they always tell. Or you don't know how to pick them.

The one thing that we can determine is that this type of person exists in our society. How he gets there, whether it's from, you know, child pornography or from abuse itself or—I don't know what all of the other things are. But the fact that we do have this type existing in our society calls us to do something about it.

I could say he just showed me his cock pictures. He wanted to take one of me and I wouldn't let him. I told him that I didn't hold his head down or try to gag him so he should just stop acting like we were doing something different than what we were doing. No camera to bring it back as pornography or what he could show how he learned.

He didn't want to hurt you either.

I asked him to. These queens who don't twist or pinch or pull hard enough. I'm not made of the same stuff they are.

He told you he didn't like it.

I do what I have to, to keep myself in check. Honestly, I think that's what it is. If I'm struggling against myself only, I'm centered. I don't let things get out of control. I don't fall for the groping pidgin translations. I've never looked at one and not seen stupidity. Their fucking eyes cross. His did.

I'd tell the court that he showed me the photos of cocks that he liked, lots of scrolling through lots of cock, simple married cocksucking runt, and then I saw some photos of his children. Just stored in the same place. They didn't have to be naked and raped or hurt or not. Just the fact that we came across them. His pride bullshit. And that no one else wouldn't have absolutely thought that it was all a bit sad. Which one is the real you and all the hearth and home warming trust binfulls. I don't think it's sad, I think you have to make it sad. So what if he did that, these cunts would grab at it.

I wouldn't tell the court the truth.

I'd tell them I only cummed once. That I didn't like it. That I didn't go out to his car for drugs or pornography or sex. Just to fuck that.

I went with him so he could cry about his wife and how sick he felt about what he was doing to something irresponsible, unreliable, in his untrusted head. I knew he was thick, it didn't matter, he could do whatever he liked. His wife or his parents and his kids didn't matter to me, not in the way he pretended. Could exist.

I could say that I didn't find him attractive. His belly hung out over his pants and underneath his t-shirt. I didn't even know that he was wearing a cockring around his balls. Felt it before I saw it.

Got down deep.

Got up there.

He could tell them whatever they usually apologize for. Primarily where they are worse than me at bad guesses and heroic imagination. I don't particularly go for these workmate fucks. Don't like mexicans and uncut dark purple dog dicks. I'd ask them if it was possible that they're creating more than my brain could fight against.

No matter what he did to me, or I did to him, I was going to be thinking about him fucking his daughter. That's what happened then. Even if I didn't want to. I'd tell the cops, if I knew he had child pornography, I'd have turned him in. And the cumming, the second time, had everything to do with being excited by his

gargantuan sweaty body, that I like that sort of greasy adult used up drug weary filth, hard dirt, and that I was having a rough enough time trying to bring focus to what a proper blowjob my teenage memories were crowding out of the slob that kissed me and might prefer sons to daughters.

What can you do with girls.

You put your mouth on them?

They put their mouths on me.

It looks better when it's female. Why don't you go home and fuck your wife, bore?

What happened really?

Where were you?

I'd have to think about it, fuck it up.

That's where the ideas started. You have to follow it up with making it happen.

But at the same time by then I had learned so much about crimes against children and realized that it wasn't just going to be my baby, you know. The day Samantha was taken I prayed and prayed that she would be the last one. It felt like the world stopped.

Take it outside yourself or do even worse: make every little nothing a question. Act like you have a problem understanding the basic private notions that gaze away your time. Make it sound important. Tell it you care that it's hurting. That you understand what depression is.

I went back to my dealer just after I fucked my her. I was in such bad shape that he wouldn't sell me any more coke or speed. He said I looked like I was bouncing off walls while I was just trying to talk to him. He gave me xanax, he told me later, because he thought it would make me sleep. Not just calm me down enough to make sense.

Didn't stop him from getting laid though.

I put him in the same position that I put my other just as kind friend. I wanted to look at his face and told him to let me do it this time. I pushed his knees as far to his head as I could and squeezed asshole in, as gently and slowly as I could grasp right then, which seems questionable. My knees at the foot of his bed. Whatever we both did with his hardon came and changed throughout, just like her clit and her tits and his skinny chest. While I fucked something, I kept running my hand over his face. Didn't slap as much as pat and reassure. Wasn't so burnt that I couldn't stop myself from hurting either of us. I just concentrated on what he looked like and how it felt sliding back and forth in anus and mouth at the same time. I leaned

in to kiss him just as much as her, his open mouth and tongue as often as it made sense or was being asked for. I told him to keep his mouth open and I spit in it. Then kissed him deeper and it worked.

I wanted to fuck him this way because I liked the way that girl looked just a few days past. Lying on her back, looking screwed at me, just twitching back and deep in any meaty cunt. She pumped harder than him, tried to change it from a slow drag to a hateful fuck, a little harder, stronger, muscle flexes and female squeeze grasp and shove. With him, this time, it was mostly all about pulling back.

Both told me what I looked like drug piled and thus insane and repetitive. Both asked me if I remembered much of it. Both said they were concerned about my instability and disarray, their own as well, and how they were hoping fucking and cumming wouldn't go as bad as my mind wasn't registering. Imploding into sightless violence and caving on anything in the room, not them. And maybe disgust or an irritation with what was being proffered. I was raw and close to not knowing what control was, maybe, as one does when one isn't sleeping and ingesting stretches of time killers. That's all.

I could say nothing else mattered. That I shouldn't let my repulsion run over grace and kindness and biology. That what was in place was comfort or pleasure or a nicely explored compression of extra intimacy. I could say that my sexual demands weren't demands. And children; one specific splayed stolen child, wasn't present, ever, to let me pretend I was doing something different than this for once.

Let them take care of me and I wouldn't not let them.

Mistaken, actually, though they were.

And then the context I add later is me working through my own need to come up with this. That I have to make out greater or colder to ante this permanent shit about raping men and slurping kids. That I have to contort the typical by adding tragedy and search and dissatisfaction to justify my writing and reputation and just thinking about it all the time, overgrown kid. When this was all I wanted, mom and dad. What makes you so special. So important. Why should I want to be like that. Not this. And I'll find a way to argue against it now so I don't sound stupid or worthless or human enough to look like a nigger. Add dreamy murder where sex isn't enough for someone as foolish and clearly lying as me.

I've seen this shit too.

And I know what I would have looked like. There's no question. Their caring, their sensual negation and quake negotiating weren't going to come down to youth aesthetics or orifice stupidity. Still, I don't appreciate any of it. I would have been fine. If I wasn't, then it could have been anything else. Drugs allow this to happen, let sex get done. Not fry yourself to get taken care of. Offering you a compliment or a warm hug from inside guts or around your fat back. I learned to fuck this way from watching men lay younger men onto tables in bars. The best one for that particular specialty still exists, in fact. Did I wear a condom. Should I have worn a condom. Where'd you cum?

The medium isn't capable of capturing what happens. The delivery is inadequate. The act is complex because of imprecise context and, without the rigorous and demented digging, you can't possibly settle for an essentialist appeal. It has no prurience. I never buy pornography anymore. Don't particularly worry that youngsters gave up their cheesy feminist plights to broadcast images of themselves in prideful play to suitors and groppers. Don't fucking care about what little differences there are between cock size and what you want, who's a gorgeous tramp or untouchable goddess, who's lucky and famous, or the slighter drop in virginity losses in age groups from ghettos to suburbs. Where the medium works, where it stands over critique, and might even bridge the dream from capture to creation, is when the pictures are criminal. When it looks and feels like rape. And the immediate scree for that is age, little one. Take one of these old hogs and drop it in and out and in again someone who doesn't even fucking know why this fat beast has his rotten fingerfish hands all over her and yubs up his grande belly to get that stubby wonderful hard appendage to just drool it all over anyone and her on her lucky day too. That's what I look at. That's when it works. When you don't get cheated, thank you.

You don't talk that way. This is not something you do. You don't act that way.

I don't care if she got over it.

How she gets over it.

Brothers, growing, father and uncles, regressing, all different shades of chaff possession arguments.

They all do. That's not where the crime is, you don't get your trauma sash or confession unless I'm drunk and kind. You can't talk like that. All these cunts commit suicide.

I don't want to do it again.

I've had as many substitutes as I can stomach. I stopped seeing nexts as worthwhiles since I have every intention not to let myself become one of these in-sniggering outpathetic pedophiles. I slipped and convinced myself that I found children sexually attractive. This is no longer the case. But I've got a history and it's hard to forget.

I told her to meet me at my favorite bar. I wasn't going to walk in with her. We could sit outside and smoke while we drank. Because she wanted to see what the faggots in the further back do, she wore a bikini top under a tight white blouse.

And when I woke up on her birthday 11 days later and heard about Casey Williams in Missouri being kidnapped and murdered that day, it was—it was—that was my—my kind of catalyst to say, ok, for Samantha and for every child victim we never hear about, we have got to do something to stop this. Because it's just going to keep happening if we don't get involved and make people do something.

Well, for me, I can't live in the past. I can't—I can't stay with Samantha. I—I wish I could. But by being active and being involved I bring her into my every day. So

she is never, ever away from me and I—I feel like what we do as a group collectively bring a great deal of—of honor and—and tribute to the strength of our little girls.

I do. I think I share it every time and also I think every time you do that, you give love and compassion to someone who has felt the same pain that you have, it is your reprieve. That's the moment with your child that's gone and not coming back.

I—I feel that when someone was missing I could—every time I saw it on TV, I was with her and I cried with her. Same with Erin and same with Mark and I think unfortunately it has come too often in TVs over and over. You know, the definition of insanity is repeating the same thing and expecting a different result, and it's just insane. We have to do something about it.

There's too much there, too busy every first time. It hasn't evened out into typical yet. I don't think it's an experience that I can relive. It's not really what I wanted. The father taking photographs of his kids with her nice legs all spread open after dad positioned and halted. I know what he sounds like. Talking around his obvious anxiety, his gut, his job, what he likes looking at. He's a vex who's turned his sickness to pacifiers. How about if I don't want to save all of them. Just her because I've seen her and her father. I doubt that I care even enough to worry about it. Had the pictures, you know? I paid him for them. He showed me some that I didn't get.

I told her she'd sound better with experience. Don't expect them to impress you. But how do I know, it's not what I'm doing all the time. I'm not interested in jarhead gall. I'm not going to act as if I'm not here. But I'm not your husband either.

This won't be believed. I'll be psychologically mapped to some safest example of personal, private trauma. But that doesn't work anymore. The right people know this better than ever now. And these modest doctors aren't allowed to talk in my defense, with any degree of legal authority or cultural authenticity. I want what everyone else does conceptually and this product is exactly the correct spot for that, it seems. Not for once. I don't, most of all, want to change it. No matter how much it seems like I have to justify it. I want to talk about it with serious people. People who are as serious as me. Only. I don't want this to be anything but as real as wanting this photograph to stop meaning less than half. Fucking open forever because of a willful, degenerate, clumsy and defensive presupposition. If I'm finding beauty there. And I can define beauty. I don't think I have to listen to anyone else tell me it shouldn't exist. It should. It does exist. What I had to stop was looking for items that would make that act happen for someone else. Looking for something to excite me to opposite memories. Rework ironclad images, push forward to a confident and pocketed reality to convince those who are not seeing how wonderful life can be. It seems worthwhile to me. It seems much more than just wanting to do only this.

Take your top off.

I don't want to spear a minnow for you. You do what you do on your own. I'd rather not look like I'm here to see you humiliated, that's how these faggots think.

I've been watching the mother of one specific less than pure item turn into a plea clad slug. Slime across the floor with a toothless maw for a wanting head. Sucking in everything selfishly. Giving nothing back. She doesn't have to give anything. No one but herself wants to take it all. Wants to own it all. Now. She's wasting away, getting thinner as the years stretch on. Repeating everything she can so that it sounds prized up to acceptable. And the photos she slathers over offer nothing she can take away after it plops back out of her hung pink mouth. Nothing she can envisage as better than maggot. Big mouth, perfectly correct in finding less and less to suck.

She wasn't looking for anyone who'd fuck her. She wanted a lot more of merely's and she's hardly the only one who's ever done it. I'd rather not think of you as a girl right now. I've done this before. I'm attracted to you sexually if you're a little boy. I'm enjoying this. But I don't want it to be you.

It matters what you say. As long as you're talking about her. I know how it works. And that's who you're talking about when you drift into what you'd like to feel. Just sex. Because that's what it is, was, happened. The sentences about awareness. Let's get rid of that. Add that you'll only be embarrassed later when someone asks what you thought you meant by such a politely unchallenged phrase. What you really were thinking. Let's just talk about her. That's what we have. Not what you miss. You have that. I do know. I can't say anything after that. Certainly not as well as you.

It's where I really am excused. All of what I do, all the switches and contradictions, the tangents and ands. I write about her. That's what we do together.

You're so sick that you can't see anything without looking for the help in it. Something has to be done for a greater good, a neighborhood, a nobility, an effort and struggle to save those with what you've figured out, now recognized, and palavered for an audience after yourself. Anything that is defined becomes so by establishing the help available, troubled or not.

Stop putting yourself between good and bad. Honesty as the good and simply spilling cum on yourself as the worst. Admitting you give into lying is no great revelation or shame. Making it beside yourself extends zero.

What else are you going to do with your speech. You should talk about her and what happened. Why good washes over you to draw up the images for others. How that feels nice.

Next, add this: Your identity spread is deficient. It subtracts from your art, from the emotionally gratifying life you could have instead of the one you don't. You don't have any idea, do you, how sorry I really do feel for you. And all that you miss isn't anything like what I miss. I wouldn't be able to do what I do unless that was more factually based than the way you think you're saying it.

They should tear you apart.

I'm not going to tie it up for you.

It's race, gender and age. Reverse order.

Convince me you've found shit instead of gold.

I know it's hard. I found his son. He'd grown up by now. He was an adult looking to be what his father made him. He wouldn't guess otherwise. I knew he'd be available to men his age, not mine. Heard he testified at his father's hearing and told the court that all of this had been very difficult. He was only allowed to talk about how much he missed his father taking care of him, caring about him, all appropriate and defensive. He wanted his father out of jail. He couldn't act like he believed the charges.

Do you need help son?

Let me tell you what I think.

I don't have to watch her. I told her I didn't care about her games and I'm finally forced to let her do as she liked without encouragement or explaining my disgust. I'm not going to talk you out of it. Not my business. Not my access you're exploiting and polluting. Not one person here thinks it's a big deal. The ones that might would hardly be worth considering. You're among friends. Some are younger than you.

I'm not here. Then. Just know that I'm backwards and having a drink on the other side of you. I'm so fucking sick of people like you. I have no clue what you want or what you're going through. I only know what you tell me over and over again.

He didn't know how his father might've started him so wrong that it got to this. He was not a stupid man now. He saw things with a better perspective than those who wanted him to give evidence against his father, the relentless not reckless pervert.

How long has he been on the market.

When was his dad arrested.

Whatever happened to his mom.

He didn't have to explain away photos of anyone but him. Because they were family shots, there was a different expectation for abuse and malevolence. The boy's friends that had separate arguments about why they took drugs and how that lead them to pose for the father's beatoff and blackmail photos. All always learning.

I told her I was a big fan of rotten chicken.

He wasn't teaching you anything that was going to help, you know?

He was manipulating you. How'd you stay so fucking stupid? This is no greater defense for people as low as this, don't assume I'm lumping them all together as a campaign for your health, first. You'll get that wrong and get sicker when your own simplified language reaches mid-way to vanishing. Sex didn't have to be central, neither did his many years of providing for you. You're going to have a hard time deciding what to keep. You won't appreciate being pushed one way and locked into another.

I've been doing the wrong thing. I can't take it back. I don't know who that pig is.

You've been mistaking sex abuse for murder.

It all comes together. My children have their photos out. I've become contorted by this. To this. Have you ever seen anything else like this?

I read reports of collectors like you.

They're not murdered. Not forever absent.

Stolen though.

You could be one of me.

Can you stop masturbating in public?

Do you think your dad bragged?

He did, I've heard it switch from regret to programming. He did that to excite me. You know what he wanted from me?

I did think it was possible. I thought about the idea and then the relationship. I can tell you that it wouldn't make the reality different. It would have been another blowjob. You don't fuck the way people say it later. You brag, you twist, it only exists in the worst, most passably vague, descriptions. It would have been another body. You're not special. I could make someone love me that way. And they'd prove it wrong, yes?

You don't want to watch because you love me. You don't want to see me like this. But you do it all the time.

Not like this. And I don't love you. I get to tell you now since you've insisted. I don't see any point. I don't care about what you think. Don't act like we're the same if you're starting it with I like, love or see extra in you. I sound like I do though, still, don't I?

You care about me.

I'll give you one of the condoms I got at the front bar. I'll point out the ones that have been left in the gravel, filled with dysgenics.

I do want you to do this.

I told her about the one I wanted to attract. And how untouchable such an idea is. It made no real difference what kind of meat you placed inside what side of you.

I'm not at all interested in finding girls.

Little boys who grew up to love their pedophile or desperate fathers. Do you know how many of these runts could be fooled that they had a better night telling me how they think of suicide all the time. How carefully I listened and placed them first for advice.

I've heard it so many times. And you and your rape stories. You and your alternatives. You should shut your mouth.

Your mother was the one you got close to. She didn't treat you the same way your dad did, I'm guessing right.

She gave you the kindness you came to think was universal and then you demanded it from places it wasn't going to be found at.

Don't make it about anyone else other than your baby. Don't do what you think I'd like to see. Tell me about yours.

You won't let it stop. You want it to stop. But it didn't. So you're going to have to pretend it did, is that possible? You owe her more than that, that's right, isn't it? I mean, you feel like that's true: That you owe her something.

You don't. You did what you could. That sounds better, doesn't it? You know how I know, right?

I was with his son. I'd tell the cops I didn't know who it was.

He hasn't been through enough, clearly.

Did your father tell you the details. Sound different than what you've experienced. I don't know any men who didn't give off a little arrogance, even when they were crying about the obvious deluge. It's always there. Yet, those moments don't really stack enough for metaphor.

Context doesn't matter. You'll pander. As soon as you consider the best way to explain yourself. You'll take away from what happened. Let this be what you do. Let what you want be something that isn't what you do. Let what you want be something that isn't what you explain. You don't have to dig deep. As far as I can see; from what you've said and I'll give you that. There's nothing else to pick at. You miss her. She told you that you would. Doesn't make you uglier. Doesn't that tell you that you wanted the wrong thing. You wanted so little. Not when this is so

fucking big. You were asking too much. I can tell that from what you say. And you didn't deserve it, not now, I get that too. You're not better than that?

Can you see anything that was accomplished? Do you need me to tell you that you did; that doesn't start it all off wrong for you?

Can't you at least guess where this will go?

What's the difference between compassion and pity, from your aged, experienced perspective?

You know, feeling sorry doesn't quite make it.

You're going to have to get over this.

You already are.

You're going to have to give up animal.

You would when you're old. You could start now.

No one can do you a big favor anymore. That's all finished. Until the next one comes around, that person will end up doing something for a little while as well. It's fun sometimes.

You won't think about what happened sometimes.

You did everything right. And what if you didn't, it won't change the way you even live.

So the idea doesn't work.

I'd tell the court that he was a mess. He went from cruising to begging. That this is what happens. You can only do so much and it's not the first time I'd seen it. You have a room full of men flopping all over each other. Acting superior and passive and those more sensitive souls can't take it sometimes. They're alright if no one knows, if they think no one cares or if it's all understood that this place keeps anonymous. But the truth is they see themselves, the meth and coke make bad thoughts race and they become sore and cracked and they break down open. It isn't a flashback. Their histories naturally come forward. This is what they've learned and they see themselves as outsiders already. Didn't feel like they were capable of learning what they'd been taught. They see what's promised, see themselves as foreign. They ask you to feel some sympathy for them because they have none for themselves. All that cocky cartoony male parading. All they want is the fantasies, one of the many fantasies, to quiet down. You don't wish for excess, you wish to have the thoughts make sense and stop if you can. Have you ever tried to get centered on drugs. You see the events completely wrong. You find out later. And they don't have the background or the genes. I see it in young men just as much as older. The armchairs are more cynical and obnoxious. The tearaways are plain

stupid. That's why your father fucked you rather than sucked you when you were young and why you're looking to suck now. All the holes that existed and are torn up now. That's what they were for. So you take drugs to stop thoughts instead of drugs to smash thoughts. Big difference. I've fucked men who passed out. I've fucked men who asked me to piss on them in public. Who've called themselves dogs. You understand it after awhile.

I'd tell them a little of the truth. The part I had to deal with and fucked up for right then. I could make it sound like he was far more depressed than he really was. That I thought I could stop him from blubbing when I got him to kiss me. You still kissed like a faggot, like a crow, all the male hugging and squeezing had to eventually go from tonguing inside your mouth to outside your pants. So you'd take it out for him.

The pictures are not evidence of my refusal to engage. The problem doesn't have to be isolated. The act doesn't have to be pretty or ugly, just nonexistent. And when it does exist, that's a photograph, proof of that hideously mined obsessive and desperate nothing. I'm not ugly when I look at it. I'm elated. You simply can't see it in those terms. Any more. Starting now. Stop. I'm looking for beauty. I reject what's less as unimportant. I'm not losing myself in the search, process or discussion. Fucking is what animals do and humans bother with. I dressed her up to represent something else, seems like only a small mistake now. She was beautiful on her own, I responded to that first. So I was trying to charm her. And I had a good time.

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